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JERUSALEM AS IT IS

BY

ALBERT RHODES

UNITED-STATES CONSUL AT JERUSALEM



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TO

THE HONOURABLE WILLIAM H. SEWARD,

WHO HAS, WITH SO MUCH ABILITY AND SUCCESS,

CONDUCTED THE FOREIGN AFFAIRS OF THE UNITED STATES

DURING THE MOST CRITICAL PERIOD OF ITS HISTORY,

This Volume

IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED

BY HIS HUMBLE SERVANT

THE AUTHOR.

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JERUSALEM AS IT IS.



CHAPTER I.

Quitting Paris—On board at Marseilles—Sentimental Adieux—
The expansive young Couple from the Midi—Medley of
parting Expressions—Steaming out to Sea—Change in the
Appearance of the Passengers—Egyptian Ladies—Curious
Questions—The East-Indian Lady—Caprera—Three Weeks
with Garibaldi—Messina—Alexandria—French Influence in
Egypt.

EARLY one morning I found myself rolling down the
Boulevard des Italiens in a *voiture*, on my way to the
railway station for Marseilles. The morning was
clear and gray, and there were but few of the inha-
bitants of the gay metropolis astir. Here and there,
along the main artery of the city, I met a straggler
whose disordered dress and pale face told of night-
hours sacrificed to giddy pleasure,—a frail sister,
in festive attire, hastening homeward to hide her pale
cheeks from the glare of opening day,—a couple

of coquettish grisettes, with their little baskets on their arms, tripping cheerfully along to their *magasins*,—a workman in blouse marching sturdily forward to another day's labour, or a stout Auvergnat sweeping the street with his long broom.

Arriving at Marseilles, I at once embarked on the steamer for Egypt. I was on board the vessel—one of the *Messagerie Impériale* line—about an hour before the departure, and whiled away the time in looking on at leave-takings of friends and relatives. The parties being principally French, the adieux were naturally demonstrative, but quite unaffected. They paid no attention to whether bystanders were looking or not; the scene might have taken place between four walls, as far as their appearing to take any notice of what was going on around them was concerned. Besides, the French are not a migratory people, as compared with the Anglo-Saxon; and what appears a little jaunt to us seems quite a journey to them. The shedding of a tear, which we are disposed to regard as the exclusive privilege of women, was here shared in by the men,—quite a contrast to the Anglo-Saxon, who, when he *does* give way to the “melting mood,” endeavours to cover it up by looking grim, sonorously blowing his nose, and complaining of a cold.

I could not but overhear a portion of the conversation of an expansive young couple who stood near me :

“ Ah, Robert,” said a brunette from the Midi, “ no one ever loved as I love you !”

“ I never knew how much *I* loved *you*, my idol, until this hour of cruel separation !” responded Robert.

“ It will kill me !” accompanied with fresh tears, exclaimed the “ idol.” Then with quick and curious transition of thought she asked : “ Are the Egyptian women pretty down there, Robert ?”

He parried this sly feeler by saying :

“ Ah ! little difference it makes to me what they are ; my heart is filled with your image, my soul.”

This was evidently consolatory to the young woman from the Midi, for she bestowed an osculation on the swarthy cheek of Robert.

“ Besides, they are veiled,” added he, with perhaps a shade of regret in his voice.

“ Only below the eyes,” said she, as she applied the handkerchief to hers.

“ But there are no eyes like yours, my dear,” eyeing tenderly the object of his affections, responded he.

After repeated pledges of constancy and demonstrations of affection, they separated after the last

bell for the departure had rung, she singing out pathetically, with the inevitable handkerchief to her eyes, as she retired down the plank :

“ And don’t forget to send me the Damascus silk, Robert !”

“ Count upon it, my angel,” answered the generous swain.

And the brunette took up a convenient position on the dock, determined to look on Robert as long as a speck of him should be visible—her handkerchief being all the while waved in giving out signals, except now and then, when employed for another purpose.

As the vessel moved away from the dock, amid the general fluttering of handkerchiefs, the parting expressions were shouted out as long as the parties were within earshot of each other, and were of quite a miscellaneous character :

“ Ayez grand soin de votre santé, mon enfant !”

“ N’ayez pas peur ; écrivez-moi tous les jours !”

“ Envoyez le coton au—”

“ Diable m’emporte—”

“ To Shepherd’s Hotel, Cairo—”

“ En Palestine. De Jérusalem je vous enverrai une lettre avec—”

“ Les Pyramides—”

“Que vous pouvez mettre dans votre poche en voyage, mon enfant.”

“Je t’embrasse mille fois, mon âme !”

“Dites donc, mon vieux ! Prenez garde des scorpions ! Ca pique, voyez-vous, comme—”

“Le vin à l’Hôtel Abbat en Alexandrie.”

“Adieu, France ! la reine des nations—”

“Et des crapauds,—ça se mange parfaitement sur le Nil.”

“Don’t get sea-sick, old boy ! Put yourself outside of some brandy, and you will be outside of danger.”

“Il faut manger quelque chose, ma fille—ça fait du bien.”

“Oui, maman, je vais me nourrir de cornichons—”

“Et de l’amour. C’est ça.”

This was a sample of the running fire that was kept up until we were beyond hearing ; still the sense of sight was gratified for some time longer, during which the leave-takers peered out over the sea in the direction of the crowd on the dock, where the handkerchiefs were still waving. At length the land began to look misty in the distance, and gradually receded from view. With a stiff breeze and a fair head of steam, we were soon out of the harbour.

Two hours at sea produced a great change. Many of those who were full of talk and gibes and jests in starting were now painfully silent. A ghastly smile is seen nowhere in perfection but on the sea,—in the faces of the Mark Tapleys who endeavour to look jolly under distressing circumstances. This smile is more ghastly than a Death's-head wreathed in flowers. It is meant to deceive, and deceives no one. Ill-disguised suffering is plainly seen under this attempt at cheerfulness. Occasionally the victim goes so far as to make what is intended as a jocular remark, although it costs him a world of pain to do so. Then it is that he of a sound stomach, who may have been quite an ordinary mortal on land, becomes a superior being. The calmness with which he loiters about the deck, smoking a cigar or chatting with a friend, is provoking to the man with the inward trouble, who doubtless mentally observes that the sea is almost as great a leveller as death—that is, if he makes any reflections at all, which is doubtful. If the man with the tranquil stomach be of a sympathising turn, he will probably inform his unfortunate neighbour that the great Nelson was sick every time he went to sea, or that the land-hero the first Napoleon was as helpless as an infant on salt-water, which possibly affords him a little consolation. Three hours at sea,

and all efforts at disguise among the unfortunate are thrown away with the contents of their respective stomachs, when they go below, or stretch themselves out at full-length on the benches about the deck.

As I had the good fortune not to be affected as many of my fellow-passengers were, I proffered some assistance to those who seemed in need of it, and began to look about me and make some acquaintances. Among others I remarked half-a-dozen Latin priests, who were on their way to China by the Isthmus route; and as many French officers, and three or four English ladies,—all proceeding to the same destination. These ladies were the wives of English officers in India, and were going out to join their husbands. Also eight or ten Sisters of Charity going to Beirût and Tripoli, three or four employées of the Isthmus-Canal Company, bound for the scene of their operations, several French officials, stationed at Alexandria with their families, some Alexandrian merchants, and a few pilgrims to Jerusalem, comprised the principal part of the travellers aboard.

Towards evening I observed two ladies, who had come aboard attired in the last Parisian mode, now appeared habited in loose rich gowns, and Damascus kerchiefs round their heads, in Oriental style. A Greek maid followed them with a large rich mat,

which she spread on the deck, and on which the two ladies seated themselves in Turkish fashion. One of them, as soon as she was comfortably seated, produced a morocco-leather tobacco-pouch, made a cigarette, and puffed away with unmistakable satisfaction. I afterwards learned that these ladies were born, and had spent the best part of their lives, in Egypt, but were of French parentage, and were returning to their native country. In conversing with each other, they usually spoke Arabic, but occasionally French. The next day, as they spread their mat near where I was seated, a little child, the son of one of the ladies, made quite free with me, when his mother rebuked him. This broke the ice, and led to a conversation between us. They knew I was not a Frenchman. Was I an Italian? No. A German? No. An Englishman? No. Ah, an American! What a long way off it must be, your country!

While these remarks were passing, the married lady had made and presented me with a cigarette as a matter of course, and invited me to a seat on the mat. I did not sit in Turkish fashion, but compromised the matter as best I could. These ladies seemed to be proficient in music, and acquainted with fashionable French literature, but knew scarcely any thing outside of their own little world. The

younger lady asked me naïvely if English were the language of my country, and if the inhabitants were usually of my complexion. The married lady, inclined to be fat, although young, would sit by the hour in a dreamy state, with her eyes almost closed; indeed, I do not think I saw them opened to the natural width more than once during the passage, which was a pity, seeing that they were very pretty.

Until nearly the close of the first day one of the East-Indian ladies was quite merry, frequently at the expense of the unfortunate who were relieving themselves over the ship's side. Her English was of a peculiar kind. For instance, she would say, "Her husband is sicker than her," which reminded me of the speech of a belligerent little girl I once heard: "Her thought her could whip I; but when her come to try, her found I could whip she." In the course of conversation she informed me that the Yankees spoke such queer English, "they had such a twang with them." Before night set in retribution came for jesting at the infirmities of others; the East Indian with difficulty reached the gangway, where she disappeared, and was not seen for a day or two afterwards.

The second day out I observed another English lady, a young amiable-looking person, quite alone on

deck, and suffering from sea-sickness. Her servant, it seemed, was too ill to render her any assistance. As she was very thirsty, I brought her a lemonade; and as the sea grew calm, she became better. I had the pleasure of attending to her little wants on several occasions afterwards, and we became quite good friends. She had spent a portion of her life in Italy, and had passed three weeks in the house of Garibaldi. We were passing the island of Caprera when she spoke of this, and we saw the house of the general from the ship with the aid of a glass—a white stone building, rather handsome as seen from the sea, and altogether isolated. It appears that she and another lady, in compliance with an invitation from Garibaldi, were hospitably domiciled under his roof during the time she had named. According to her account, a democratic state of things prevails in the general's establishment; that the family proper consists of the general, his two sons, a couple of farm-labourers, and an old woman, who performs the offices of cook and chambermaid, but that there are always more than a score of guests at the house, three-fourths of whom are guests *en permanence*—a lot of military followers who have been with the general in some of his campaigns, and have hung on to him ever since. They all eat at the same

time, and at the same table, except the old woman, who waits on the others as best she can. Thus the number at table is usually thirty, the general presiding at the head.

“The old woman,” went on to say my informant, “is not overly clean, and shuffles about in slippers run down at the heel; and of course the service is not of the best; but as the general is satisfied, every body else *must* be. Presents of provisions arrive by every ship, which is once a-week; otherwise it would be difficult to see how this family would be provided for. When the provisions run short, which frequently occurs, Garibaldi, or one of his sons, takes a gun and hunts about the island for game, which is scarce. If the hunter be successful, the game is at once brought to the house and served up for the next repast. It sometimes happens that they are obliged to live two or three days together almost entirely on fish. Then again, when a ship arrives, the table is well supplied,—to profusion even; but it does not last over a day or two, when all are again reduced to short-commons. The soil of the island is poor, and is cultivated by the general himself, his two sons, and the two labourers. The military hangers-on do nothing, and the general, in his simple-heartedness, takes care of them as if they were his children. Any

soldier who has fought under him may seek his hospitality, certain of a warm reception ; more, they may abuse it, as the *sabreurs* do who cluster about the general at present. They are a vulgar set of fellows, who are not ashamed to live off of a man who, they cannot help seeing, is much troubled to provide for them. The chief himself literally lives by the sweat of his brow, for he works in the fields every day. One would think these ex-soldiers would imitate such an example, but they are too lazy. Some of the chief's friends have tried to persuade him to get rid of them, urging that it is not only a source of trouble to him personally, but of injury to the cause ; but Garibaldi will not listen to them, always replying that he will never turn his back on men who have fought for the freedom of their country. But the evil does not end here ; the general's two sons, from daily association with these men, are becoming coarse and ill-bred. The general is well educated, fond of reading, especially poetry, talks well and with energy, and is sometimes violent and obstinate. Where his feelings are enlisted, his judgment becomes clouded. He is naturally affectionate in his manner, especially towards animals. It is not unusual to see the horses poke their heads in at the window (which is always open) while the family are at table, when the general

invariably treats them as favourites, and gives them something to eat from his own hand; and the animals seem to recognise him as soon as he approaches. The interior of the house presents a curious *mélange* of luxury and poverty. The general has received a number of presents, such as divans, pictures, carpets, mats, guitars, &c., which are scattered about here and there, with fishing-tackle, guns, farm-tools, &c. My companion and myself, however, before we left, prepared a surprise for the general, and arranged the drawing-room as well as we were able; for which we received no end of compliments from our host.

“Garibaldi is a good deal of a poet,” continued the lady; “not that he has written any poetry that I know of, but he has the poetical feeling, which colours all his sentiments. Moral grandeur is the great feature in his character; in other respects I think he is an ordinary man. If Garibaldi ever secures the independence of Italy, I think it will only be when some man of sound judgment acquires sufficient influence over him to guide him.”

We did not reach Messina until after nightfall, when we anchored out in the harbour, some distance from the town, two or three hours, to wait for the mails, before proceeding on our journey. Much to my disappointment, we passed Mount Etna about

four o'clock in the morning, while I was asleep. During our short stay at Messina, in company with a couple of my fellow-passengers, I took a walk through the dimly gas-lighted streets of the town, but, owing to the lateness of the hour, could not see much of the place.

After a pleasant passage of six days, on a flat sandy shore, rising but a few feet above the level of the sea, we saw Alexandria on our left, the lighthouse upon the site of the ancient Pharos, and one of the summer palaces of the viceroy; in the distance Pompey's Pillar, isolated in its height from any steeple or tower in its neighbourhood; and on the left, rather beyond the town, numerous windmills near the sea, and all in motion, driven by a stiff breeze from the Mediterranean. It occurred to me, as I saw the immense fans whirling around, that this would have been a field on which Don Quixote could have exercised his knightly prowess to his heart's content.

As soon as we got into the harbour, a host of scantily-dressed Arabs came out in clumsy boats to take us on shore, shouting and gesticulating in the most extravagant manner. Bidding adieu to some of my fellow-passengers, I descended the ship's side, and was soon on land.

On arriving at the Custom-house at the landing, our egress was barred and our passports demanded, which the officials could not read when produced. They made a show of reading, but only looked at the seal. It is the rule here for the official to retain the passport, to be delivered to the traveller's consul, who in turn hands it to the owner. Next comes the searching of the luggage by the Custom-house officers, who are bare-legged natives. The search is a shameless one, and apt to rouse the ire of the Frank as he sees the dirty hands of an Arab crumpling his linen, opening little souvenirs, and fingering photographs. But all this *may* be avoided, by tipping discreetly to the amount of two or three shillings. This I afterwards learned. It is the first power in the country, as I discovered before I had been a day in the town, is this tipping business. The other two are, after *backshish*, the viceroy and the consuls. The latter, when united, can carry almost any measure they choose with the government, and disunited as they are, influence the viceroy greatly in what he does.

As the name Alexandria falls upon the ear, one recalls to mind some of the figures which stand out in the world's history,—St. Mark spreading the great truths of the gospel; Origen straying from truth, and

preaching his fallacious doctrine to his too-willing hearers; Athanasius battling for the right; and the royal coquette Cleopatra charming away the senses of the Roman warrior.

The ancient city, it appears, was some fifteen miles in length, as laid out by order of the great captain from whom it takes its name, and contained about 4,000 palaces, 4,000 baths, 400 theatres, and 12,000 shops. The library contained 400,000 volumes, and among much that was valuable, the Septuagint translation of the Bible. There was also, besides this principal one, the library in the Serapion, containing some 300,000 volumes. It was in reference to this collection of works that the well-known anecdote of the Khaliph Omar is told: "If these books of the Greeks agree with the Koran, the Koran is sufficient without them, therefore they need not be preserved; if they disagree, they are pernicious, and ought to be destroyed."

Thus every hero has his day, and Alexander had his; then the Saracen came, and the beautiful city, with its palaces and public edifices, was swept away.

On the day of my arrival I visited Cleopatra's Needles, of which there are two—one upright, and the other extended on the ground, within the city limits. Formerly there were three. The third was

conveyed to Paris, and erected in the Place de la Concorde, where it is commonly known as the Obélisque. It was a present to France from the Pasha, who also presented England with one of the two remaining. But the government never cared to transport it to British ground, on account of the great expense involved; hence it is allowed to remain where it lies. France had a vessel especially constructed to transport the Obélisque of the Place de la Concorde from Egypt.

Cleopatra's Needles once adorned the ancient city of Heliopolis, near Cairo, whence they were conveyed to beautify the modern Alexandria.

I afterwards repaired to Pompey's Pillar, an ordinary column standing on a little elevation, a short distance from the city. The base of the pillar is scrawled over with Anglo-Saxon names, the most conspicuous of which is one William Barker, who has thus obtained cheap notoriety. The so-called Pompey's Pillar was also found elsewhere, and planted in its present position by an Alexandrian prefect.

The public square in the centre of the city has been tastefully laid out, and two rows of trees planted, extending from one end to the other. Two fountains, one at either end, throw up jets of water to the height

of fifteen or twenty feet. There are several consular establishments on this square, of which the French is the largest, both as respects the building and number of employées. What with consul-general, vice-consul, dragomans, and janissaries, there are forty persons in the consulate of France. The building is owned by the French government, and the tricoloured flag is always kept flying overhead. Thus France, with her large consular establishment and Isthmus-Canal project, on which a number of French people are employed, is gradually edging herself into Egyptian territory.

Of all his wide dominions, Alexander selected this spot as the most important; and here the capital was planted from which this powerful monarch, like a Jupiter, was to issue his fiat to the world.

The modern Alexander, Napoleon, shared the opinion of the ancient as to the importance of the position.

Egypt is the California of Africa, where fortunes are quickly made and spent; but here the resemblance to the gold State ends, for there honesty and justice exist as in other civilised countries, but this land is full of fraud and chicanery, where nothing but the forms of law exist.

As the tree is known by its fruit, so is the cha-

racter of these owners of suddenly-acquired fortunes known here by the vulgar display of riches, which blossoms out in the shape of immense fob-chains and great diamond-pins, gaudily-painted vehicles, and flaunting finery of every kind. These are the shoddies of the new cotton-country, who have given a lesson in civilisation to the viceroy by pulling the wool over his highness's eyes in many a fraudulent contract.

Alexandria is neither an Eastern nor an European city, but a mixture of both. It possesses the vices of civilisation without its virtues, and the vulgarity of barbarity without its poetry. It is now in a transition state, but doubtless has a great future.

CHAPTER II.

Cairo—Shepherd's Hotel—Excursion to the Pyramids on Donkeys—Donkey Steeplechase—Backshish as a Power—Carried over a Stream by Natives—Mounting the Grand Pyramid—Lunching in its Shadow—Importunate Arabs—The Sphinx—A Tenacious old Arab—A Race—Returning through Old Cairo—Wedding Procession—Street Life—Egyptian Donkeys—Their nomenclature—Diminutive Eggs—Egg-hatching—Massacre of the Mamelukes by Mehemet Ali—The Esbekeyeh—Ceremony of the Doseh—Private Slave-markets—A Matrimonial Offer—L'Egypt, c'est le Nil—A Steamboat on the Nile—Corruption in the management of the Alexandria and Suez Railway Company—No Time-table—The Viceroy.

THE following day I proceeded to Cairo by the Alexandria and Suez Railway, and put up at Shepherd's Hotel, and found it both poor and dear—two things which frequently go together in the matter of hotels. Shepherd's is called an English house, and the English usually go there; but it is kept by a German. The best house in the place, I was told, is the Hôtel d'Orient. Again, I was informed that no matter what house the traveller selects, he will regret that he had not chosen another.

As soon as the tourist makes his appearance on the verandah of the hotel in the morning at Cairo, his ears are saluted with cries in English and Arabic; the former limited in quality but not in quantity, the expressions usually being, "Strong donkey, master," "Good donkey, master," "Donkey go quick," &c., which proceed from a crowd of sparely-clad Arab men and boys holding donkeys ready saddled and bridled for an excursion.

All this means that one must visit the Pyramids, about ten miles from Cairo.

Two or three boys who spoke English a little better than their companions, and who knew me to be American or English, cried out as I approached them, "Here is Yankee-Doodle donkey, master," "Tom Sayers," "Billy Barlow," and "Flying Dutchman." After a slight examination I selected Billy Barlow, who proved to be as good as he looked. Provided with a guide, I started in company with three others. Myself and two of my companions were mounted on the little long-eared quadrupeds for the first time, and were naturally much amused at the novelty of the proceeding. It was a steeple-chase through the streets and out of the city. The boys who take charge of the animals followed us closely, urging them on with shout and rod. Going

helter-skelter through the suburbs of the city, we fell in with seven or eight other similarly-mounted gentlemen *en route* for the Pyramids, when we made one party, and pushed on the donkeys to the top of their speed, or rather the Arab boys did, keeping close at their heels, shouting, "Hooah, hooah, English fashion!" and poking them with their sharp-pointed sticks.

What may be called the first heat of the race ended at Ghizeh, when we came to the borders of the Nile, which we were to cross. Here there was a good deal of excited discussion between our guides and the boatmen as to the price, which after about twenty minutes of wrangling was fixed at five shillings for donkeys and all, in two boats, going and returning. Disembarking on the other side of the Nile, we mounted again, and pushed on as before, with the "Hooah, hooah, English fashion!" and the fire in the rear which the poor donkeys received. We had seen the Pyramids from the further bank of the Nile, when they seemed almost at hand behind the trees on the other side of that stream, but in reality were some distance off. Within about a mile and a half of our destination we came to a small stream, where a dozen or fifteen Arabs were stationed, evidently waiting to carry us over. After a lengthy

altercation between our guides and the natives, a bargain was struck, and we dismounted from our donkeys to mount the shoulders of the Arabs, who were in almost a nude condition. While crossing the water they took advantage of the situation to demand more backshish, which we were obliged to grant, as it was rather uncomfortable to remain long poised upon the shoulders of the rascals in the midst of the miry water. Backshish means a money-present, and it is the first word in Arabic which the traveller learns; indeed it would be strange if he did not; it is the first word which strikes his ear from Arab lips as he lands from the ship, and it follows him morning, noon, and night, as long as he is in the Orient, and is the last word he hears when he leaves it. Backshish is a power in the East to which even the Sultan submits, to say nothing of the pashas. It is the *open-sesame* to every thing without exception. To backshish Oriental honour and virtue surrender at discretion.

To resume: the saddles were taken off and the donkeys led over, one of them being nearly drowned in the operation by sinking in the mire. When they were all safely over, we mounted and were off again, to the usual accompaniment of "Hooah, hooah, English fashion!" the natives who had helped us over the

water following after with the boys. By the time we were within a few rods of the Pyramids there were about fifty Arabs with us, running alongside, pestering us for backshish, and to buy relics of the place.

As soon as we dismounted we were seized, each one by two Arabs, and hurried up the steep steps of the Grand Pyramid; rested for a few minutes half-way up, and then to the top, whence, as one of my companions remarked, one can see Egypt.

Many travellers are intimidated, when half-way up, into paying additional backshish to the two Arabs who assist them to mount. The best answer is to make a feint of leaving them, to mount alone, when they quickly come to one's aid; for if an accident were to happen to the tourist in making the ascent, it would be as much as one of these fellow's heads is worth. By an understanding between the consuls and the Viceroy, the sheikh is responsible for the life of every traveller who makes the ascent with his escort.

As soon as I descended, in common with the rest of the party, I was subjected to renewed annoyance from the two-legged pests, who swarmed about us like flies about *ra-hat-la-koom*; but when we had settled with the sheikh in his demands, he took his

rod, which looked like an ox-goad, and laid about him right and left over the shoulders of his compatriots, when they reluctantly withdrew a few yards from us, where they took up a station, eyeing us as dogs would a bone. Thus left to ourselves, we spread out our lunch in the shadow of the monster Pyramid, and strengthened the inner man with bread, wine, oranges, and some cold chicken,—the natives licking their chops the while. We gave to them what was left of our collation, which disappeared in a twinkling.

Heliopolis, the On of the Scriptures, we saw from the top of the Pyramid about five miles off, or rather we saw only the cluster of orange-trees and obelisque which mark the site of the city of Plato and Herodotus. Some travellers pretend to have discovered in Heliopolis the ruins of the Temple of the Sun, so renowned in ancient history.

Of course there are many speculations as to how these wonderful Pyramids came to be built. One of the legends ascribes the erection of one of them to a “Pharaonic princess of great beauty, who was one day taunted by her father with the inutility of the admiration that she excited. Pyramid-building was then the fashion of the family, and she vowed that she would leave behind her a monument of the power

of her charms as perdurable as her august relations did of the power of their armies. The number of her lovers was increased by all those who were content to sacrifice their fortunes for her smiles. The Pyramid rose rapidly; with the frailty of its foundress, the massive monument increased; her lovers were ruined, but the fair architect became immortal, and found celebrity long afterwards in Sappho's verse."

A Scotchman who had been engaged largely in the construction of public works in Great Britain stated as his opinion, after we had walked around the Pyramids and examined them at our leisure, that they had never been constructed, as there was no machinery by which such immense stones could be placed one on top of another: hence he concluded that they were originally mountains quarried down, the stones being probably conveyed away to build the neighbouring towns. It is scarcely necessary to observe that this opinion is not shared in by others. There is another solution more simple. Sloping banks of sand were probably thrown up to a level, where the stones were placed as the building progressed, and the huge stones pushed up on rollers as they were needed. An immensity of labour must have been required in the erection of these remarkable monuments; probably thousands of labourers were engaged

on the work at one time. The stones in the Pyramids are said by some to be the largest ever seen in any construction, except those at Baalbec.

Remounting our donkeys, and accompanied by a majority of the Arabs, sorely against our will, in a few minutes we stood before the renowned Sphinx, fashioned after the same colossal pattern as the Pyramids, and looking down over the plains with an expression approaching to softness; marred, however, by the loss of her nose, for the Sphinx is, alas! for female beauty, noseless.

A representation of this singular animal is frequently found on the coins and on the house ornaments of Egypt, and signifies a king—the union of intellect and physical force.

When we had mounted our donkeys again and returned a little way in the direction of Cairo, we were waylaid by some of the same natives who had been at the Pyramids, and who had *apparently* stolen off unperceived by the sheikh, to renew their demands for backshish; but we were inflexible, and galloped on, they still following and shouting, “Good-bye, master—backshish!”—“Good-bye, master—backshish!” They ran alongside of us for half a mile in this way before they gave up the chase. One old man hung on to me with great tenacity, repeating

this cry incessantly, to which the *mafiah* I pronounced was the ever-recurring refrain, like the *never more* of Poe's Raven. I did not like to threaten or strike him with my cane, as the others did with their persecutors, as he was an old man; and being old, I thought he would soon get short of breath. But he was better provided in this way than I had suspected, for he was among the last to give up.

On our return through old Cairo we saw a wedding-procession. Two women who had just been married to one man at the same time were marching at a creeping pace, under a square canopy, around which a curtain extended to the ground, and open in front. From the tops of their heads to their feet they were covered with a red robe, and were crowned with a kind of gilt helmet of an ancient-looking pattern. They were preceded by four or five women singing, if it can be called singing, and clapping their hands, and gesturing. Behind the canopy followed musicians with tambourines and other unmusical instruments, and mountebanks, and a miscellaneous crowd of lookers-on.

In the street-scenes of Cairo there is more crowd, noise, and confusion than I have ever seen in any other city. Turbans, donkeys, camels, and carriages are all mixed up together, and every thing that has

lunks tries to make as much noise as possible. The runners, who precede the carriages, dressed in their long white flowing sleeves and red jackets, are among the most picturesque figures to be seen, as they run ahead shouting out to the people to make way for the approaching vehicle. By what right the right of way is claimed for the carriages it is not easy to determine; but be that as it may, every thing on legs gets out of the way. It is wonderful that donkeys are not frequently injured by these carriages driven along at a brisk trot, the streets fairly swarming with the little animals as they are. Somehow or other the donkey usually escapes, although he often seems in great peril. He is in not so much danger from the camel—a prudent animal, who picks his steps, and moreover seems to have a regard for his little co-labourer. The Egyptian donkey is the *ne plus ultra* of his kind—strong, fleet, hardy, and willing to work, which cannot be said of his kindred in any other country; and in spite of these good qualities, he is abused here as he is elsewhere. Suffering is the badge of all his tribe. The strength of these little quadrupeds is astonishing. I have now and then seen two stout natives astride of a small-sized one, their feet almost touching the ground; and the little animal would not only bear, but amble along briskly with his burden.

Occasionally over-burdened donkeys are seen falling down in the streets, with tongue out and an expression in their eyes that would melt the heart of any one but an Arab. The donkey has been called the Egyptian cab. He is more than that—he is the omnibus of the country, for he is the common mount of rich and poor, of stately Turk and dirty *fellah*, of servile Jew and lordly Frank, of screaming children and waddling women. All ride him in the same fashion, *à califourchon*,—women being no exception to the rule.

After considerable trouble we managed to serpentine through the crowd and reach our hotel, where a number of little four-legged omnibuses with Arab boys were grouped in front of the portico. Through the boys I made new discoveries as to their nomenclature. A sorrowful-faced, very long-eared little one, for instance, was known as “Johnny Russell;” a gaunt, staid-looking one, as “Abe Lincoln;” another, fat and sleek, as “Johnny Bright;” a black, as “Stonewall;” a long-limbed creature as “Daddy Long-Legs;” and so on,—names which, of course, have been furnished to the boys by English and American travellers. These gamins, by the way, swear as if they had been with the army in Flanders—an accomplishment acquired from their English and American patrons.

The first thing which one remarks at the breakfast-table at Shepherd's is the smallness of the eggs, which are served up *à la coque*. They are not much larger than good-sized pigeon-eggs in England or America. This appears to be the result of artificial hatching, which prevails here. If this process continues, there is no telling how small the eggs will become; they *may* dwindle down to the size of peas. It seems the maternal instinct does not exist in the Egyptian hen; she evinces no desire to hatch the little eggs which she lays: hence a clucking hen is never seen in this land. There are professional egg-hatchers here, who perform the maternal duties, and bring forth the chicklings. The hen, in this instance, is a naked Egyptian, who walks gingerly about, turning the eggs in his oven, where the temperature is kept up to 100°. He gets half for his trouble—that is, he returns one chicken for every two eggs given him.

Of the bloody memories which hang over Cairo, that of the betrayal of the Mamelukes by Mehemet Ali is the most revolting. Warburton writes of it: “Soon after the Pasha (Mehemet Ali) was confirmed by the Porte in the viceroyalty of Egypt, he summoned the Mameluke beys to a consultation on the approaching war against the Wahabees in Arabia. As his son Toussoun had been invested with the dig-

nity of pasha of the second order, the occasion was one of festivity as well as business. The beys came mounted on their finest horses, in magnificent uniforms, forming the most superb cavalry in the world. After a very flattering reception from the Pasha, they were requested to parade in the court of the citadel. They entered the fortification unsuspectingly, and the portcullis fell behind the last of the proud procession. A moment's glance revealed to them their doom. They dashed forward in vain; before and around them nothing was visible but black pitiless walls and barred windows, and the only opening was towards the bright blue sky: even that was soon darkened by their funeral pall of smoke, as volley after volley flashed from a thousand muskets within the ramparts upon their defenceless and devoted band. Startling and fearfully sudden as was the death, they met it as became their fearless character—some with arms crossed upon their mailed bosoms, and their turbaned heads devoutly bowed in prayer; some with flashing swords and fierce curses, alike unavailing against their dastard and ruthless foe. All that chivalrous and splendid throng, save one, sank rapidly beneath the deadly fire into a red and writhing mass,—that one was Emim Bey. He spurred his charger over a heap of

his slaughtered comrades, and sprang upon the battlements. It was a dizzy height; but the next moment he was in the air—another, and he was disengaging himself from his crushed and dying horse amid a shower of bullets. He escaped, and found safety in the sanctuary of a mosque, and ultimately in the deserts of the Thebaid.” This treacherous drama was enacted in the citadel built by Saladin, in which is the place called Joseph’s Well.

The Esbekeyeh is a sort of boulevard shaded with wide-spreading trees, under which are grouped Turks, Arabs, and Christians, smoking nargilehs and drinking coffee. This is the principal promenade of the city, where the panorama of Oriental life is daily unrolled to those who wish to see it. The ceremony of the *Doseh* is practised in this thoroughfare, and consists in the dervishes prostrating themselves on their faces while a mounted horse walks over them. It is thus described by an eye-witness: “We reached the Esbekeyeh just as the procession of dervishes advanced into the square, escorting their sheikh, who alone was on horseback. They marched in a close column, four abreast, waving flags belonging to the different districts in the town, and bearing a large green banner before the sheikh, chief preacher at the mosque of Hasaneen. Under the guidance of

our invaluable dragoman Mahmoud, we struggled into the procession, forming part of it until it reached an open space, where the moving mass suddenly stood still: a cry of 'Allah-lah-lah-lah!' was raised, and our crowd suddenly divided into two, leaving a canal with human banks between them. The dervishes immediately flung themselves crosswise on the ground in this canal with their faces downward, lying as closely side by side as they could pack themselves. Then another cry of 'Allah-'ah-'ah!' was raised; two or three men ran along over the prostrate bodies, arranging them more compactly, and then, with another shout of 'Allah!' that made the trees tremble, on came the sheikh, his horse caracolliug along that living path, guided by two men who walked on a pavement of heads and feet. As the horse passed over him, each dervish started to his feet. Many of them were foaming at the mouth, and many were in fits; but the people maintained that no person was ever hurt, as the horse was upheld by supernatural agency. The four-footed brute evidently did not share in the superstition, for he trod as if he were walking on burning coals."

The slave-markets in the East, owing principally to the energetic action of the English government, exist no longer, according to law; but the traffic is

still carried on in private, though not to the same extent as when sanctioned by the authorities. This slavery of women in the East, reprehensible as it is, is nothing like so bad as the slavery which existed in the Southern States of America. In the East, the bought woman is assured a life of ease and perhaps luxury, and is never resold. If she becomes a mother, she at the same time becomes a wife, and her children are legitimate. As to the taking of life by sewing the fair victim up in a sack and casting her into the Nile for some peccadillo, *that* belongs to the past. According to the custom of his country, if a Turk takes a Muslem wife, he cannot see her face or know any thing of her character until after marriage; thus a disagreeable wife is frequently imposed upon him. He generally avoids this risk by taking a slave to wife, whom he can examine at his leisure before making his purchase. The Circassians and Georgians who are sold are generally voluntary slaves. They are educated to it by their parents; their ambition is to some day being a harem belle, the idol of a wealthy Turk. Thus the chain by which they are bound is a golden one, riveted by themselves. A Nubian slave, ordinarily good-looking, is sold for about ten pounds; a comely Abyssinian for twenty-five to thirty; a Georgian for

about two hundred pounds, which is about the same price that a quadroon brought in New Orleans before the slave-markets were abolished there by the Federal troops. The lowest-priced slaves are those which come from the Galla country—they of the thick lips, crispy hair, and ebony skins. The latter are usually bought for household work; they are the domestics of the East, and resemble very much the field-hands on the cotton-plantations of the most Southern States. The complexion of the Abyssinians is usually of a rich coffee-colour, the eyes well shaped and gentle in expression, and the hair curly, but not woolly. The Georgians and Circassians, as is generally known, are exquisitely fair, blue-eyed, and golden-haired; but they are for the most part like wax figures. It is surface-beauty without depth. One looks in vain for some indication of thought or sensibility in their vacant faces. The eyes have been termed the windows of the soul, but nothing looks out of theirs save the passing thought of childhood. These fair ones are the favourites of the harem, the mothers of Eastern heroes, and the *crème de la crème* of Oriental society.

Mr. Lane, the American missionary, being a bachelor while in Egypt—which is considered to be any thing but a reputable state to live in by both

Turks and Arabs—was much pressed by them to take unto himself a wife, to extend his usefulness and add to his comfort. To this Mr. H. objected, alleging as an excuse that he might not remain much longer in the country ; whereupon a young woman, whose face he had seen *accidentally*, and which was fair to look upon, volunteered to be his wife for the time he remained, and submit to be divorced when the time arrived for his departure. Mr. Lane with prompt gallantry replied, that if he took advantage of such an offer he would never be able to quit the country, as he never could separate himself from such a beautiful creature, once united to her ; hence he would be obliged to decline.

The Emperor says of France, “ L’Empire, c’est la paix ;” and with greater truth it might be said of this corner of Africa, “ L’Egypt, c’est le Nil.” The Nile is the horn of plenty pouring its treasures into the lap of Egypt. It is the stream of life which slakes the thirst of this sandy soil, the champion who delivers this desert from the burning embrace of the sun, the key-stone in the governmental arch,—in short, the only prop of the nation. If the Nile were diverted from its course, and turned away from Egypt, the country would become a barren desert. And this, doubtless, could be done, in case some enemy of the

country should take it into his head to blot out Egypt from the map, and leave in lieu thereof another great desert. This too is the age of canal-cutting and river-turning, as General Grant has shown us in the capture of Vicksburg. The tapping of the Nile would be a comparatively easy matter, as the water is considerably higher than the land-level, like many of the bayons which flow inland from the Mississippi.

The water of the Nile is held in great repute for its excellent taste and wholesomeness. Quantities are sent to the Sultan at Constantinople to vitalise the *sick man's* frame, and refresh the houris of his harem.

Every May comes the Nile with its flood, and turns Egypt into an immense lake dotted with little isles, and by the end of August gradually dwindles into its original proportions, leaving in lieu of the lake a land clothed in living green.

Something louder and more startling than jingling tambourine or Arab song now breaks the solitude of the Nile, and wakes the lazy crocodile from his nap on its sunny banks. It is—shades of Plato and Herodotus defend us!—the shrill whistle of a steam-boat, which plies between Cairo and the first cataract.

On starting to return to Alexandria, I was informed the train would leave at half-past seven in

the morning, which turned out to be nine. This railway is very curiously managed. There is no fixed hour for departure ; the morning train, for instance, leaves any time between two or three hours ; and if one asks the officials at the station what time it will arrive at Alexandria, the reply is, that it will be some time in the course of the evening.

The amount of the fare is nominal between Alexandria and Cairo. It is a common practice to purchase a fourth-class ticket at the *depôt* and take a seat in the first-class, which the conductor permits for a small backshish. Thus the first-class carriages are filled with some honest people and a great many sharp fellows who should be in the fourth-class. Pretty nearly all the officials of the road are as corrupt as the conductor ; in short, it is the rule,—those who are honest are exceptional. The engineer of the train is not under the control of the conductor. He receives at every station where he stops a written order to proceed to the next station from the *chef de dépôt*. The engineers are Englishmen, and of course understand their business perfectly. I asked the one who was on the train on which I travelled why a verbal order was not sufficient?

“They are such infernal liars that if they had given the order, and any thing was to happen to the

train, they would swear themselves black and blue as they never gave it," was his answer.

I asked him what the schedule time was for running the train?

"I runs her to suit myself," said he.

Whenever the royal train is put on the track, which is frequently done, merely to convey despatches to the Viceroy, the other trains, though they be full of passengers, are switched off for several hours, and sometimes a whole day. The day on which I went down to Alexandria, a telegram arrived at one of the stations when we were half way, ordering our train to be switched off for the royal train, which was done. At the expiration of two hours another telegram arrived, saying that the royal train would not start, and that our train might proceed. This is almost an every-day occurrence.

The head of the government in Egypt—Ismâil Pasha—appears to be a farmer and merchant as well as viceroy. He is avaricious, and said to be accumulating a great amount of property. He receives a large portion of the revenues of the government; but is not content with that; and enters into any private enterprise by which he can add something to his stock of wealth. He grows a great deal of cotton on his farms, which is transported on the railway, to

the exclusion of every one else's cotton. Not until all his cotton has been transported to Alexandria and sold is the cotton of other parties allowed to be sent over the road. He endeavours to monopolise banking and merchandising in the same way ; and in consequence there is great dissatisfaction among the commercial people of Egypt. They hope that this state of things will not last long, and would be very glad if England or France were to upset the present dynasty and establish a new government—no matter what kind, for no change could be worse, they say.

CHAPTER III.

Departure from Alexandria—Arrival at Jaffa in Palestine—The Franciscan Convent—Filthiness of Jaffa—House of Simon the Tanner—Bonaparte—Fable of the Mermaid Derceto—Beautiful Gardens outside the Town—An Arab Holy Man—Road to Jerusalem—Ramleh—Crusaders—Indifference of Bonaparte about the Holy City—Accommodation in the Convent—Up the Hills of Judea—Village of Abou Gosh, the Bedawee Robber—Valley of the Terebinth—Jewish Pilgrims—Arrival at the Holy City.

AT Alexandria, I embarked on board ship for Jaffa, the principal port of Palestine, and found it much easier to get out of the city than to get into it, with the aid, be it always understood, of a little backshish. The vessel, one of the *Messagerie Impériale* line, was filled with Jewish and Christian pilgrims, who rolled themselves up in their mantles, and fell into a doze or sleep, from which they did not seem to fully awaken until the ship reached their destination. A number of the Jews were from Algiers, where they said they had been persecuted on account of their religion, and were on their way to Jerusalem, to take up their residence.

In twenty-four hours from Alexandria, we were anchored off Jaffa.

On account of dangerous rocks, which here and there rise above the surface of the water, in front of Jaffa, the vessel was anchored at a considerable distance from the town, when small boats put out from the shore, manned by natives, each crew endeavouring to arrive first to the ship, in order to obtain passengers for the shore. Half a dozen of these boats began to approach, when we commenced to hear the gabble, which always indicates the presence of the Arabs; and although they rowed with all their force, they had strength enough in reserve to wag their tongues faster than their oars. As soon as they boarded us, the usual noisy wrangling and frantic gestures began. After the passengers who were going ashore here had left the ship, I engaged a boat and got away in comparative quiet, and in a few minutes landed in Palestine, at the ancient town of Joppa, or as it is now called, Jaffa.

Here myself and a portion of the pilgrims who had landed with me became the guests of the Franciscan Convent, situated near and rising high above the sea. It is commonly known as the Latin Convent, and is open to all who choose to avail themselves of its hospitality, as, indeed, all the Franciscan convents

are in Palestine. The other Christian convents,—the Russian, Greek, and Armenian,—only open their doors to people of a like faith with themselves. The Franciscan does not ask you if you believe as he does, but simply asks if you are on your way to Jerusalem, and treats you to the best he has, and demands nothing for it. If you choose to leave a small gratuity behind, it is thankfully received for the support of the convent. Those who are able generally bestow an equivalent for what they receive; the poor pay nothing, and are as well received as the rich.

This Franciscan convent is well situated on the brow of a rocky bluff, overlooking the blue Mediterranean, whence is heard the never-ceasing sound of the waves, as they curl in huge and graceful forms to dash over the rocks and up the beach. As one looks out from the grated window, the far-off water-line of the sea seems almost to blend with the pure blue of the sky. Without the iron grating, the earth unrolls its map to the human eye as far as its vision extends. Within are bare walls, with here and there a crucifix, or a picture of one of the scenes in the life of the God-man.

Jaffa is one of the oldest towns in the world; some go so far as to say that it existed before the

flood, and that Noah constructed his ark here. The word which Jaffa comes from, Jafo, in Hebrew, signifies *beautiful*; but as applied to this town at present, there never was a greater misnomer, whatever it may have been in olden time. As seen from the sea, like most of the eastern towns from a distance, Jaffa is rather imposing, with its domed houses and graceful minarets, rising in mound-like form from a shore lashed with crested waves. This favourable impression is soon dispelled on entering its narrow and filthy streets, and seeing its no less filthy inhabitants. Yet, like every other old town, Jaffa has had her palmy days, and contributed her share toward making up the world's history.

The cedars from Lebanon employed by Solomon in the construction of the Temple were landed here. The prophet Jonah fled to this port, to escape from the face of the Lord, and embark for Tarshish, because he had not obeyed God's command to go and preach to the people of Nineveh, and endeavour to turn them from their wickedness. In mythology, we read that Andromeda was chained to the rock, and delivered by Perseus here. St. Jerome, whose eyes must have been more than clairvoyant on this occasion, affirms even that he saw the remains of the chain wherewith she was bound. It was here that

Saint Peter raised Tabitha from the dead, and had his vision on the house-top of Simon the Tanner. The house of Simon is pointed out by some of the zealous monks to the pilgrims, who look on it with the eye of faith, and cross themselves devoutly.

The presence of Bonaparte at Jaffa was marked by two acts of cruelty, which the plea of necessity that is urged can never justify—the massacre of several thousand prisoners, and the poisoning of a lot of poor creatures afflicted with the plague, who, as some maintain, were not incurable. It is but just to add, however, that Thiers gives such an explanation as to mitigate the odium of the act.

In ancient times, the inhabitants of this part of Syria are said to have regarded fish as sacred. According to fable, the divinity most revered was Derceto, the mother of Semiramis herself, adored under the form of a dove. But here is the fable: In Syria, near a town called Ascalon, there is a broad deep lake abounding in fish, and a temple dedicated to a famous déesse, whom the Syrians call Derceto. She has the head and face of a woman, but all the rest of her body is like that of a fish. The learned of the nation say that Venus having been offended by Derceto, inspired her with a violent passion for a young sacrificer. Derceto, having had

a daughter by the young man, grew ashamed of him, and compelled him to disappear; and having placed the infant in a rocky deserted place, she cast herself into the lake, where her body was metamorphosed into a fish. And this is why, until this day, the Syrians abstain from eating fish, and venerate them as gods. The little girl, however, was saved, nurtured by doves, that came in great numbers to build their nests in the place where she had been abandoned. A shepherd found the little child, and brought her up with as much affection as if she were his own, and named her Semiramis. So ends the fable.

The prettiest gardens in Palestine are, doubtless, in the neighbourhood of Jaffa. They abound in orange, lemon, olive, pomegranate, and fig trees,—all in most flourishing condition. There are also a few peach, apple, and pear trees, which, however, do not grow in perfection in this climate. A fair variety of vegetables and flowers may also be seen here. In some of the more distant gardens a considerable quantity of cotton is grown, inferior to the Egyptian, however, owing to the inferiority of the seed planted.

The American consular agent showed me over his garden,—one of the most highly cultivated in the place. I gave him some Connecticut tobacco-

seed to experiment with, which I had received from the Department of Agriculture at Washington.

Every garden possesses a well, from which the water is drawn up by mule-power, and falls into a large tank or cistern, whence it is conducted by small gutters into the garden. The supply of water is abundant; the cisterns are filled and the gardens watered every day, and the cultivators seem to be repaid for their trouble, for the gardens teem with vegetation.

Each garden has from two to eight mules to draw the water from the wells—depending on the size of the garden and the depth of the well. The mules are blindfolded and march in a circle, and are relieved every three or four hours.

A few hydraulic-pumps were introduced here some time ago, to force the water into the tanks; but in the hands of the unskilled Arab they soon got out of order and were abandoned.

I visited another larger garden under charge of the Franciscan monks of the Jaffa Convent, where one of the fathers culled, and politely presented me with a bouquet of flowers, and accompanied me over the grounds.

In returning from the gardens, as I was passing the gate of the town, I saw a black man, probably

a Nubian, entirely naked; and on my asking why this was permitted, I was informed that the man was an idiot, and on that account was allowed to do as he pleased with impunity, as Turks and Arabs have a superstitious veneration for any one who is not in his right mind. The idiot was called a holy man by the natives, several of whom, I noticed, kissed his hand.

At the convent I fell in with an American, who was also on his way to Jerusalem. There were three others who left Jaffa at the same time as ourselves; thus we made a party of five as we passed out of the gate, about four in the evening, into the long sandy road hedged with gigantic cactus, stretching out in the direction of the hills of Judea. We were mounted on horses, which were rather better than they looked, and the baggage was carried on mules. Before emerging into the plain, we stopped at one of those ancient fountains to be seen here and there in Palestine. A group of Arabs with their camels were reposing under the shade of a neighbouring olive-tree, and a couple of women were filling their earthen-vessels with water from the fountain—a tableau of eastern life.

We were soon crossing the rich, though uncultivated plain beyond, and reached Ramleh about dark,

where we were to pass the night in the Franciscan Convent—the convents being the only places where travellers can lodge in this town.

Ramleh is the name which the Arabs have given to this place, and signifies *sand*. Its population of three or four thousand comprises principally Muslems, some Greeks and Jews, and a few Latins. It is believed to have been the Arimathea of Joseph, who received the body of our Lord from Pilate for interment. Ramleh was celebrated during the holy wars, and gave its name to a severe battle between the Crusaders and Saracens, in which the former suffered terribly. Baldwin I., king of Jerusalem, withdrew from the combat almost alone, and hid himself among the herbs and briers which covered the plain, to which the Muslems set fire, and he was on the point of being suffocated, when he took refuge in Ramleh, from which he was conducted during the night by an Emir to a place of greater security in one of the neighbouring villages. The next day, all the Christians who remained in the town were killed or taken prisoners. Richard and Saladin occupied the town by turns, and history records that in the plains before Ramleh the lion-hearted Richard swung his battle-axe in his usual death-dealing manner, and won great renown.

During the time of the French expedition in Syria, under the first Napoleon, the great captain and his staff were at the Franciscan Convent a short time, and although within one day's journey from Jerusalem, Bonaparte did not evince any desire to see it. "Jerusalem does not enter into my line of operations" (*Jérusalem n'entre pas dans ma ligne d'opérations*), replied he to some one who proposed to him to go on to the Holy City.

There is a tower here, called the Forty Martyrs, about which doubts exist as to when and why it was constructed. It is of Saracenic style, and tall and slender.

Our party halted before the Latin Convent, where we rang the bell, the cord of which hung outside, and were ushered into the courtyard by one of the Franciscan fathers. In half an hour our supper was served in a long white-washed room, and consisted of good brown bread, fried eggs, a meat stew, and a murky Cyprus wine, all of which we found excellent after a three-hours' ride. We were waited on by a modest, amiable-looking, young Spanish monk, who spoke, besides his native language, Italian. It was with rather an unpleasant feeling that I received the dishes from the hand of a man who seemed destined for something better than menial service.

After our repast we were conducted to our sleeping chambers by another of the monks, who left with us (one apartment being allotted to the Californian and myself) his antique lamp, as he bid us a cordial good-night. All that the room contained was a divan, the two beds, a wash-stand, and a coarse engraving of the Crucifixion on the white-washed walls, which were of great thickness.

After a frugal breakfast the next morning, we mounted again, and were soon on our way to the Hills of Judea, whose base we reached in about four hours, and where we dismounted to take some refreshment at a primitive-looking coffee-shop under a rocky bluff. The amphytrion, a bare-legged Arab, provided us with some hard-boiled eggs, bread, and coffee. The fire on which the eggs were cooked filled the room, or rather cave, with smoke, so that I preferred lunching out in the sun.

After half an hour's rest here, we commenced the ascent of the Hills of Judea, through a rocky defile, which, to the Frank, for the first time, looks impassable, especially for horses. But the Syrian horse is remarkable for his sure-footedness, and is rarely ever known to fall. It seemed almost like going upstairs in some places, as we climbed the steep ascent. The hills arose, gray and barren, on either side.

On our way we passed the village of the redoubtable Abou Gosh, who gave the Turkish authorities much trouble during his day; but a few years ago, after a long career of successful exploits as a robber, he was taken prisoner, incarcerated for two or three years at Constantinople, and then obtained his liberty and returned to his native village. The government made a compromise with him, and allowed him a certain sum per annum to keep the road between Jaffa and Jerusalem free from robbers. He kept faith with the sultan; and travellers have passed over the road ever since without molestation. This chief died in the year 1863; but his son renewed the contract entered into by his father, and the road is as free from danger now as then. It is said that the old chief could, at short notice, bring into the field a force of 10,000 men, if required to do so, in his contests with neighbouring tribes.

Two of our companions, more prudent than the rest of us, did not allow their horses to go out of a walk; and we were obliged to wait now and then for them. One of the Frenchmen, who was always foremost, called them jestingly, "*des poules mouillées*;" however, it would have been better for me if I had acted with the prudence of the slow party, for in mounting the hill at a brisk trot over the broken

stones which cover these hills, my saddle turned, and I was thrown to the ground. This was a rude lesson, which taught me in future to avoid Arab saddles, which are destitute of buckles, the girth being loosely tied. Fortunately, I sustained no serious injury, was soon remounted, and descended into the Terebinth, which once echoed to the lamentations of Jeremiah. The sides of the hills which enclose this valley, on which a number of olive and mulberry trees grew, presented an agreeable change to the barren country over which we had just passed. The valley, it appears, derives its name from the tree called the terebinth, which seems to thrive here. We approached and watered our horses at the brook from which David picked his stone to kill the giant with. Here we found a caravan of a score of Jews, doubtless halting to contemplate the scene of the valour of one of their ancestors, as well as to rest. They were huddled together, a lot of poor humble creatures, with nothing left but faith and hope,—a picture in striking contrast to the one of thousands of years ago, when they of the same race, on this very ground, exulted in the victory of Israel's hope—the conquering David.

They were on their way to Jerusalem—the young encouraged with the hope of seeing their ancient

temple restored in all its glory, and the old of having, according to them, the great privilege of dying in the city of the Great King and being interred in the Valley of Jehoshaphat.

The Jew clings to the promise as the shipwrecked mariner does to the last plank. Some one tells how that two rabbis of Jerusalem observed a fox running upon the Hill of Zion, and Rabbi Joshua wept, but Rabbi Eliezer laughed.

“Wherefore dost thou laugh?” said he who wept.

“Nay, wherefore dost thou weep?” demanded Eliezer.

“I weep,” replied Rabbi Joshua, “because I see what is written in the Lamentations fulfilled; because of the Mount Zion which is desolate; the foxes walk upon it.”

“And therefore,” said Rabbi Eliezer, “do I laugh, for when I see with mine own eyes that God has fulfilled his threatenings to the very letter, I have thereby a pledge that not one of His promises shall fail; for He is ever more ready to show mercy than judgment.”

After a short halt in Terebinth we resumed our march over rocky barren hills until we came in sight of the Holy City with its domes and minarets glancing

in the rays of a setting sun. We were not more than ten minutes from its gray battlemented walls. Silently I approached the silent city, my heart throbbing with eagerness to behold its saintly relics.

We passed in at the Jaffa gate, when the Turkish officers wished to examine my luggage; but on learning my official character, I was allowed to pass on.

It is customary when a consul arrives at Jaffa for the consular agent there to despatch by a courier the news of his arrival to the consulate at Jerusalem. Thus when he arrives within an hour of the latter place he is met by the janissaries of the several consulates, and a company of the soldiers of the pasha, who, after saluting, escort him to the city.

As I wished to avoid the noise and ceremony of such a reception, on my arrival at Jaffa I instructed the American consular agent not to acquaint the authorities of Jerusalem with my presence. Thus I was enabled to enter the holy city quietly, and enjoy the emotions which the place inspired.

CHAPTER IV.

Hauser's Hotel—A Singular Character—His inquisitiveness and ideas concerning the restoration of Palestine and his connection therewith.

THE Californian and myself dismounted at the Mediterranean Hotel in Christian Street, kept by Christian Hauser, a communicant of the English Church on Mount Zion. We were welcomed by the host in a hospitable manner, and ushered into plain clean rooms, where baths were prepared for us. Our ablutions completed, we descended into the dining-room just as the bell rang for dinner, and took our seats with one other guest, of rather singular appearance. His hair was very long, hanging down over his shoulders, and his beard was of a proportionate length; he had a quick gray eye, and a muscular body habited in very seedy clothing. As soon as we had entered the room and taken our seats at the table he turned to me with the air of an old acquaintance.

“Come from Jaffa, sir?”

“Yes, sir.”

"First time you have seen Jerusalem?"

"Yes, sir."

"How long are you going to stay?"

"Depends on circumstances."

"What do you think of the country through which you have passed?"

"Looks rocky and barren."

"A general impression, but a mistake. The soil is fertile but uncultivated. Where are you from?"

"America."

"Both?"

Two nods of assent.

"Ah; I am a Yankeeified Englishman myself. Lived a good while in Canada, but crossed over to the States once and awhile to get rubbed up."

"Are you pilgrims here?" continued he.

"Not precisely."

"Only tourists, perhaps?"

"Something that way," volunteered the Californian.

"Just so, sort of half and half—killing two birds with one stone—blending the performance of a spiritual obligation with the desire of seeing the country."

Turning to me, he resumed:

"What's your name?"

I informed him. He then turned to my companion, and put the same question to him, with a good many others,—all of which he answered good-humouredly, as I had endeavoured to do. After he had gotten through with my fellow-traveller he reopened his battery on me :

“Big war over there. They always gets things up on a large pattern in the States—Niagara, Mammoth Cave, Mississippi, and all that sort of thing. How many do you think have been killed since it began?”

“Really, I must refer you to the statistics of the War Department.”

“What do you think of Jeff. Davis?”

“At present, I prefer not thinking of him at all.”

“I like the Yankees,” he continued ; “but saw enough of them at Syracuse in New York. I attended a great meeting there, assembled to debate and, if possible, discover ‘What was truth.’ Every body made speeches, particularly the women ; tried to make one myself, and only had five minutes at the audience, when, on motion of one of the women, I was ruled out.”

“On what plea, sir?” I asked.

“Oh, she said I was out of order because I was discussing the truth as it was in Palestine, and urged

that the question should be considered in the abstract. Although I was the most practical man at the meeting—would you believe it?—they called me a visionary, because I dwelt upon the truth as regarded Palestine.”

“Probably a favourite subject with you,” I remarked.

“It has occupied my mind to the exclusion of aught else during a great portion of my life. In short, sir, it is my mission to restore Palestine to her ancient condition of prosperity; and to this end I have laboured for many years.”

“In what way do you propose restoring the country?”

“By practical means — agriculture and commerce.”

“But there are other lands which offer a better investment for capital than this.”

“True, but I expect to induce a number of influential men to come here, who will associate the idea of the regeneration of Palestine with that of making a tolerable investment for their capital. When I get a score or so of such men to act as leaders in the movement, and induce about a thousand followers to come with them and make a settlement here, the number will be large enough for their own

protection against the Arabs of the desert, and serve as a nucleus for the gradual settlement of Palestine. Then, when person and property will be secure, I propose, with the aid of my coadjutors, to bring back the lost tribes of Israel; 'for the Lord will yet have mercy upon Jacob, and yet will choose Israel, and set them in their own land.' And, again, He says, 'What mean ye that ye use this proverb concerning the land of Israel, saying, the fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge. As I live, saith the Lord God, ye shall not have occasion any more to use this proverb in all Israel.' When the twelve tribes are gathered here, then shall Zion again be the 'joy of the whole earth.' Then shall follow the millennium that will last a thousand years, when the sword shall be turned into a ploughshare, and peace and good-will shall reign among men. That the restoration of Palestine," he continued with energy, "will come to pass, and in my day, I am as sure as that I exist. Does not God say, 'I have graven thee upon the palms of my hands. Thy walls are continually before me: I will make thee an eternal excellency.' Again, for her sins, He says, 'I will make Jerusalem heaps and a den of dragons. Zion shall be ploughed like a field, and Jerusalem shall become heaps, and the mountain of the

House like the high places of the forest,'—and this has been fulfilled; but He says also, 'Because they call thee an outcast, saying, this is Zion, whom no man seeketh after: behold, I will bring again the captivity of Jacob's tents, and have mercy on his dwelling-places, and the city shall be builded upon her own heap, and the palace shall remain after the manner thereof—it shall not be plucked up nor thrown down for ever.' ”

The Californian here hinted that it would require means to inaugurate such a movement as he spoke of.

“I am rich in faith, and that is sufficient,” said the modern Elijah; “as to money I have none. Does not the Master say, ‘Provide neither gold nor silver, nor brass in your purses, nor scrip for your journey, neither two coats, neither shoes, nor yet staves, for the workman is worthy of his meat.’ ”

CHAPTER V.

Visits to Church Dignitaries—Some account of the Order of Franciscans in Palestine—Monseigneur Joseph Valerga, the Latin Patriarch—A cordial reception—The Reverendissimo of the Franciscans—An Irish Monk—Greek Catholics—Maronites—Syrian Catholics—Armenian Catholics—Roman Catholics, or Latins.

It is customary here for the representatives of foreign governments to visit, as soon after their arrival as may be, the dignitaries of the different churches. In accordance with this custom, I paid a visit to the Latin Patriarch, and the Reverendissimo of the Order of Franciscans. And before proceeding further a brief account of this order in Palestine may possess some interest to those not familiar with its history.

In the thirteenth century, when Christian valour could no longer keep back the hordes of barbarians from the sacred places of Palestine, when the warriors of the West, overpowered by the legions opposed to them, were obliged to fall back, disputing every foot of the ground, however, into the church of the Holy Sepulchre, where a remnant of those valiant

heroes who had held out to the last were massacred at the foot of the altar—it was at this time that François d'Assize (who it is said had a presentiment of the defeat of the Christians) left for the Holy Land at the head of a dozen poor monks. Those who accompanied him to Jerusalem were killed at their posts in front of the altar, together with a number of nuns, old men and children, who had sought refuge at this place of fancied security,—under the shadow of the altar. Born of poverty and self-abnegation, and while yet in its infancy, was the Order thus christened in blood.

In the same year fell with the Christian kingdom of Palestine founded by the renowned crusader, Godfrey of Boulogne, the patriarchates, bishoprics, and convents of men and of women of the Latin Church generally throughout the Holy Land.

Again, the founder of the Order brought new recruits from Europe, to fill the places made vacant by those soldiers of the Cross who were massacred in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. It appears the Turks took them for a kind of dervishes, and in a short time, inspired with a feeling of respect for their piety and poverty, allowed them a dwelling-place on Mount Zion, and an altar near the sacred tomb.

In the fourteenth century, King Robert of Sicily,

in order if possible to place the sacred places beyond the reach of persecution, purchased them from the Sultan of Egypt, and ceded the same to the See of Rome. Pope Clement the Fifth, in a bull, confided the care of the purchased spots to the Franciscan Order; and King Robert's queen had a fine convent constructed around the *cœnaculum*, the guest-chamber where the Lord's Supper was eaten.

Comparative quiet being established, the stream of pilgrims again began to flow into the Holy Land. Among the rest who sought this spiritual consolation was a Florentine lady called Sophie, who purchased the ground around the Franciscan Convent, on which she constructed a hospital for the poor and the sick. The Franciscans did not long enjoy the benefits thus conferred on them, for toward the close of the same century the Muslem sword was again stained with their blood—they were again massacred. Down to the middle of the sixteenth century, they remained faithful to the charge confided to them, amidst intolerance and persecution, when their possessions on Mount Zion were wrung from them, under the pretext that the place occupied would afford a formidable *point d'appui* to the Christians in the event of their attempting to retake Jerusalem. Also, that it was not fit that Christian dogs should dwell beside,

and thus profane, the tomb of David, who is one of the most revered of Koran prophets.

Driven from Zion, the Franciscans purchased from their persecutors, the Turks, the church and convent of Saint Sauveur, abandoned some time before by the Georgians, repaired the buildings and erected anew their altars, which are at the present time in their possession.

The Franciscan monks, coming from the Occident as they did, were always regarded by the Turkish authorities as foreigners, and looked upon with jealousy; hence were subjected to greater persecution than the monks of any of the other Christian churches in Palestine. At present they enjoy the same privileges extended to other monks, and their convents appear to be better kept than any of the others.

The Franciscans are sometimes called Minorites, and are of the class termed *Fratres Minores ab Observantia*. The Order is a kind of republic, its officers being elected for a fixed term by all the members of the body. By its constitution the General of the Order must be an Italian and reside at Rome, and is elected for a term of six years. He is the executive, and governs all the Franciscan communities; advised and counselled, however, by the Propaganda at Rome. The first authority of the Order in Jerusalem

is that of the Reverendissimo, who is elected for the same term as the General, and must also be an Italian. He has charge of the missions and convents of Syria, Cyprus, and Egypt, besides those of Palestine, and is called the Guardian of Mount Zion and the Holy Sepulchre, and Custos of the Holy Land. He is subordinate in his authority to the General and Propaganda at Rome. The second in authority at Jerusalem is the Vicar of the Reverendissimo, whose functions he performs in case of death or absence—elected for the same time. The third is the Procureur-General, who is treasurer and temporal administrator. According to the statutes of the Order, he must be a Spaniard, and serve, like the others, six years. The chief of the monks who remain always in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre has the title of president, and is alternately Spanish, French, or Italian. The executive council—*Discretorium*—is composed of the Reverendissimo, Vicar, and Treasurer, together with three of the monks. According to the statutes, each monk has the right, if he wishes to avail himself of it, of returning to his native country after a residence of six years in Palestine. The missionaries must serve twelve before this privilege is granted to them. For hearing confessions there are ten *pénitenciers*—monks vested with the power of ab-

solving in cases reserved for them ; and the confession can be made here in Latin, Italian, French, Spanish, German, English, Hungarian, Polish, or Arabic. They have convents at Jerusalem, Bethlehem, Nazareth, Saint John, Ramleh, and Jaffa, in Palestine.

Until within some years back the Reverendissimo was at the head of the Latin Church in Syria and Palestine. Then a Patriarchate was established, having jurisdiction over these countries ; and the present Patriarch was sent by the See of Rome.

The arrival of the Patriarch from Rome gave rise to dissensions among the Latins, which still continue. The Reverendissimo, a mitred abbot, being in possession of the jewels and the paraphernalia with which Rome invests all her dignitaries, and looked up to as the highest functionary of the Church, was loth to surrender his power, with its trappings, to the Patriarch, but was obliged to do so. The new Patriarch, Joseph Valerga, as soon as he arrived, established himself at once, and assumed all his prerogatives. He is from Genoa, and has now been in Jerusalem eight or ten years. He was formerly a missionary in several parts of Asia, is well acquainted with eastern character, and the languages of the countries where he has resided. He is a man of energy and courage. Through his activity the Latin

seminary was built and established at Beit Jálá near Bethlehem, where natives are being educated for the priesthood. When it was being built the country about there was infested with marauding Bedawin, and Monseigneur Valerga was advised to give up the work for the time ; but he determined that the work should go on, and repaired to the scene of operations himself, and took up his station there with a couple of revolvers in his hands to protect the workmen, and the work *went* on without interruption. He has also, since he has been in Jerusalem, constructed what is known as the Patriarch's palace, where he resides with a half-dozen Italian priests. This is the finest building in the city, and is situated within the walls, north of the Jaffa gate.

It was to this Patriarch I made my first call in the Holy City. In accordance with the established custom (the new-comer always pays the first visit), I first sent word by a kavass to know when I might have the honour of seeing him, and the response was that he would like to see me then. I accordingly repaired to his house, preceded by my kavass, decked out in his gold-lace uniform, and carrying in his hand the consular mace, about four feet long, mounted with silver, which at every step he thumped on the stones. As the end of the mace which the

kavass strikes on the ground is pointed with iron, it produces a ringing sound which announces his approach at some distance. Behind I was followed by my interpreter or dragoman, who also accompanies the consul on all official or ceremonial visits.

On reaching the Patriarch's house, according to Eastern usage, the kavass of the Patriarch ranged himself with his silver-headed stick alongside mine, and they marched together, preceding us through the court to the door of the Patriarch's room, where they separated and placed themselves one on each side of the doorway, when myself and dragoman passed between them into a sort of sitting-room, furnished in European style, where we found the Patriarch. He received me very cordially, and led me to a seat. Then my dragoman approached and kissed his hand, which the Patriarch seemed to take as a matter of course. He had an intelligent expression, and wore a long leonine beard of the most patriarchal appearance. He appeared still to be in the prime of life, and was energetic and decided in his manner, though withal polite. We conversed in French, which he spoke fluently, of the events of the day; and his remarks showed that he was familiar with the men and things of the present time. In speaking of America, he thought he would not like to live there,

because she had no past—all was modern. In Italy and Palestine, where he had passed most of his life, every thing had its history of hundreds of years ago. During our interview pipes and coffee were served; and after a stay of twenty minutes we took our leave.

As we passed out of the outer door, my dragoman complied with another Eastern usage, and dropped a dollar into the hands of the Patriarch's kavass, which was reciprocated a few days afterwards when the Patriarch called on me.

Our next visit was to the Franciscan Reverendissimo, who resides in the convent of Terra Santa. With the usual ceremony we were ushered into the reception-room of this large convent, where we found the very reverend father, an exceedingly polite animated Italian, who welcomed me in a hearty manner. He also spoke French, but not so well as the Patriarch. An Irish monk, Padre Luigi, was also present at the interview, and with whom I afterwards became quite well acquainted. Although shod in sandals and habited in sombre robe, the Irishman was still there, with his love of humour and a touch of the brogue. The pipes and coffee were served by a monk of the Order; for they are their own servants. I carried away with me a favourable impression of these brown-robed men.

The Latin Patriarch's diocese extends through Syria and Palestine. There are about fifteen hundred Latins in Jerusalem, made up of Greek Catholics, Armenian Catholics, Syrian Catholics, a few Maronites, and the Catholics proper or Latins.

Mr. Smith says : " The sect of Greek Catholics had its origin in a secession from the Greek Church in Syria, which was brought about by Roman Catholic influence not far from a century ago. Until some time back this sect existed only in Syria, but has now extended itself into Egypt. The Greeks who have elsewhere submitted themselves to the Pope have generally become amalgamated with the Latin Church. The Greek Catholics of Syria, on the contrary, are a sect by themselves, constituting an Oriental Papal Church. They take, indeed, the Occidental view of the procession of the Holy Spirit, believe in purgatory and the Pope, eat fish in Lent, and keep a smaller number of fasting days than the Greeks ; but otherwise they subjected themselves to few changes in passing from one jurisdiction to another. They still enjoy the same privilege as their countrymen of the Greek Church in having their religious services performed in their native Arabic tongue. They observe the Oriental calendar, receive the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper in both kinds as formerly, and their

priests are still allowed to marry. This, however, is not done so universally as among the Arab-Greek clergy. They have long had their own Patriarch. The high clergy of this sect are mostly Arabs by birth, and at the same time educated at Rome. They thus unite a natural attachment to their countrymen with some degree of European cultivation, and the result is a certain elevation of their sect. The Patriarch, who lives at Beirût, has also established a college for teaching different languages and branches of science; which, however, seems to have accomplished but little." This sect is more numerous in Syria than in Palestine, where there are but few families, two priests, and one or two deacons.

Of the Maronites the same writer says: "They furnish decisive evidence of a Syriac origin. Its ecclesiastical language is wholly Syriac, though none now understand it, except as a learned language. The Maronites also not unfrequently write Arabic in the Syriac character. They acknowledge no affinity with any other sect in the country, except through a common relationship to the Pope. They are disposed to be exclusive, and also conceited in the idea of their unparalleled orthodoxy, and are not much liked by their neighbours, even in the Papal Church, being generally accused of narrow-mindedness. The Ma-

ronites are characterised by an almost unequalled devotedness to the See of Rome, and the most implicit obedience to their priests. It may be doubted whether there is to be found any where a people who have so sincere and deep a reverence for the Pope as the Maronites of Syria. Yet they have their own distinct church establishment; and also some usages which are not tolerated in the Papal Church in Europe. They follow indeed the Occidental calendar; observe the same rules of fasting as the European Latins; and celebrate in the same manner the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. But they have some saints of their own, and especially their patron saint, Mâr Mârôn, not elsewhere acknowledged in the Latin Church. And every candidate for the priesthood, who is not already under the vow of celibacy, is allowed to marry before ordination; so that most of their parish clergy are actually married men. They have many bishops, and at their head a Patriarch, who styles himself 'Patriarch of Antioch.' His usual residence is the convent of Kanôbin, on Mount Lebanon, back of Tripolis. They are found in cities and large towns as far north as Aleppo, and as far south as Jerusalem. But they are at home as cultivators of the soil only in Mount Lebanon, except a few in the Jaffa Gardens. The

balance of power which was formerly kept up between them and the Druses is now entirely destroyed; the latter having become far inferior in numbers and strength. This is the result of the conversion of the ruling families of Emirs, who were formerly Muslems, to the Maronite faith. In the elementary instruction of the common people the Maronites are quite as deficient as the other Christian sects in the country. But for a select number, and especially for clerical candidates, a higher grade of education has been initiated. Some of the pupils, besides Arabic, study Syriac, Latin, and Italian."

The Syrian Catholics are also converts to the Church of Rome, who still preserve their Oriental rites and the Syriac language in their worship. There are but one or two individuals of this sect who reside in Jerusalem. They are found mostly at Aleppo and Damascus, and a few of their monks in two or three small convents in Mount Lebanon.

The Armenian Catholics, as their name indicates, originally belonged to the Armenian Church, from which they separated and went over to the Church of Rome; still retaining, however, like the Greek Catholics, their Oriental rites, and most of their dogmas. There are but a small number of them in Jerusalem. Like all Armenians, they are patient

and persevering. They have purchased a piece of ground on the Via Dolorosa, opposite the Austrian Hospice, and the spot where tradition places the swooning of the Virgin Mary, and where they are now constructing a church and convent. They are more intimate in their relations to the Latins than either the Greek Catholics or Syrian Catholics.

Of the Roman Catholics, or Latins proper, of Jerusalem and vicinity, a large portion are natives, some of whom are said to be the descendants of converts made in the time of the Crusaders. They speak only Arabic, and are taught in this language the doctrines of the Latin Church by the monks. They have, however, a number of Arab boys in their schools who speak French and Italian tolerably well, more particularly the latter language. They also have a score of Arab boys under their especial protection whom they have trained for singing in the choir. These lads are clothed, fed, and educated at the expense of the convent.

CHAPTER VI.

The Greek Church—Greek Monks and Priests—Theological Seminary—Russian-Greeks—The Reception of Greek Pilgrims—Generosity of Pilgrims—The Russian Pilgrim—The Patriarch's Vicar—Interview with him—Words of Wisdom.

JERUSALEM, the seat of the Greek patriarchate, comprises the bishoprics of Nazareth, Akka, Lydda, Gaza, Sebaste, Nabulus, Philadelphia, and Petra. All the bishops of these Sees, except the one at Akka, reside in the large convent of Constantine at Jerusalem. The Patriarch of Jerusalem is also a non-resident. He resides at Constantinople, where it is supposed he can better serve the interests of his patriarchate than in the seat of his jurisdiction. And this is doubtless the case, considering that favours are obtained at the Porte only by intrigue and bribery. The Patriarch does not even visit the country over which he is supposed to spiritually preside, but delegates his authority to a vicar, who is a bishop and resides in the parent convent of Constantine, with the above-mentioned non-resident bishops. The present

vicar is an old man, upwards of eighty, who was born in the island of Cyprus, and is perhaps more conversant with the Arabic than the Greek language. The bishops in this patriarchate are all foreign-born—they are generally from some of the Greek islands. It is a rule adopted in the Greek Church in the Orient to exclude the native priests from the episcopal dignity. Thus there are no native-born bishops. It is alleged that this is owing to the disorderly conduct of the native monks about three centuries ago, which led to their expulsion from the convents, and subsequently to their ineligibility to the office of bishop. Again, this course is said to have been adopted through the influence of the See at Constantinople, in order the better to preserve the nationality of the Church.

The monks who are Greeks by birth generally reside in the convents at Jerusalem, and leave the congregations in the villages throughout Palestine in charge of native pastors. This is done partly because the native pastor is better fitted by his knowledge of the language of the people than the Greek, who is generally too indolent to perfect himself in it; and partly because the Greek monks are better provided with the comforts of life at Jerusalem than they would be in the country convents.

Most of the native priests are married, and pursue some secular occupation in connection with their spiritual office. They are often schoolmasters, and they consider that they have completed a boy's education when they have brought him through the Arabic Psalter. For developing the mind of a lad to this extent, they usually receive from about fifty to seventy-five piastres—ten or twelve shillings. None but married priests are allowed to confess women, thus avoiding the scandal which sometimes arises in the Latin Church through the celibacy of its priesthood.

There are four Patriarchs in the Orthodox Greek Church, of whom one is the chief ruler over the Church every where, exercising much the same authority as the Pope of Rome. This chief Patriarch has the privilege of choosing his successor; but in the event of his dying without making a choice, the election of this great dignitary rests with a body of bishops, priests, and monks who reside in Constantinople with the Patriarch, and who are called "Brethren of the Holy Sepulchre." These brethren number a hundred and fifty, and their principal duty is to aid the Patriarch in the administration of the affairs of the Church, temporal and spiritual. The title of this Patriarch is the "Most Blessed."

The Greek Patriarch of Jerusalem has established

a theological seminary in the Convent of the Holy Cross, about fifteen minutes' walk from the city, where a number of young men, both native and Greek, are being educated for the priesthood. The preceptors here consist of two laymen and several Greek priests. One of the most intelligent of the latter is the Father Benjamin, who was educated in Germany and France, and speaks fluently the language of both these countries. The Patriarch is going to send to Paris, for the same purpose, a young priest named Gregorius, who has shown a peculiar aptitude for modern languages, with a view to having him impart his knowledge to others on his return, as the Father Benjamin is now doing. I had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of both these priests, to whom I am indebted for several polite favours.

There are but four Russian residents in the Holy City; yet the Russian pilgrims arrive in greater numbers than the pilgrims of any other nation. They are of the Orthodox Greek Church, but have a separate establishment just outside the city walls to the west, where the Russian government has constructed a number of fine buildings for the accommodation of the Russian consulate and the Russian priests and pilgrims.

The Russians have an archimandrite and half a dozen priests in their new building. On fête-days they join the Greeks in the ceremonies, which are held on such occasions in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. Although of the same church, there is some jealousy existing between the Greeks and Russians, owing in a measure to their different nationalities, also to the fact of the Emperor of Russia being acknowledged as the head of the Greek Church, to which the Greeks have never become fully reconciled. Yet it is doubtless owing to Russian influence at Constantinople that the Greeks are indebted for the religious privileges which they enjoy. The Greek's nationality, however, sometimes blinds him to the advantages accruing from his religious fellowship with the Russian. He cannot always forget his glorious past, when Greece was mistress of the world and the Russian an uncouth barbarian.

A number of Wallachians also make the Jerusalem pilgrimage, and, from what I have seen of them, seem to be more advanced in civilisation than their Russian neighbours, but hardly as devout in the performance of their religious rites. The Wallachian pilgrims are taken charge of by the Greeks and lodged in their convents.

All the Greek pilgrims, as soon as they arrive in

Jerusalem, are conducted to the large Convent of Constantine, where they are presented to the synod, and their names entered in a book, together with the names of any of their friends they choose to give. The persons who are thus registered receive the especial prayers of the Church. After the recording of the names, the pilgrims, in accordance with a request made to them by the synod, make presents according to their condition for the benefit of the convent and the Church. Then they are assigned to the different Greek convents in Jerusalem, where they are again solicited for money by their priests.

The pilgrims are very generous towards their spiritual fathers. The Russian consul informed me that he had considerable trouble with the pilgrims from his country, on account of this excess of generosity, until a year or two back, when he compelled every pilgrim, on his arrival at Jaffa, to deposit a sufficient sum with the vice-consul there to convey him back to his home after completing his pilgrimage. The consul said that they consider it meritorious to leave all they possess of money and trinkets in the Holy City, which left them in a destitute condition before the rule referred to was adopted.

The Russian pilgrim is easily distinguished from the others by his Slavonic face, long tawny hair,

great coarse boots, and his extreme humility. He is too the most credulous of pilgrims, and the most devout. If his priest were to tell him the moon was made of green cheese, he would not entertain the shadow of a doubt as to the truth of the information. He has, if possible, still greater veneration for his consul, who is a kind of temporal father to him during his sojourn in Palestine; hence the consul to him is an oracle. The women are usually habited in black, with a shawl of the same colour thrown over their heads, and usually wear the same coarse boots which the men wear—one of the necessities of their climate. The Russian women, like the men, are ugly.

The Greek pilgrims are better-looking—many of them are handsome. As a race, they still possess the handsome traits for which their ancestors were so famous. They are dressed too in good taste, considering the scanty means many of them are obliged to do it with. I have often admired the artistic manner in which the women arrange the kerchiefs about their heads—no hard lines or bundled-up appearance as with the Russians, but the drapery falling free and flowing. The Greek, like the Turk, wears a tarboosh (cap), but higher; so that the top with the tassel inclines to one side. He also wears the full flowing trousers of the Orient, but extending down only to

the middle of the calf, and not to the ankle, as with the Orientals.

The Greek priest is habited in a black robe extending to his feet, and wears on his head a black felt brimless hat—not so high in the crown as the conventional silk hat of enlightened lands, and the edge of the top curving outwards.

There is much variety of colour in the dress of the Greek pilgrims, which is generally arranged with admirable effect. The Moldavian-Greeks and Wallachian-Greeks are attired nearly after the European fashion.

Shortly after my arrival in the Holy City, I paid my official visit to the Patriarch's vicar, at the Convent of Constantine, accompanied, as usual, by my interpreter, and preceded by the kavass, thumping over the stones with his silver mace. My coming had been previously announced, and the expectant kavass of the vicar was ready at the door of the convent, stick in hand, to range himself alongside my kavass as soon as he approached, and go before me toward the reception-room of the vicar. Along the courtyard and up the steps, and along the corridor, nearly a score of priests were stationed, who placed their hands on their breasts and bowed low in Oriental fashion as I passed. All this was accompanied by a

great thumping of the sticks of the kavasses in front of us.

At length we reached the ante-room of the vicar, where the kavasses, as usual, ranged themselves one on each side, and two or three of the bishops conducted me and my interpreter into a room arranged in Eastern fashion. The passage which led into and crossed one end of the room was paved with marble flags, and was about six inches lower than the floor of the room. The apartment was well carpeted, and around against the walls one continuous divan extended, about four feet wide and one foot from the floor. My interpreter, an Oriental, removed his shoes on the marble flags before stepping on to the carpeted floor, and as he took his seat made a profusion of salaams right and left to those who were conducting us. I, as a Frank, was not expected to remove my shoes; besides, the Orientals wear a loose shoe, which they shuffle off without an effort. Presently the vicar entered, pressed my hand cordially, and addressed me two or three words in Italian, and requested me to sit down on his right, the post of honour. He was followed by four or five priests, who all shuffled off their shoes and took seats, curling their legs up under them in Turkish fashion. The vicar was a stout old dignitary, with a long white beard,

and a complexion with plenty of colour in it—just such a head as artists like to paint as a study in pure tints.

After the vicar and myself had passed the usual compliments, one of the priests asked, through my interpreter—the conversation was carried on altogether through him—how the war was going on in America, when I gave a brief account of it. His excellency, as they called him, asked me if I believed God was on our side.

This question I naturally answered in the affirmative.

His excellency next sagaciously observed that our enemies were usually instigated by the devil.

I assented to the truth of this observation.

Seeing that America was deep water for his excellency, I fell back upon a hackneyed subject in Jerusalem, and asked him if he thought the Jaffa road would be constructed.

Words of wisdom again issued from his mouth, in this form :

“Several times people have tried to build the road, and failed; hence I do not think God wants the road to be built.”

While these important remarks were passing between us a refreshment was served, consisting of

jelly, on teaspoons, with glasses of water. The fashion of taking this was to eat the jelly and wash it down with a draught of water, and wipe the lips with a golden-bordered napkin hanging down from one end of the tray, finishing with a salaam to the amphitryon.

Next was served a liqueur called Rosaline, after that confiture, then coffee and pipes. On my declining to smoke on account of a headache, his excellency, receiving the pipe from my hand, said he would smoke for both, which bit of humour excited the hilarity of his surrounding subordinates.

The vicar makes the Greek fire (a fact which those who watched the bombardment of Charleston with such intense interest would never have suspected), that is, the Holy Fire which issues from the Holy Sepulchre at Easter. As I looked in his face I could not help wondering how his conscience could bear the burden of such an imposture. His physiognomy certainly did not indicate a man whose food disagreed with him, or whose slumbers were disturbed by any qualms of the inward monitor.

I subsequently became acquainted with other officials of the Greek Church, who, in point of intelligence and education, would compare favourably with their brethren of the Western Church.

CHAPTER VII.

The Syrian Bishop—Convent of St. Mark—Episode in the Life of the Bishop—His Drawing—Manuscripts—Loss of Property—Spoken Language of the Syrians.

AFTER leaving the Convent of Constantine, I passed on to the Convent of St. Mark on Mount Zion, to call on the Syrian, or, as he is frequently designated, the Jacobite bishop. This convent is situated behind the Armenian convent, and is supposed to occupy the site of the Evangelist's house, after whom it is named. It is, I believe, the only monastery now in possession of the Syrians in Palestine. In former times they had a number, which were wrested from them, one by one, by the Turks, as this people became poor and helpless.

The Convent of St. Mark I found to be small, but modern and well-built. As usual, we were shown to the "upper room," where the bishop was waiting to receive us. We were followed by all the retinue of the Syrian dignitary, consisting only of a priest and two deacons, who were poorly habited. The

apartment was furnished in Eastern fashion, with divan against the walls, and the usual place at one end to leave off the shoes before stepping on to the carpeted floor. A long gray beard, kindly face, and immense turban, were the prominent features in the person of the bishop. He was a simple soul, who knew of nothing outside of Palestine except something he had seen in a trip to the country about the Euphrates, which was evidently the principal, and perhaps only episode of his life. He talked of nothing else scarcely, and showed me a kind of panorama, in crude water-colours, of his descent of the Euphrates, in which he figured as the chief actor in every scene. As regarded drawing, this specimen of Syrian art looked exactly like those made by our six or seven-year old schoolboys on their slates. As the bishop unrolled this scroll, whereon his glory was painted in the liveliest of colours, he explained to me what the different objects were along the shore. According to the pictorial record, cannons were fired, drums beat, and shouts raised by the natives in his honour as he was rowed down the river. Nay, more, dusky maidens looked at him from their windows, and waved their handkerchiefs in token of welcome.

The best part of this story of the Euphrates ex-

cursion was, that the bishop succeeded in collecting about a thousand pounds, with which, on his return, he built the little convent in which he at present resides.

Although this old gentleman seemed to be more or less familiar with the Syriac language and literature, his knowledge of any Western language or people was quite limited. He had a glimmering idea that a war was going on in America, and that was all. If he had been told that it was a fight between the Americans and the people of Kamschatka, I do not think he would have regarded the information as extraordinary.

After the inevitable coffee and pipes had been disposed of, the bishop and his followers showed me the chapel underneath, and some old manuscripts which it contained, written, as he said, in the ninth century after Christ. These manuscripts were parts of the Bible and New Testament in Syriac, bound and mounted with silver. As I admired the Syriac character very much, the bishop was good enough to write me the Lord's Prayer in that language, on the occasion of a subsequent visit.

The Syrian, as is generally known, is one of the Christian Churches of the East. They are often called Jacobites, after a heretical monk of the name

of James Barodæus, who was a disciple of Severus of Antioch, who in the sixth century aided materially in protecting the Syrians from persecution and restoring to them their rights. The Syrians are in intercommunion with the Armenians, to whom they usually look for protection when oppressed by the Turkish authorities; and by way of a *quid pro quo*, the Armenians, it is said, have now and then taken possession of some of their co-religionists' property. The main bond of union between them is, I believe, the Monophysite doctrine.

The little Syrian community at Jerusalem still hold title-deeds of some of the monasteries of their ancestors, which they hope some day to regain, when Christian equity shall reign instead of Turkish corruption.

They have a Patriarch, who resides in Mesopotamia, and who is acknowledged as the supreme authority in the Church. In ancient times the Syrians were of the Eastern Church, but separated from it on account of their Monophysite heresy, for which they seem to have been badly used by their fellow-Christians.

Arabic is the spoken language of the Syrians, and but few of them have any knowledge of Syriac.

After leaving the bishop, my interpreter informed me that that worthy man exhibited the panorama of his Euphrates voyage to all who called on him. Happy old man !

CHAPTER VIII.

Armenian Bishops—Monophysites—Literature of the Armenians
—Church of Saint James—Head of the Apostle—Ostrich
Eggs—Chair of the Son of Zebedee—Armenian painting
of the Judgment—Bell of the Orient—The Catholicus of
Etchmiazine—Dispersion of the Armenians since the Fifth
Century—Their Characteristics—The only Race under Mus-
lem rule which will ever revolutionise Turkey — Turkish
Propitiation—Manuscripts—The Monk Isaiah, afterwards
Patriarch.

OUR next visit was to the two Armenian bishops who had recently arrived from Mount Ararat, where they had been ordained,—one as Bishop of Alexandria, and the other of Jerusalem, but both residing at the latter place, in the large Armenian Convent on Mount Zion, in the finest quarter within the walls. It is situated on a wide clean street, and overlooks a cultivated garden containing two lofty old trees, which shelter from the sun groups of monks who are generally to be found here. The reception at the Armenian Convent was much the same as the one at the Greek Convent : the same compliments and cere-

mony, with the never-failing coffee and pipes. They were very polite and friendly, and one of them intelligent, with whom, through my interpreter, I had an interesting conversation. In reply to my remark that the Franks regarded the Armenians as Monophysites, he said they were in error, and sent for a small prayer-book, which contained the same prayer in twenty-four different languages. He showed me one in English, by which he endeavoured to prove that the impression of the Franks was erroneous. The prayer, however, I did not think threw much light on the subject in question. On my inquiring for some book in a Western language which contained their creed, they informed me they had none.

They told me that for a century back their literature had declined, but that the Sultan had lately extended greater privileges to them, and in consequence their literature was reviving; that they had several Armenian newspapers in Constantinople, Smyrna, and Alexandria, and were publishing some Armenian books at Amsterdam.

One of the bishops knew a few words of English, and several times addressed me as "my dear;" and in doing so was simply translating a common term of his own language into English.

Several of the monks accompanied us to their

church of St. James, attached to the convent, said to occupy the site of that apostle's martyrdom. In a small chapel within the church, gorgeously decorated, beneath an altar, over which are suspended gold and silver lamps, always kept burning, is said to have been interred the head of St. James. On the mosaic wall over the altar there is a picture of two angels bearing the head of the apostle between them, set in a frame of solid gold. This is to the Armenians the most revered spot in this most beautiful church in Jerusalem. A great portion of the decoration is in mosaic, and seems to have been skilfully executed. A number of ostrich-eggs, attached to long cords, were hung from the ceiling all over the church. I asked my interpreter—a strict and intelligent Armenian—concerning these eggs. He informed me they were something more than ornamental—they were symbolic. The ostrich frequently allows her eggs to be exposed, and consequently spoilt, by not covering them properly in hatching-time, so heedless is the bird of her duty. The ostrich-eggs in the church are intended, in part, to remind the worshippers that their prayers must not be offered up heedlessly, or they will be as unprofitable as the neglected eggs of the ostrich.

A movable screen hides the altar from view,

except when mass is said. The altar is covered to profusion with candles, pictures, and lamps; the latter are kept burning day and night, but the candles only when religious rites are performed. A large gilt throne-chair occupies a prominent place before the altar, over which a suspended lamp burns always. This is said to be the chair occupied by the apostle James, the son of Zebedee, and is an object of veneration to the faithful.

The women, on account of their supposed inferiority, do not enter the church through the principal doorway, but through a side chapel, which communicates with the church. Every available spot on the walls is covered with pictures of saintly subjects, but execrable in execution. The daubs in the Armenian churches are worse than those of the Greek. One of the large prominent pictures arrested my attention, and was explained to me by my Armenian friend. It is called the Picture of the Judgment. The Creator sits upon the throne. A little lower down, on each side of the throne, are Christ and his Mother. On a level with them are angels praising God day and night. Lower down are the Twelve Apostles on thrones, with halos about their heads. In the centre, below the figures of Christ and Mary, is an angel with a blood-stained sword, attending on ano-

ther angel engaged in weighing nude figures on a pair of Oriental scales ; if found heavy (in sin, it is supposed), they are allotted to a place on the left, where there is a burning sea, to which the devils take the sinners from the hands of the avenging angel, and cast them with their three-pronged forks into the liquid fire. The virtuous are placed on the right, where they bear palms in their hands, and offer up adoration to the Lamb. The sinners seem very reluctant to march into the place prepared for them, but are pushed forward by the devils, who of course are black, bat-winged, and long-tailed. High up on the right, just under the apostles, are seen *all* the Armenian patriarchs, together with numerous bishops and priests—*all*, of course, occupying the most forward places.

Without the door of the church is the bell of the Orient, consisting of a bar of iron and a hard board, both suspended near each other, which are struck simultaneously by two men with hammers, each man having two. When the listener is in close proximity to this Oriental bell, the sound is not agreeable ; but at a short distance the effect is musical. The strikers keep perfect time. One would suppose that the strokes were combined to produce the sound, until a near approach is made ; then the charm is gone.

It is like a large picture, which, examined closely, loses entirely the beautiful effect which it produced at a proper distance.

In the latter part of the fifth century the Armenians separated from the Churches of the East and the West, on account of their Monophysite heresy, and which, up to the present time, they have adhered to with great tenacity. The separation took place from the time of the Council of Chalcedon, whose decrees they refused to acknowledge. They may be considered, from their great numbers, as the trunk of the tree which bore the Monophysite fruit.

The chief authority in this Church is the Catholicus of Etchmiazine, near Mount Ararat. Bishops and Patriarchs are ordained only by him. The Catholicus is elected to his high office by a body of delegates who assemble for the purpose. They are three patriarchs. The one having jurisdiction over Syria, Cyprus, Egypt, and Palestine, is called the "Patriarch of Jerusalem." His palace is attached to the Convent of St. Janus, and arches the street leading to the Zion Gate. This patriarchate, however, has been left vacant by the death of the "Most Blessed Yohannes," the last incumbent; but the synod at Constantinople were about selecting his successor. The palace, since the death of the last Patriarch, has

been closed up, not to be reopened until a new Patriarch shall be elected.

Adjacent to the convent they have a small monastery for nuns, called ez-Zeitung, containing about a dozen inmates.

Since the fifth century the troubles of Armenia have served to scatter her children abroad over the face of the earth.

Notwithstanding this dismemberment of their empire and their consequent dispersion over a great portion of the earth, the Armenians have preserved their character and nationality, through, in a measure, if not altogether, their Church government. The Armenian, through every vicissitude of life, in poverty or in wealth, through every change of climate and country, remains steadfast to the faith of his fathers. They are the only race of people in the Orient who are true to each other, who cannot be induced to betray one another even through that powerful agent—backshish. They are proud of their descent. They claim to be the children of Gaick, the great-grandson of Japheth, through Jaran, mentioned in Genesis. They are patient and persevering, frugal and economical, honest and devout. Nor do they lack in courage, as they demonstrated in their heroic resistance to the Turks at Zeitoun a few years ago. In-

differently armed with agricultural implements and old guns and swords, they resisted the attack of a largely superior force of well-armed Turks; and, by their indomitable courage, wrested from the Muslems a number of their guns. They are the only race of people in the Turkish empire who can ever successfully revolutionise the country and upset the Muslem rule. But they are a law-abiding, above all, a prudent people, who certainly never will attempt the rescue of Turkey as long as they see the Crescent supported by the bayonets of English and French. The attempt under such circumstances, of course, would be nothing less than suicidal.

The Porte has lately endeavoured to propitiate its Armenian subjects by the enactment of a law which renders them eligible to hold office under the Turkish government without requiring them to change their religion. There was another reason for this law. The Porte could not trust its proper subjects with the handling of the public money, and for its own security was obliged to employ honest men for this purpose. Consequently, Armenians generally fill the offices of trust in the financial department of the government. They are not faithful to the Sultan or his government because they like either, but from innate honesty.

The general fault in the character of the Arme-

nian is the desire for wealth, which renders him at times forgetful of higher aims taught by our Lord on the Mount when He said, "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal: but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven."

To return to my visit. I was shown over the convent-grounds and into a college establishment by the Patriarch Yohannes. This institution limits the number of pupils to twenty. The instruction cannot be thorough, as there are no competent teachers amongst the Armenians of Jerusalem.

I was afterwards conducted to the library of the convent and made acquainted with the monk Isaiah, the librarian, who was the only inmate of the convent, who had been as far west as Paris and London. He appeared to be a good-natured unassuming monk. He showed me some manuscript-books made in the eleventh century, in which the writing, and especially the decorations around the margin, were skilfully executed. He had studied photography in London, and had a little gallery with an apparatus, on the top of the convent, where he took pictures. He appeared to be very fond of photography, and gave me a *carte-de-visite* portrait of himself.

The unpretending monk Isaiah, a short time afterwards, doubtless much to his own astonishment, was elevated to the patriarchate of Jerusalem by the synod at Constantinople, when he was obliged to give up his cherished photography as inconsistent with his newly-acquired dignity.

CHAPTER IX.

The Superior of the Copt Convent—Coptic Manuscript with Arabic Interpretation—Some Account of the Copts—A Tradition—Abyssinians.

ONE day in wandering about the city with my interpreter, and unaccompanied by a kavass, we came upon the Coptic Convent alongside of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. We found a Coptic priest seated on a mat in the courtyard, smoking his pipe, apparently much at his ease, and who did not in the least disturb himself on our approach. My interpreter, with the usual salaam, asked if we could see the Superior of the convent. The smoker, between two deliberate puffs, answered that he was not visible.

“Where is he?” asked the interpreter.

After knocking the coal off his pipe, and looking at his questioner for the first time, he answered,

“Oh, he has gone to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre.”

After a further parley he asked,

“Who are you?”

“This is the American consul, and I am his interpreter,” was the reply; when instantly the smoker threw down his pipe, rose to his feet, and said with a profound salaam—

“If you are the American consul, I am the Superior of the convent!”

And here followed some Eastern compliments. Preceding us with salaams, the newly-discovered Superior ushered us into his apartment, a scantily-furnished room, where we curled our legs under us as best we could, on a piece of matting—there being no chairs or divans. After the usual preliminary compliments, I asked to look at the Holy Scriptures which the Copts used in their worship, when he produced a New Testament. It was on parchment, and the characters were of that massive style similar to the Syriac, but of different formation. About two-thirds of each page was occupied with the Coptic, and the remaining space with an interpretation in Arabic, as few of the Coptic priests can read the Coptic. The Superior himself admitted that there were many words in his language which he did not understand. He regarded the manuscript-book as a great treasure, and handled it with care, begging me to do the same. On my asking him if he would write me something in Coptic,—for instance, the Lord’s Prayer,—he replied

that he was not competent to do so, but that he expected soon one of their learned priests from Egypt, who would doubtless write what I wanted.

He stated to us that the Copts were most numerous in Egypt, where they numbered three hundred thousand. He said their Patriarch, who lived in Cairo, was endeavouring to establish a school for boys intended for the priesthood, with a view, chiefly, to thoroughly instructing them in the Coptic, for fear that it should eventually become a dead language in their church.

During the conversation the coffee was introduced in three cups of different sizes, patterns, and colours, all more or less cracked. As I had already taken coffee several times during the day, I at first declined; but when the Superior observed that "the coffee perhaps was not served as nicely as his excellency was accustomed to," I at once drank the proffered cup, out of politeness.

The acknowledged head of the Coptic Church is the Patriarch at Cairo, who also exercises metropolitan powers in the Church of Abyssinia, the appointment of whose chief ecclesiastical officer is vested in him. The government of the Viceroy in Egypt is supposed to be favourably disposed towards this church, on account of the number of Copts who ec-

cupy positions of influence near the court. In Ibrahim Pasha's time, when Palestine was under Egyptian rule, the Copts were influential at Jerusalem, but on the expulsion of that general their power and numbers at once declined. On one pretence or another their property was wrested from them. As an instance of Turkish justice, "the small Coptic establishment at Jerusalem was mainly dependent for its support on the rent of six small houses, which yielded but a very scanty return. But even of these they were not allowed to retain undisputed possession. One of the many natives who call themselves Franks, and think that the designation entitles them to European protection in any iniquities which they think fit to practise—this worthless fellow laid claim to three of these houses, without the slightest shadow of right. The poor Copts requested the *cadi* to allow them time to send to Cairo for the deeds and papers, which are in safe keeping at the patriarchate. The request was complied with; but before the appointed time had expired, or the documents could arrive, the false claimant went with a bribe in his hand to the pasha, and prevailed on him to serve a notice to the *cadi* requiring him to act immediately. The Copts seeing no other course open to them in their extremity resolved, with the advice and assistance of the more

wealthy Armenians, to purchase justice by a bribe to the *cadi*; and for this purpose borrowed a sum of 105*l.*, almost the value of the houses."

The convent of the Sultan is the only one the Copts now possess in Jerusalem. It is said that this was not taken from them, following the tradition, for this reason: a Coptic secretary to one of the Mameluke sultans was offered any reward he chose to ask for his long and faithful services; he refused to accept any remuneration for himself, but humbly prayed that his master would repair this ruined convent at Jerusalem, and grant it to his brethren. The Sultan consented; and the memory of this event is still preserved not only in the name of the convent, but in a heavy iron chain fastened in the wall by the door, as a perpetual memorial of the Sultan's bounty, and a witness to all that the convent was under his especial protection. And the significant token has hitherto preserved to them the possession of this important building.

A small number of Abyssinians occupy a portion of this convent, through the charity of the Copts. These Abyssinians, who are very poor, live upon the bounty of the Armenians, who send to them daily a large kettle of provisions. Their priests are ignorant, and bear no distinguishing mark from their people in

dress or general appearance. Their Church, in its doctrines and rites, is very much the same as that of the Copts, with whom they are in communion. The Armenians and Copts profess to be their protectors. They have no establishment of their own of any kind in Palestine. Thus, they live in the convent of the Sultan in abject poverty, dependent upon the charity of their neighbours.

CHAPTER X.

Judah Turo's Alms House for Jews, usually called Montefiore's Hospice—A Spanish Jewess—An Early Marriage—Road to Bethlehem—A Legend—View of the Places of the Birth and the Death—Rachel's Tomb—Bethlehem—Greek Christmas—Ceremonies and Procession of the Greeks—Occupying the Bishop's Chair—Grotto of the Nativity—Hic de Virgine Maria Jesus Christus natus est—Difficulty between the Greeks and Franciscans—Authenticity of the Sacred Grotto—Out in the Moonlight—Oratory of Saint Jerome—Tomb of Lady Paula and her Daughter—Church of the Nativity—Tradition of the Milk Grotto—Population of Bethlehem—Anecdote of Ibrahim Pasha.

AN English family whose acquaintance I had the pleasure of making were going to Bethlehem and I joined them. They were all mounted on horses except myself. I bestrode a donkey from the land of good donkeys—Egypt. My mount appeared to be a rather insignificant affair, about which one of the young ladies seemed disposed to quiz me. But the proof of the pudding is in the eating. Thus, when we reached our journey's end, the long-eared animal had risen wonderfully in public favour.

We started from the Jaffa gate in the after part

of the day, and crossed the upper part of the Valley of Hinnom, in a southern direction, and skirted the walls of the long low line of buildings known as "Sir Moses Montefiore's Alms House for Jews," which are generally supposed to have been constructed at this Jewish baronet's expense. Such, however, is not the case, as I ascertained through some papers in the American consulate. The credit is really due for this act of charity to an American Jew of New Orleans, called Judah Turo, who bequeathed the sum of 12,000*l.* for the construction of a Jews' Alms House at Jerusalem, and appointed as his executor one G. Kursheedt, of the same city as himself. After the death of Turo, his executor, with the view of putting the matter into the hands of some one better qualified than himself by his knowledge of the place and the wants of the people for whose benefit the donation was intended, placed the money in charge of Sir Moses Montefiore, with instructions to carry out, to the best of his ability, the charitable project of the donor. Sir Moses endeavoured to fulfil the wishes of the testator in the construction of these buildings, called after him—Montefiore. They are situated on the western side of the Valley of Hinnom, near the lower pool of Gihon, built of the lime-stone of the country, and one story in height, each house

containing two apartments. A wall enclosing three or four acres of ground surrounds the establishment. There is within the enclosure a windmill for grinding corn (wheat).

The disbursement of the donation was as follows :

For the ground	£1,000
Walls	1,000
Tenements	6,000
Windmill	3,000
Various details	1,000
	£12,000

There are two small synagogues at either end of the building—one for the Spanish, and the other for the Polish Jews, of whom there are also two superintendents who reside in the building gratis, the same as the other tenants.

On our way we paid a hasty visit to this place. The occupants were very humble, and the Poles very dirty. The Spanish Jews appeared to be cleaner and more courteous than their Polish brethren. In one of the houses we met a rather pretty Spanish Jewess, with whose history the superintendent made me acquainted. She had been married twice. Her first husband dying, she was wedded to his brother, who was already married, but who had put away his wife in order to become the husband of this young woman, who, it seemed, was tidier and more at-

tractive than the divorced wife. The latter returned to her family, with whom she now lives. No reason was alleged as a cause for this divorce that I heard of, and the whole proceeding seems to have been sanctioned by Jewish law as it exists at Jerusalem.

A little girl, apparently about twelve years old, who assisted in showing us over the establishment, spoke English quite fluently.

I asked her where she learned to speak so well.

"At Miss James's school."

"I suppose you continue to go there?"

"Oh, no. I'm a young woman now. My school-days are over. I have a husband, and have had a baby."

"Pray what is your age, and when were you married?"

"I am fourteen, and was married at twelve, sir."

"Why, you are only a child yet. You never should have married so soon."

"That's what Miss James told me, but my family made me do it."

And this is the common history of Jewish children in Jerusalem.

In five minutes we were on the plain of Rephaim, on the best road leading out of Jerusalem, and broke into a brisk canter, much to the annoyance of a

French *femme de chambre* in the party, unaccustomed to this kind of exercise. This young person, however, subsequently became one of the boldest of Amazons in riding about the country.

As my donkey's legs were not long enough to keep up with the accelerated pace, I several times found myself bringing up the rear with the young Frenchwoman. The donkey's gait was so easy that I pursued my reflections undisturbed as we crossed the plain which witnessed the valiant deeds of David when he smote the Philistines and burned their images and pursued them from Geba to Gaza.

Bonifacius, an ancient writer fond of the marvelous, gives a tradition of a tree in this plain, or valley, as it is sometimes called, growing midway between Bethlehem and Jerusalem, under whose branches the Virgin Mother, bearing the infant Jesus, reposed, when on her way to the Temple. While the Holy Family sat underneath its shade, with the two doves which were to be offered as a sacrifice to the Lord, the tree bent down, and one of its branches assumed the form of a crown, near the head of the child, as a salute to Him who was the God of Nature. "And the people of all nations kissed this tree in remembrance of the event," says one of the Latin pilgrims of the sixteenth century.

Near the elevation on which rises the Greek Convent of Mar Elias, we came upon another traditional spot—the well wherein the wise men from the court of Herod saw the guiding star which led them to the birthplace of a much mightier King than he who sent them. Some of the monks say that a convent once stood upon the spot.

We halted for a few moments in front of Mar Elias. About three miles a-head lay Bethlehem, and behind us a good southern view of Jerusalem. Thus, from this elevated site we could see the place of the Birth and of the Death.

We pushed on from here over a rocky road for about a mile, when we reached the Tomb of Rachel, on the right side of the way. The identity of the site of this tomb is not questioned by any of the authorities on Palestine. It is a spot venerated alike by Gentile, Jew, and Mohammedan. The account of it is simply and touchingly told. “And Rachel died, and was buried in the way to Ephrath, which is Bethlehem. And Jacob set a pillar upon her grave: that is the pillar of Rachel’s grave unto this day.”

The grave is now in possession of the Turks, who have covered it over with one of their usual white monuments, surmounted by a dome. Of course the pillar set up by Jacob has long since disappeared.

On some ruins near the tomb of Rachel, some have located the Ramah spoken of by Jeremiah: "A voice was heard in Ramah, lamentation and bitter weeping; Rachel, weeping for her children, refused to be comforted for her children, because they were not."

Turning the shoulder of a little hill, we came in full view of Bethlehem on the summit of a hill, with its terraced gardens sloping down into the valley, covered with olive and fig trees. The old gray convent which surrounds the Church of the Nativity stood on the brow of the hill, overlooking the valley on the east, the chief part of the village lying to the west.

We were met at the outskirts of the village by a troop of boys clad in red-coloured garments—red being the favourite colour of the Bethlehemites—who greeted us with numerous phrases of welcome. Their object was to hold the horses when we dismounted, and each one tried his best to secure an animal before we got into the town. As we rode through the principal street to a kind of esplanade between the village and the convent, we were waylaid by a crowd of vendors of relics, who, together with the horseholders, brought us to a stop, when our dragoman was obliged to lay about him with a whip in order to clear the way. The town was thronged with Greek

and Russian pilgrims who had come up from Jerusalem to celebrate the Christmas. The convents around the Church of the Nativity belonging to the Greeks and Armenians were filled with them. The Latin Convent was also full of people who were here rather as lookers-on than participants in the Greek rites which were to take place. We dismounted at this convent, and it was with difficulty the Franciscans found room for us. After considerable parleying, however, we were accommodated; that is, the ladies with their maid were put into one room, and their chaplain, dragoman, and myself into another, in which we found still another occupant, a pilgrim from the Rhine, who soon admonished us of his presence by his vigorous snoring.

After a frugal dinner in the convent, we had a consultation, when it was thought best for the chaplain and myself to go and see the Greek dignitaries about getting places for our party, to stand or sit as the case might be. We here met my Franciscan friend, Padre Luigi, who accompanied us to the apartments of the Greeks in their convent, and presented us to some priests, who conducted us into the presence of the vicar and two bishops, who had come up from Jerusalem for the occasion. As I entered the room, the vicar arose, took my hand, and gently

pulled me down alongside of him on the divan, at the same time greeting me with an Italian phrase. The conversation was carried on in French between the vicar's interpreter, the Russian bishop, and myself. On asking if we could have a standing-place where the ladies would not be too much jostled, the vicar asked what part of the service we wished to see, and explained that first there was reading, commencing at eleven that night; second, the procession, beginning at one; and third, the mass at three, ending at six in the morning. On our telling him that we wished to see the procession, he asked if we wished to join in it; to which we answered yes. This response seemed to please the vicar, for he added that if we wished to stay for the mass, we could be provided with seats alongside of himself. During the interview, as usual, we were served with coffee.

At about a quarter to one, our party repaired to the church, with which the convent communicates, where we found the halls and doorways blocked up with pilgrims. Some Greek priests made way for us through the crowd to a vacant place near the patriarchal chair of the vicar which had been reserved for us. Thus we stood, in front of the screen blazing with light and gold, which separates the altar from public view. Here we remained for perhaps half an

hour, whilst a harsh monotonous chanting was kept up by the choir, and the priests passed before us by twos, stopped in front of the vicar, and performed the Eastern salutation—kneeling, they touched the floor with their foreheads, and then rising, kissed the hand of the vicar, and passed on behind the screen which conceals the altar. After this ceremony I observed the Greek bishop, who occupied an elevated seat in face of the vicar, whispering to a kavass and pointing to me. Presently the kavass approached and informed me, on the part of the bishop, who was about vacating his chair, that it was at my service. I at once availed myself of this kind offer, and pushed forward through the crowd with one of the ladies on my arm. The bishop bowed politely as he resigned his seat, and the lady and myself installed ourselves therein, for it held two quite comfortably. After some chanting by the choir, the venerable vicar descended from his seat and passed beneath the screen, preceded by two richly-attired priests.

While the priests were robing for the procession, the interpreter whom we had seen at our interview with the vicar came to us, saying that the procession would descend into the grotto of the church, to perform some service over the place of the Saviour's nativity, and that if we wished to go with it he would

place us immediately behind the priests. We signified our willingness to do so, when long wax tapers were placed in our hands and lighted. Our companions told Mrs. M. and myself afterwards, that our appearance, as we stood up in the bishop's chair with our lighted tapers in our hands, was, to employ an expression used by them, "stunning."

Presently the procession issued from behind the screen by twos, beginning with the singers, then the priests, followed by the archimandrites, next the two bishops, and last, the vicar, the three last gorgeously robed and mitred, and, indeed, all of them richly clad. The Russian bishop bowed as he passed us. The vicar's interpreter pushed his way right and left, and placed our party immediately behind the two priests who followed the vicar holding up his robe, and the procession went on down into the grotto; but when the ladies had descended half way down the steps leading into it, the crush was so great they became frightened and wanted to return. This seemed to be next to impossible, but the indefatigable interpreter before referred to, with the aid of one of the kavasses of the vicar, made a break in the advancing tide, and we retraced our steps to the bishop's chair, pretty well waxed from the lighted tapers all of us, and the toilet of the ladies somewhat disarranged.

After a service of about twenty minutes in the grotto, which none of us saw, the procession reappeared in the church. While it was slowly emerging from the grotto, the interpreter again came forward and said he would place us in a convenient position to see the procession as it passed around the church, and would leave the kavass of the vicar at our disposal, as he himself could not remain with us, being obliged to make part of the procession. Another breach made in the crowd of pilgrims, and we stood on an elevation close by which the glittering train filed slowly past. Every one bore a taper. In front a lot of natives, of every condition, marched without order; then the choir with their harsh Eastern singing, more nasal than any thing ever dreamed of even in New England; then the priests, each one appearing more richly habited as the procession progressed, until it culminated in a blaze of pearls and jewels from the mitres and robes of the bishops and vicar. The robe of the vicar especially was stiff and effulgent with ornament. The kavass made way for us again, and we saw it once more. Several times we extinguished our tapers to avoid as much as possible being daubed with melted wax, but as often they were relighted by the surrounding pilgrims. At last I gave mine away to one of the ragged faithful, as did also the young

lady on my arm. The rest of the party carried theirs back to Jerusalem as trophies. The whole church was brilliant with tapers, lamps, and candles, and three large chandeliers were kept swinging from side to side while the procession was moving.

We tried again to get into the grotto, and succeeded; but the air was so stifling, and the crush so great, we remained but a few minutes. It is situated under the Greek altar, but is the common property of the Latin, Greek, and Armenian Churches, and the descent into it consists of about a dozen steps. The grotto is between thirty and forty feet in length, and about one-third as wide, and is in a solid rock. Near the foot of the flight of steps is a marble slab, in the centre of which is fixed a silver star, bearing this inscription:

HIC DE VIRGINE MARIA JESUS CHRISTUS NATUS EST.

Over this a number of silver lamps are suspended, which are never allowed to become extinguished. An ordinary altar covers the whole. Still further in the grotto, down a flight of three or four steps, is the Præsepium, or Manger Chapel. On ordinary occasions a marble trough represents the manger. On this Christmas night, a silver manger, containing the figure of an infant in wax, covered the place, which

was protected from the fingering of the too-zealous faithful by a wicker-work. The Franciscans say the real præsepium or manger was taken away from here to Rome and placed in Santa Maria Maggiore, where it is exhibited on Christmas-days.

We remarked that the nails which secured the points of the silver star to the marble slab on the birthplace had been drawn out, and the star loosened. This had been done by the Greeks, the night previous to our arrival, with the design of removing the star because of the Latin inscription it bears, which is very obnoxious to them. They thought it should have been written in Greek. And doubtless, if an Armenian were consulted, he would pronounce in favour of *his* language. The Greeks, however, in their attempt to tear off the star, were surprised by a body of Franciscan monks, who called in the usual peace-makers between the quarrelling Christians of Palestine—the Turkish soldiers, who at once put a stop to the vandalism. One of the Greek priests told me that the individuals who made this attempt were fanatical Arab-Greeks—that the Greek priests had no hand in it. For the credit of the Greek Church it is to be hoped his statement is true.

Doubts as to the authenticity of the place of the Nativity have arisen in the minds of some good men,

because it is a cave,—caves, as they say, with some truth, having been found for almost all the sacred events of Scripture. Yet, the fact of the place of the Nativity being a cave, I think, but adds strength to history and tradition, which points to this spot as the only one where our Lord was born. For, even until this day, most of the stables are found in caves; indeed, caves seem to be used for scarcely any thing else than stables. Hence there might have been room for doubt as to its authenticity if the place of the birth were *not* a cave. The grotto of the Nativity, in my opinion, is one of the few places in Palestine concerning the identity of which there is scarcely any doubt.

At the sight of the silver and golden trappings with which it is invested one cannot but regret that it was not allowed to remain in its primitive condition—a stable, as described to us in Holy Writ. How much more welcome to the eyes of the believer would have been its immortalised simplicity than the gewgaws which now rob it of a portion of its interest!

To escape for a time from the heat, and glare, and noise of the church, I walked out on the esplanade in front of the convent. As I walked up and down in the moonlight, I could not help contrasting the pomp and glitter of the pageant I had just witnessed with

the scene which took place on the same spot many hundred years ago, when the wife of a carpenter, in obscurity and poverty, in a rude stable, gave birth to the infant Jesus. No gorgeous processions celebrated His advent—no hallelujahs were sung to usher Him into the world; but in solitude and humility He saw the light of day.

Silence reigned about me, except, now and then, the shrill chanting of the Greeks which stole out upon the night-air. The moon shone with a brilliancy peculiar to the Orient, and cast a silver light over the broad valley which sweeps down in a graceful slope to the east of Bethlehem. It was there, doubtless, that the faithful and affectionate Ruth followed the reapers, as it is so beautifully narrated in the sacred writings; and further off in the wilderness beyond, where tended his flocks the handsome young shepherd—he that “was ruddy and withal of a beautiful countenance, and goodly to look upon,” the great-grandson of the Moabite woman; where too he must have been anointed by Samuel in the midst of his brethren; “and the Spirit of the Lord came upon David from that day forward.” In those fields must have kept their watch the shepherds to whom the Angel of the Lord appeared, on whom shone the glory of the Lord when that wondrous proclamation

of good tidings to the world was made—"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will towards men."

The next morning we visited the subterranean chambers of the Church of the Nativity. In following the underground corridor we came upon a little chapel on the right, dedicated to Joseph, the husband of Mary; this chapel has not been used for this purpose more than two hundred years. By the side of it is another chapel, dedicated to the Holy Innocents.

From here, by a narrow passage, we entered into the Oratory of Saint Jerome, who worked here at his Latin version of sacred writings known under the name of Vulgate. He dwelt here, as he says himself, hidden from the world, and weeping over his sins in waiting for the day of judgment. It is said that he laboured day and night in acquiring a knowledge of languages, keeping up an extensive correspondence with the prominent men of the age, in writing discussions against the heresy of his day, or as the Latins have it, in confounding the heretics, and in translating books, and writing commentaries on the works of the Fathers. Several ladies of Rome caught the fire of his enthusiasm, renounced the pleasures of Roman life, came to the Holy Land, and sought seclusion from the world near the cradle-

ground of the Saviour, in occupying themselves with the study of the Scriptures and works of charity. The most illustrious of these were Lady Paula and her daughter, who founded three convents for women, which were placed under the direction of Jerome. This was in the days when religious enthusiasm ran high, when crowds of pilgrims from all parts of the civilised world came to wet with their tears the birth-ground of the child Jesus. Jerome built a monastery and hospice for strangers, for fear, as he said, with a sort of grim pleasantry, to remind his people of the duty of hospitality, "lest Joseph and Mary should revisit Bethlehem there would be no place ready to receive them."

The buildings erected under the auspices of Jerome and Paula were destroyed by the Pelagians, and the pious father lived to see this wanton act of destruction. He states himself that his own house was entirely destroyed, and that he was obliged to quit Bethlehem for a time. Thus the place of the birth seems to have occupied the tender solicitude of this father—the death-ground he left to the care of others. His absence from Bethlehem was brief; he was soon back at his old post, the grotto, where, as Geramb writes, "the illustrious recluse passed a great portion of his life; here it was that he fancied

he heard the peals of that awful trump, which shall one day summon all mankind to judgment, incessantly ringing in his ears; here it was that with a stone he struck his body, bowed by the weight of years and austerities, and, with loud cries, besought mercy of the Lord; and here too it was that he produced those laborious works which have justly earned him the title of the Father of the Church."

Beside the oratory is the tomb of Jerome, over which an altar stands. The Latins say his body is at Rome.

The tomb of the Lady Paula and her daughter is opposite to that of Jerome. Both were canonised by the Church of Rome. The mother died in the arms of her daughter, and was buried in the centre of the grotto of the Nativity; and her devoted friend Jerome wrote the following inscription on her tomb:

*"Scipio quam genuit, Pauli fudere parentes,
Gracchorum soboles, Agememnonis inclyta proles,
Hoc jacet in tumulo, Paulam dixere priores;
Eustochii genitrix, Romani prima senatus,
Pauperim Christi et Bethlehemica rura sequuta est."*

The pious father writes that, when she gave up her spirit, no sound of mourning or lamentation was heard, but only psalms in divers tongues. The bier containing her remains was borne upon the shoulders

of bishops, while others bore flambeaux and tapers, and others again led the choirs which sang the psalms. Crowds from the towns of Palestine attended her funeral obsequies.

The daughter of the Lady Paula died fifteen years after her mother, and was interred in the same tomb in the grotto. There is a charm to all, irrespective of creed, which hangs about the memory of these ladies of noble lineage—in whose veins flowed the blood of Roman consuls—who withdrew from the blandishments of the capital of art and civilisation to immure themselves within the walls of a convent at Bethlehem.

It was Jerome who was near the daughter during her last hours, as he had been with the mother—lighting up the way into that undiscovered country whence no traveller returns. In the following year, after writing a eulogy on the character of the Roman maiden, Jerome himself set out upon that journey from which there is no returning. The old enthusiast, by his long vigils and austerities, doubtless hastened his end.

The magnificent basilica erected over the sacred grotto by the Empress Helena, in the year 327, still exists, but has undergone numerous changes. Latin kings and Roman emperors have, in turn, repaired

or embellished the old edifice according to their taste or caprice. It is the oldest piece of Christian architecture in the world, and consequently the oldest of Christian churches. In the nave are ranges of handsome Corinthian columns, similar to those seen in what is left of the Temple of Jerusalem. They are forty-four in number, and support horizontal architraves. In the interior the framework is visible, the flags of the pavement are broken, and the roof is sadly out of repair. Of the beautiful pictures and inscriptions which once adorned its walls nothing remains.

The reason of this neglect is, that this church is the common property of Latins, Greeks, and Armenians. One will not allow the other to undertake any improvement; and thus the oldest and most interesting church in the world, after the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, is allowed to fall into decay. The nave is used as a bazaar for the sale of Bethlehem trinkets.

After going through the church, we repaired to the Milk Grotto, a short distance to the south-east of the village. The pious fable in connection with this cave runs after this fashion: The Holy Virgin, frightened by the threats of Herod, lost her milk, which she recovered afterwards in this grotto, where she

and Joseph had taken refuge previous to their flight into Egypt. Some drops of her milk fell upon the rocks in this cave, and that is why they are white unto this day. Pieces of this rock possess the virtue of restoring milk to those who eat of them.

This grotto has been hewn in a white chalky rock, which is easily reduced to powder. Thus it is mixed with water and made up in little cakes, and eaten by mothers abounding in faith, but destitute of milk. The consumption of this article is not confined to ignorant native Christians, but is also sent to Europe for the use of the faithful lacking in lacteal fluid.

This is doubtless the kind of milk referred to in the chronicles of the olden time concerning the battle of Ascalon: "The princes marched in front; the patriarch for a standard carried the cross of Christ; an abbé held the lance which had pierced the side of the Saviour; the Bishop of Bethlehem carried in his hand a vase containing the milk of the Holy Virgin."

The population of Bethlehem is composed chiefly of Christians. The Latins claim two thousand as the number of natives belonging to their Church, and give one thousand as the number probably connected with the Greek Church here. There are also a few Armenians and Mohammedans, which brings the total to something over three thousand. When the

country was under the rule of Ibrahim Pasha, the Mohammedans were more numerous ; but on account of some seditious act this general destroyed their quarter, and those who were not killed fled from the village. There was a rude sense of justice in this Egyptian general. An Armenian gave me an instance of it : One of the poor peasant women from the neighbouring country brought to the village a vessel of sour milk to sell, which was taken from her and drunk by one of Ibrahim's soldiers, who refused to pay for it. The general, who happened to be passing near after the soldier had left her, heard the woman bewailing her loss. On his asking the cause of her trouble, she stated the circumstance as it had passed. He asked her if she could identify the man. She said she could ; whereupon the general made all the soldiers defile before her, when she picked out the guilty man. He at once gave the order, and the soldier was cut in two, when some of the stolen liquor oozed out of one part of the body.

As the general pointed to the remains, he looked around grimly among the soldiers, and said, "The fate of all who drink sour milk without paying for it !"

CHAPTER XI.

Jewish Cemetery in the Valley of Jehoshaphat—Road to Bethany
—The Hamlet of Bethany—The Domestic Life of Martha and Mary—The Raising of Lazarus—Scene in the House of the Dead Man raised to Life—The alleged Tomb of Lazarus—Order of Saint Lazarus—The Saviour's Triumphal Entry into Jerusalem—Conversation with my Companion concerning the Place of the Ascension.

IN company with one of my friends, a Latin priest, I made a foot excursion to Bethany in the after part of the day. We went out at the gate of St. Stephen, on the east side of the city, crossed the valley of Jehoshaphat, in whose bottom is the dry bed of the brook Kedron, and began the ascent of the Mount of Olives, by the southern road to Bethany, which winds round the shoulder of the mountain. This is the best and most travelled road from Jerusalem to Bethany, and is generally believed to be the one trodden by our Saviour in His frequent journeys between the two places.

My reverend friend was of an enthusiastic nature, and familiar with most of the traditions which cluster around the Holy City. Before beginning the ascent

we passed, at the foot of the mountain, the Garden of Gethsemane, near whose walls my companion pointed out a piece of lime-rock as the place where the disciple Peter and the two sons of Zebedee fell asleep while their Master prayed, and where He addressed to them that reproach, "What, could ye not watch with me one hour?"—where three times the drowsy apostles were thus rebuked; and then their Master, as if resigned to the ordeal through which He was to pass, said to them, "Sleep on now, and take your rest. Behold the hour is at hand, and the Son of Man is betrayed into the hands of sinners."

The road passes through the Jewish cemetery, which lies on the eastern side of the Valley of Jehoshaphat. The western side, along the walls, is occupied for the same purpose by the Mohammedans. No costly monuments mark the last resting-places of the children of Israel. A flat stone, with a rudely-cut inscription in Hebrew, is laid horizontally over the grave. The tombstones are crowded together, and hundreds, doubtless, have been buried under each stone. To the devout Jew, the greatest privilege which can be granted is to be allowed to die in Jerusalem, and lay his bones in this valley. There is a tradition among the Jews, which many of them firmly believe, that if they die away from Jerusalem, they

will be obliged to make a posthumous underground journey to Jerusalem, during which they will be annoyed by worms and all manner of reptiles. To die in the City of the Temple is to avoid this subterranean voyage.

Up this road, over which we were passing, David is supposed to have fled, on his way to the wilderness, from his son Absalom, who had won the hearts of the children of Israel; and where the royal fugitive, sorely grieved at the unnatural conduct of his favourite son, "went up by the ascent of Mount Olivet, and wept as he went up, and had his head covered, and he went barefoot; and all the people that was with him covered every man his head, and they went up, weeping as they went up."

At the summit we passed behind the village of Siloam, which commands the Valley of Jehoshaphat, and wound round the mountain, and on its eastern slope found Bethany. It is accounted a mile and a half from the city; and we were just thirty-five minutes from St. Stephen's gate in reaching the place, as we stepped out briskly: it would perhaps take longer at an ordinary pace.

Bethany is a poor hamlet of a dozen houses, made up from the *débris* of its former self. Here and there antique stones with bevelled edges are seen in the

rudely-constructed walls of its wretched dwellings. It is shrunken in size to what it once was, when, as it is thought by many, its environs extended up to the summit of Mount Olivet. That the present Bethany was part of the ancient, there seems to be no doubt. This, then, is all that is left of the scene wherein was made manifest the miraculous power of the Saviour in raising Lazarus from the dead, and His tender love to the humble Magdalene. It was here, then, that Jesus, returning from the strife and contention of the Temple, passed many an evening in the house of His friend Lazarus, soothed by the tender care of the sisters Martha and Mary. In Jerusalem His life was made up of toils and disputes and heart-burnings; but out at Bethany, in the bosom of this loving family, He found peace and rest. Here He found relaxation, in teaching the way of life to Mary, who "sat at Jesus' feet, and heard His word." Nor did He find it beneath Him to give a listening ear to the complaints of the busy but over-careful housewife Martha, concerning the duties of her sister Mary: "But Martha was cumbered about much serving, and came to Him, and said, Lord, dost Thou not care that my sister hath left me to serve alone? Bid her, therefore, that she help me." To whom answered Jesus, gently chiding:

“Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things. But one thing is needful: and Mary hath chosen that good part which shall not be taken away from her.” What a picture of domestic comfort was this! What wondrous condescension of the King of kings! In the Temple He was the stern teacher, whip in hand, driving out the money-changers; in the house of Lazarus the sympathising friend, participating in the simple joys and cares of this humble family.

Here too passed the scene of Lazarus’s death and resuscitation. Here the sick man lay, while a messenger was sped down the steep road to Jericho and over beyond the Jordan, to where the Lord was sojourning, to tell Him of the dying condition of His friend Lazarus; and on that same road where the grief-stricken Martha met the Lord, thinking that His arrival was in vain, as Lazarus had already lain in the grave four days, and said with a reproving voice, “Lord, if Thou hadst been here, my brother had not died;” when the answer came which was not understood by the woman, “Thy brother shall rise again.” It was here that Mary, hearing from her sister of the arrival of the friend of the family, left the comforting Jews in the house, and hastened out to meet Him near the same place where her sister

had seen Him; and as soon as the tender-hearted Mary came near the Master, she fell down at His feet, saying what her sister had said, "Lord, if Thou hadst been here, my brother had not died." When Jesus therefore saw her weeping, and the Jews also weeping who came with her, He groaned in the spirit and was troubled, and said, "Where have you laid him?" They said unto Him, "Lord, come and see;" and, as it is expressed in that pregnant and shortest verse in Holy Writ, "Jesus wept." Whereat the Jews exclaimed, "Behold, how He loved him!"

It was on this ground that Jesus was brought to the grave of His friend. "It was a cave, and a stone lay upon it. Jesus said, Take ye away the stone;" but Martha, not yet apprehending the miracle that was about to follow, wondering, said, "Lord, by this time he stinketh: for he hath been dead four days. Jesus saith unto her, Said I not unto thee, that if thou wouldst believe thou shouldst see the glory of God?" Every one must remember the words of the Messiah as the unbelieving Jews stood around the grave doubting of His power, when He cried with a loud voice, "Lazarus, come forth!" One may imagine the astounding effect produced upon the men, when lo! "he that was dead came forth, bound hand and foot with grave-clothes: and his face was bound

about with a napkin." And the doubting children of Israel seem only to have awakened from their spell-bound stupor when Jesus said, with a quiet consciousness of His divine power, "Loose him and let him go."

As to whether the dead man came forth like a corpse, with sunken eye and the ghastly hue of death upon his face, or as a whole man in perfect health, it seems impossible to determine. The probabilities, however, appear to favour the latter supposition; for, as Jesus had power to raise him from the dead, He would also doubtless exercise that power in restoring him to health and his natural appearance at the same time.

In looking over this ancient village, another scene presents itself to the mind, very different from the one just described,—the supper in the house of Simon the leper, where Jesus sat surrounded by His disciples and His friend Lazarus whom He had raised from the dead, and where the faithful Martha waited upon the guests. Thus the Master sat with this devoted band (save one) around Him, when Mary, with a heart overflowing with love and gratitude, appeared with a vessel of costly ointment of spikenard, "and anointed the feet of Jesus, and wiped His feet with her hair, and the house was filled with the odour of

the ointment.” Then spoke out the traitor who carried the purse, “Why was not this ointment sold for three hundred pence and given to the poor?” And some of the other disciples seem to have seconded this question, when Jesus said, “Let her alone; against the day of my burying hath she kept this: for ye have the poor always with you; but me ye have not always.” And He foretold to those who had presumed to question this act of the Magdalene, which had received His sanction, the veneration in which she would be held by future ages, when He said, “Wheresoever this gospel shall be preached in the whole world, there shall also this that this woman hath done be told for a memorial of her.” And doubting Jews were there also, not to hear the words of Jesus, but to feast their eyes upon the man that was dead and raised to life.

Standing thus upon the ground where these events had passed, the picture of this festive scene arose before my mental vision, and I could almost see among the assembled guests the Saviour’s friend—the grateful Lazarus; the dark countenance of Judas Iscariot meditating treason toward his Master; the enthusiastic Peter, and that disciple whom Jesus loved, John, near the Teacher; and the other son of Zebedee with the rest of the disciples grouped around;

the ever-busy Martha attending to the wants of each ; the kneeling Magdalene, beautiful as tradition always paints her, pouring the ointment on the Saviour's feet, her face beaming with tenderness ; and last, the face of the God-man, in perfect repose and illuminated with divine intelligence ; and in the background the wondering visages of half-believing Jews.

I had no particular desire to see the so-called tomb of Lazarus, pointed out by the monks, as I had but little faith in its being the real one from the information I had gathered from acknowledged authorities concerning it ; but my companion, more credulous than myself, seemed eager to see it ; and procuring a couple of tapers from one of the natives, we descended a long flight of steps leading into a small chamber, thence by a few more steps into a vault which is called the tomb of Lazarus. My companion here reverently bowed, and crossed himself.

There are also some modern traditions by which the house of Simon the leper is pointed out ; but there is as little proof in favour of its being the real site as there is for that of the tomb of Lazarus.

The Franciscan brethren say mass twice a-year in what is called the tomb of Lazarus. A mosque having been built over the principal entrance, the Franciscans had the present descent opened into it—a privi-

lege for which they were obliged to pay a backshish to the Turkish authorities. The Latins say that Saint Paul visited this tomb. Jerome says that three churches were erected here,—the one over the tomb of Lazarus, by Helena, one on the site of the house of Martha and Mary, and the remaining one on that of Simon the leper.

In the upper part of the village there are still some old ruins of the convent and tower founded in the twelfth century by Melisinda, one of Jerusalem's queens. The royal lady had this monastery constructed for the black nuns of the order of Benedictines, of which her younger sister, the high-born Iveta, became the Abbess.

The order of Saint Lazarus had its origin in Bethany. It was religious and military. Finally the order was divided into three classes—the first were the chevaliers, who bore arms and fought the infidels; the second were charged with the care of the lepers; the third, composed of priests, were consecrated to the altars and the administering of spiritual consolation.

" We retraced our steps towards Jerusalem over the same road we had come—the one that the Saviour passed over mounted on an ass in His triumphal entry into Jerusalem. This great event is well described by

Stanley: "Two vast streams of people met that day. The one poured out from the city; and as they came through the gardens, whose clusters of palm-trees rose on the south-eastern corner of Olivet, they cut down the long branches, as was their wont at the Feast of Tabernacles, and moved upwards towards Bethany, with loud shouts of welcome. From Bethany streamed forth the crowds who had assembled there on the previous night, and who came testifying to the great event at the sepulchre of Lazarus. In going towards Jerusalem the road soon loses sight of Bethany. It is now a rough but still a broad and well-defined mountain track, winding over loose rock and stones, and here and there deeply excavated; a steep declivity below on the left, the sloping shoulder of Olivet above it on the right, fig-trees below and above, growing out of the rocky soil. Along the road the multitudes threw down the branches which they cut as they went along, or spread out a rude matting formed of the palm-branches they had already cut as they came out. The larger portion—those perhaps who escorted Him from Bethany—unwrapped their loose cloaks from their shoulders, and stretched them along the rough path to form a momentary carpet as He approached. The two streams met. Half of the mass, turning round, preceded; the other half followed.

Gradually the long procession swept round the little valley that furrows the hill, and over the ridge on its western side, where first begins the descent of the Mount of Olives towards Jerusalem. At this point the first view is caught of the south-eastern (western) corner of the city. The Temple and the more northern portions are hid by the slope of Olivet on the right; what is seen is only Mount Zion—now for the most part a rough field, crowned with the mosque of David—and the angle of the western walls, but then covered with houses to its base, surmounted by the castle of Herod, on the supposed site of the palace of David, from which that portion of Jerusalem, emphatically the ‘City of David,’ derived its name. It was at this precise point, as He drew near, at the descent of the Mount of Olives, that the shout of triumph burst forth from the multitude, ‘Hosanna to the Son of David! Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord.’ There was a pause as the shout rang through the long defile; and as the Pharisees who stood by in the crowd complained, He pointed to the stones, which, strewn beneath their feet, would immediately cry out if ‘these were to hold their peace.’

“Again the procession advanced. The road descends a slight declivity, and the glimpse of the city

is again withdrawn behind the intervening ridge of Olivet. A few moments and the path mounts again; it climbs a rugged ascent,—it reaches a ledge of smooth rock,—and in an instant the whole city bursts into view. As now the dome of the Mosque El-Aksa rises like a ghost from the earth before the traveller stands on the ledge, so then must have risen the Temple tower; as now the vast enclosure of the Mussulman sanctuary, so then must have spread the Temple courts; as now the gray town on its broken hills, so then the magnificent city, with its background—long since vanished away—of gardens and suburbs on the western plateau behind. Immediately below was the Valley of the Kedron, here seen in its greatest depths as it joins the Valley of Hinnom, and thus giving full effect to the great peculiarity of Jerusalem, seen only on its eastern side—its situation as of a city rising out of a deep abyss. It is hardly possible to doubt that this rise and turn of the road,—this rocky ledge,—was the exact point where the multitude paused again, and ‘He, when He beheld the city, wept over it.’”

As we descended the mountain’s side, I called my companion’s attention to the beauty of Mount Olivet, as it rose in front of us, crowned with the church of the Ascension.

“You are doubtless aware,” I said, “that one of the authorities on Palestine—Robinson—denies that the Ascension took place from the top of Mount Olivet, and gives as his reason the passage from Luke: ‘And He led them out *as far as to Bethany*, and He lifted up His hands and blessed them. And it came to pass while He blessed them, He was parted from them, and carried up into heaven.’ Now Bethany is about three-quarters, or nearly a mile from the summit—the place of the Ascension. What does your Church hold with regard to it?”

“We hold,” said he, “that the Saviour led His disciples to Bethany, with the natural desire perhaps of looking for the last time on a place endeared to Him by the closest social ties, or of bidding a last adieu to some of His friends there; but that when the object of His visit was accomplished, whatever it was, *He returned* to the summit of the mountain, whence He was taken up into heaven. In proof of this being the spot of the Ascension, we cite from the Acts of the Apostles, that after the Ascension, ‘then returned they (the disciples) unto Jerusalem, unto the Mount called Olivet (not from Bethany, as you observe), which is from Jerusalem a Sabbath-day’s journey.’ *All* the traditions point to this place also. And look,” continued the worthy father, pointing to

the summit, "it overtops the mountains east and west, from the Mediterranean to the Dead Sea; it commands Bethany and Bethlehem, and overlooks the Valley of Jehoshaphat—it was the spot selected by Nature, as well as the Saviour, for the last scene in that glorious life on earth."

There is still another view which generally obtains, to which my companion did not refer: that as all the country in the neighbourhood of Jerusalem must have been thickly populated at that time, it is probable that the suburbs of Bethany extended up to Mount Olivet; and that the Saviour, in taking His disciples to the top of Mount Olivet, "led them out as far as to Bethany."

CHAPTER XII.

Visit to the Pasha—Contrast between America and the Orient—
The Pasha's Interest in American Affairs—His Attendants in
faded blue, and clerical-cut black Coats—Backshish—Mo-
hammedan Priests — Mohammedan Funeral Procession —
Women mourning the Dead—The Cry of the Moazzin.

ACCOMPANIED by my attendants, as usual when making an official visit, I repaired to the seraglio of the Pasha. In the courtyard of an old building much out of repair—his residence—I was met by Nubian servants to the number of a dozen, who drew themselves up in a line and made the salaam as I passed. A couple of them, in old faded blue uniforms, conducted myself and interpreter to the upper apartments, where we found the man we came to see—a sallow thin-faced Turk, about fifty years of age, dressed in European style, except the inevitable ta-boosh, and habiting a room furnished in the same way. He was polite, as all Orientals are, and saluted me with a brace of compliments in taking my hand and conducting me to a seat. Since the “reform,”

of which we have heard so much, the Turks affect European manners; the Pasha therefore sat in what is usually considered a civilised posture, with his feet resting on the floor. But after a time, as we sat smoking our cigarettes, his excellency, doubtless feeling the position uncomfortable, drew up one of his legs under him, when he appeared more at ease.

During our conversation, I remarked to him that I was struck with the contrast between the industry and enterprise of America and the indolence and apathy of the Orient.

“But then you are young, and we are old, you know,” was the cunning reply of the Oriental.

He asked several questions about my country, in which he seemed to be interested. I endeavoured to give him an idea of our form of government, commerce, industry, and agriculture; of our extensive system of railways; and of the geographical extent of the country, stretching from the British possessions to the Gulf of Mexico, north and south, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, east and west. I told him—when the Pacific railway should be completed—of the short space of time it would take to go from one end of this vast country to the other. I also spoke of the great length of the Mis-

issippi river, that we sometimes likened to a giant, who rested his feet upon the Gulf of Mexico, and hung on to the North Pole with his teeth, which seemed to tickle his Oriental ear; also of the president of this great people, who wore nothing but a plain suit of black, and walked about the streets without any attendants, who even carried an umbrella under his arm without considering it *infra dig*.

The coffee and refreshments were served by attendants in long black coats, of the most approved clerical cut of the Church-of-England clergymen. Save the taboosh, they were entirely in black. A different servant served each separate article. One brought coffee, another pipes; one handed a liqueur, another a fan: all served with that graceful accompaniment, the salaam.

After half-an-hour's conversation we took our leave, meeting just outside the door as we passed out the Ganymedes of the clerically-cut coats drawn up in a line waiting for their backshish, which here must be a *yellow* one. My interpreter handed over the tips, and we passed on. When we descended to the courtyard we found the Nubians in faded blue drawn up in a long line waiting also for their donation, which, on account of their numbers, must also be of the same colour—yellow. My interpreter

again loosened the purse-strings, and bestowed the expected backshish, when the whites of their eyes shone like peeled onions on the darkest of back-grounds.

This Pasha, a short time afterward, was promoted to a higher position. His successor, a younger man, appeared to have more energy than the old gentleman I have described.

In returning, for a walk, we made a circuit, and went outside the walls, and strolled through the Mohammedan burial-ground. While here we met a funeral procession of Mohammedans. The cortège was preceded by half-a-dozen blind men led by boys. The blind, who were singing the monotonous chants of the Orient, were Mussulman priests. They were poorly clad, and seemed to belong to the lower orders. My interpreter informed me that poverty was a badge of merit among them, and that unless they were poor they were not respected; and to be eligible to the priesthood the candidate must be blind, or nearly so, with a view to his performing the duties of his office among women without seeing them. I observed that one of them could see a little with one eye; the rest were totally blind. They were followed by two Nubians, whom I took to be slaves,—each carrying a branch of palm in his hand. Next

came the bier, covered with a piece of carpet, and borne upon the shoulders of four men, who at intervals were relieved by four others, the procession continuing its march as their bier-bearers were changed. About the head of the bier a few trinkets were hung—articles which had probably belonged to the deceased—who, on inquiry, we learned was a woman. The mourners and friends followed, in an irregular fashion, at a brisk pace. The procession was composed entirely of men. On reaching the place of interment, we discovered a number of women, as usual veiled, sitting together at some little distance from the newly-dug grave. They were probably friends or relatives of the deceased, but manifested no signs of grief.

As we neared the grave the Mussulmans had gathered around it, and I made an effort to push in among them to see the depth of the excavation, but they would not permit me to do so. I then mounted an adjoining tombstone to accomplish my object; but the fanatics would not allow me to remain, and I was obliged to descend. I was anxious to see how the corpse was clothed, but here I was again disappointed, as it was not exposed at all, being slipped under a sheet, which was kept stretched over it by the surrounding people, into the tomb, and

the sheet was held in the same manner over the aperture until the remains were covered with earth.

While this was being done, the priests, who sat huddled together near by, kept up their monotonous nasal chanting.

As the people left the grave they passed by the brother and husband of the deceased, who stood in a position to receive the condolence of their friends. These two relations, after receiving a touch on the hands from each passer-by, conveyed their hands to their mouth and eyes as often as they were thus saluted. Frequently the friend, in making this sign of consolation in touching the hands of the relatives, would say, "There is but one God, and Mohammed is His prophet."

There was a confusion and irregularity about the whole proceeding, from beginning to end, which it would be difficult to describe.

As we wended our way homeward, through the city of the Mohammedan dead, I remarked here and there groups of white-draped Muslem women seated around tombs, with a blind priest near them, chanting the virtues of the mourned one. Thus, in accordance with their custom, they came once a-week, and remained the best part of the day seated around the tombs of their friends. Usually a bouquet of

gilded flowers, mostly lilies, is placed at the head of the grave as long as they sit there. If a Christian approaches near them while thus engaged, they are apt to get angry, and call him an infidel dog or some other opprobrious epithet. Thursday is their favourite day for visiting the tombs of the dead. This custom seems to be confined entirely to the women.

As we entered the city at sunset, the moazzin (criers) from the tops of the minarets were calling the Mohammedans to prayer, which is done five times a-day—at dawn, noon, 3 P.M., sunset, and one hour and a half after. The call which salutes the ear first thing in the morning is:

“There is but one God, and Mohammed is His prophet. O ye faithful, arise from your slumbers,—it is the time of prayer! Prayer is better than sleep. May the blessing of our great prophet rest upon the faithful, and his curse upon the infidel! Amen.”

Crying the hours of prayer is followed as a regular calling by men who are selected for their good voices. The cry is uttered in a loud shrill key, and may be heard at a considerable distance. The minarets, which are used only for this purpose, overtop every other building in the city.

On Friday—their Sunday—the dervishes may be seen about noon on the minarets, near the Mosque of Omar, with joined hands, swaying to and fro, and chanting the praises of Allah and His chosen prophet.

CHAPTER XIII.

An Oriental Bargain.

WALKING in one of the bazaars one day, with my interpreter, the worthy Mr. Murad, I stopped in front of one of the little shops to see how the Arabs conducted their commercial transactions. A woman was standing in the middle of the shop, looking around with an air of indifference on the goods displayed on the shelves. Presently she pointed to a piece of Damascus cloth in the most careless manner, and inquired the price of it, looking, as she did so, at an article on the opposite side of the shop. The man who kept the place—a shrewd small-eyed dealer—evidently understanding his business and his customer, replied that he was not anxious to sell the piece she referred to, as it was the last of a large quantity which he had received but a few days back, and he understood the Pasha wanted this piece; and as his excellency dealt largely with him, he was desirous of accommodating him—in short, he could not think of

disappointing the Pasha. The woman remarked that she asked the price only through curiosity. The man resumed :

“What I have already sold of this beautiful cloth was for the foolishly-small sum of one hundred and fifty piastres the pique.”

“Ha, ha !” laughed the woman ; “you are given to joking this morning.”

“I call Allah to witness that I say true,” was the grave response.

“I have no use for the wretched-looking cloth ; but by way of taking it off your hands—for you will never sell it—I might possibly give you ten piastres a pique.”

This was what is called the first word. The Orientals, in making their bargains, have the first, second, and third words.

The owner of the goods then took down from the shelf the piece in question, unrolled and held it up in inviting folds before the woman, and in turn told her that *she* was of a merry mood to offer ten piastres. She shook her head, when the man rolled up the cloth and put it back on the shelf. The woman turned around, and inspected with apparent interest a couple of articles on another shelf, and then asked to look at that ugly cloth again.

“You are certainly mistaken, madame,” said he, taking down the cloth again. “It is as beautiful as a rainbow, and as strong as the Tower of David. It is the fashion—the Pasha’s favourite wife is going to have a dress made of it. As you, madame, have a more appreciative taste than any of my customers, I would prefer selling this lovely cloth to *you*, knowing that you would wear it with such an inimitable grace as to reflect honour upon me as a vendor of the most beautiful goods. Therefore I will sell it to *you* at the ridiculously-small sum of one hundred piastres a pique.”

The woman thumbed and closely scrutinised the cloth, threw it aside contemptuously, and said, by way of encouraging him as a merchant, she would give twenty-five piastres a pique. The vendor rolled it up again and put it back on the shelf, saying that such a price was out of the question. This was the second word.

Another look around the shop, and again they come back to the cloth, which is taken down again, re-examined, and the offer reiterated. Then the vendor took the cloth and rolled it up the third time, with the utmost care, as if he never intended to open it again, and replaced it evenly and smoothly in its place. The woman arranged her *ezar* about her

head, and made preparations to leave the shop. The man turned his back and busied himself about something else, as if he thought that she had already gone. She went as far as the threshold, where she lingered for a moment, and said inquiringly :

“ Fifty ? ”

“ Fifty ! ” said the man, and she returned.

They had at last reached the third word. The smoothly-folded piece of goods, which had been such a bone of contention, was reproduced, when the merchant took his pique, or stick, something over two feet long, and prepared to measure the quantity she desired. They sat down, their heads in close proximity, he to measure, and she to watch that he did not slip his thumb in the operation. After it was cut off and rolled up, came the payment of the money. She laid down one piece of silver at a time, which he examined closely and then sounded upon a stone. The smooth pieces he would not take, she persisting that they were not smooth. After a deal of discussion concerning the smooth coin, the amount was paid. Thus ended the transaction, which it was plain they were both satisfied with.

CHAPTER XIV.

Mount Olivet—Appearance of Jerusalem and the surrounding hills and valleys from the summit—Church of the Ascension—Devotional spirit of my companion, the Latin Priest—The Cavity in the Rock—The Grotto of Saint Pelagia, the Actress of Antioch—Spot where the Lord wept over Jerusalem—Tomb of the Prophets—Church of the Virgin Mary—Tomb of Joseph, the husband of Mary—Tomb of the Virgin Mother—Struggles between the Latins and Greeks for the possession of this Church—Doctrine of the Assumption—My Companion's Reason for his Faith in the Doctrine—Site of Saint Stephen's Martyrdom—Pillar of Absalom—Cave of Saint James—Its long-eared Occupant—Death of Saint James—Tomb of Zacharias—Fountain of the Virgin—Pools of Siloam—Isaiah's Tree—Believing first and seeing afterwards—Gardens in Jehoshaphat—En Rogel—Gehenna—Idol of Moloch—The Field of Blood—Lower Pool of Gihon—Traditional spot where David saw the Wife of Uriah the Hittite.

THE outline of Mount Olivet swells up in the form of a crescent, to the east of Jerusalem, just across the Valley of Jehoshaphat, where its base commences, which is about one hundred and fifty yards from the city walls. At the foot of the mountain, opposite St. Stephen's Gate, three roads radiate up over its sides.

The right leads around the southern shoulder of the mountain to Bethany; the middle one, a mere path, up to the place of the Ascension; and the left also in the same direction, but through the village which lies on the summit. In the centre of this curve, which the outline describes, rises the tapering minaret of this little village, which from a distance looks like a pretty little hamlet in a grove of trees—an impression soon dispelled by a near approach. Olive-trees here and there dot the gray sides with their sombre green, and more rarely the livelier green of a stray fig-tree. Of the orange, lemon, and almond trees, which some of the ancient pilgrims say once flourished here, nothing can now be seen.

From the church on the summit a good view of the city may be had, and of the western prospect as far as Neby Samwil. With the naked eye, from the summit, most of the interesting buildings and sites of the city may be recognised. The Mosque of Omar, from its isolation and large symmetrical dome, is the first object which arrests the eye in the foreground of the city, as seen from this stand-point. Back of it, in the north-western quarter, may be seen the patched-up squat-like dome of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, with its clustering convents around it; on the west side, the old gray battlemented Tower

of David, and near it the English Church and the residence of the English bishop on Mount Zion; also the Armenian Convent of St. James; and, rising on an elevated site in the background beyond the western walls, the new white buildings of the Russian establishment. The narrow dirty streets and rubbish of ancient ruins are scarcely seen at this distance, and the general effect of the venerable city is rather agreeable than otherwise, with its battlemented walls and domed houses, with tall minarets interspersed here and there. Outside the walls, on all sides, appear, thickly crowded, the ordinary Muslem tombs, with here and there the more pretentious monument of some Mohammedan saint.

The elevation of Mount Olivet above the highest point in Jerusalem—Mount Zion—is 175 feet, above the Mediterranean Sea 2556 feet. To the north, the mountain sweeps around to the west, spreading out into a plain, and known as the Hill of Scopus, mentioned by Josephus, upon which Titus with his army encamped, and where, for the first time, the Roman general beheld the magnificent city.

To the south, the mountain slopes down into the Hill of Offence, on whose steep side lies the village of Siloam. This hill is also known as the Mount of Corruption, or Scandal, and is supposed to be the

place where Solomon—his heart being changed by strange women in his old age—“did build a high place for Chemosh, the abomination of Moab, in the hill that is before Jerusalem, and for Moloch, the abomination of the children of Ammon.” There is a tradition which says that the old king, whose head was turned by the strange women, kept them in the village of Siloam, or what was then known as the city of Siloam. At the foot of this hill, the Valley of Hinnom opens into the Valley of Jehoshaphat, which then forms one valley that sweeps around in a south-eastern direction towards the plains of the Dead Sea.

The eastern view from Mount Olivet can best be had from a Neby, or tomb of a Muslem saint, on a ridge twenty or thirty rods to the north-east, and called by the Arabs the “Dome of the Witnesses.” Here a commanding view is obtained of the Jordan and the northern end of the Dead Sea, and of the Moab Mountains, which seem to rise like a great gray wall out of the water. From the summit here, the Wilderness of Jordan commences, and extends down over the white sandy hills to the plains of the Jordan, with scarcely a spot of verdure to relieve the general waste of burning white. The course of the Jordan is indicated for some distance up the plain,

until where it empties into the Dead Sea, by a strip of verdure which fringes its banks. This verdure looks rather black than green, from contrast with the white sands of the plain.

Evening is the best time for this view, when the sun is in the west, and the bright tints are softened and the shadows deepened. The Moab Mountains particularly are then seen to advantage, with the hazy blue that crowns their summit deepening into a dark purple down their sides. The most remarkable feature which these mountains present is the unbroken horizontal ridge of an even height which extends north and south as far as the eye can reach. They appear to descend abruptly into the sea, which lies blue and sparkling in the sun, at their base. From the peculiar transparency of the Syrian atmosphere, the Jordan and the Dead Sea do not appear to be more than seven or eight miles distant as one stands on the "Dome of the Witnesses," when in reality they are nearer twenty.

The Church of the Ascension is generally considered, for reasons given in a previous chapter, as occupying the spot from which our Saviour, after having accomplished His mission on earth, ascended into heaven. The church which was built by Helena to mark the spot has long since disappeared, and in

its place nothing remains but a small octagonal chapel of comparatively recent construction, which stands alongside the mosque, from which rises the minaret already referred to. The church founded by the pious empress was a rotunda open at the top, having but one altar on the east side ; and on the west side eight windows, where eight lamps were kept continually burning with a bright light, which in the night shone over the Brook of Kedron, and reflected on the walls of the city. Two or three times it has been destroyed and rebuilt, but the site has never been lost sight of. As far back as any record has been kept of pilgrimages made to the Holy City, pilgrims always speak of this as the place of the Ascension, and frequently of a rock bearing the impress of the Saviour's feet. There is a rock in the chapel at the present time on which there is what appears, and doubtless is, a natural cavity, which is shown to the faithful as the impression made by one of the Saviour's feet.

On the occasion of a visit to this chapel with my friend the Latin priest, I could not but remark the fervour with which he knelt before this rock and kissed the cavity. When he had finished the prayer which he murmured over it, I observed there was but one cavity, and that, according to the tradition which

he credited without mental reservation, there should be two.

“Oh,” said he, “there used to be two sacred impressions, but the Armenians stole one of them.”

“Stole a foot-track!” said I; “why, that is as bad as stealing a post-hole!”

My good friend looked at me with a grave expression, which seemed to reproach my want of faith, as he answered,

“Stole the rock, sir, which bore the imprint. It is very simple.”

“But see,” said I, pointing to the rock, “this cavity in no wise resembles a foot in form.”

“If the pious pilgrims who have visited the spot for so many ages had been as sceptical as yourself on this point, the impression would doubtless have closely resembled the form of a foot, but their pious kisses have worn away the original shape. The hand of man has never made it,” said he, rather pursuing his reflections in a contemplative mood than addressing me. “Sacred rock—last object on earth touched by the Lord; it is not for me to doubt concerning what has been seen and revered by the great and good who have gone before.”

I could not help reflecting, when my companion said the hand of man had never made the cavity, that

I had seen many such cavities, not made by the hand of man, but by that of nature ; but I said nothing, not wishing to disturb the father in his devotions.

In the time of Constantine a number of monasteries surrounded the church founded by his royal mother, besides many cells hewn in the rocky sides of the mountain, which were inhabited by the Ancho-rites of that day, and of which scarcely any vestige remains.

To the south-east of the site of the Ascension, the Church of Saint Pelagia once existed. A grotto of the same name is shown on the supposed site of the church. Saint Pelagia, it appears, was a celebrated comedienne of Antioch, who was known in the day of her theatrical triumphs as Margaret, and also as the “ Pearl,” and after her conversion as Pelagia. It is said she lived several years in the grotto in which she was entombed, doing penance for the wild life she had led in Antioch. What a change must have been the austere existence here to that gay dissolute one in the Paris of ancient times ! Happily, she began to reflect before it was too late, repented, and then devoted the rest of her days to prayer and good works, near the sacred spot where her Saviour had seen the last of earth, and where, doubtless, she received an assurance, like the Magdalene of old, that her sins were forgiven.

Near here is pointed out to the pilgrims the place where our Lord came to pray, and where He taught the prayer to His disciples. A church is said to have once occupied the site, but no vestige of such a building remains. There is also a disjointed tradition of a spot near, where an angel gave the Virgin warning of her death three days before it occurred.

Not far from the grotto of Saint Pelagia, near the road to Bethany, is shown the place where the Saviour, on the occasion of His triumphal entry into Jerusalem, beheld the city and wept over it, saying, "If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace! but now they are hid from thine eyes. For the days shall come upon thee, that thine enemies shall cast a trench about thee, and compass thee round, and keep thee in on every side, and shall lay thee even with the ground, and thy children within thee; and they shall not leave in thee one stone upon another; because thou knowest not the time of thy visitation." A prediction which has almost literally come to pass. One of the earlier writers states that a church was erected on the ground where the tears of Jesus fell, which was called *Dominus flevit*. There is at present no indication of a construction of any kind on the spot pointed out. A later writer says that it was

destroyed by those iconoclasts of Palestine, the Turks, who have no regard for their own antiquities, let alone those of others.

Some of the faithful believe that the Apostles' Creed was composed in a kind of cave about two hundred steps to the south-east of the summit before the apostles separated. The believers allege, of course, that a church was built here in commemoration of the event, and that it was called the Church of the Twelve Apostles. Others of the faithful hold that the creed was composed in the Cænaculum, on the other side of the Holy City. Thus the pilgrim can choose, *chacun à son goût*, the ground of his faith.

On the western declivity is the Tomb of the Prophets—sometimes called of the Apostles—though certainly rather more capacious and stylish than either necessity or consistency would require for the Galilean fisherman and the Tharson tentmaker. No one has been able so far to tell why these catacombs are so called, or to give any account of their origin. Of the speculations to which they have given rise, there is one that connects their existence with the idolatrous services of Baal, another that supposes reference is made to them in that passage, “Woe unto you, Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! because ye build the tombs of the prophets, and garnish the sepulchres of the

righteous." It is thought these catacombs served as a dwelling-place to the Anchorites of long ago. They are large, and full of cells for the dead, which are hewn on a level with the floor.

It is strange that in a land which abounds with traditions drawn from the Bible, there is not one for the Tomb of the Prophets. The monks have availed themselves of every spot in which a tradition could be niched, but have passed over this one in silence. Certainly there is no scene in the sacred record which could have conveniently been made to pass here ; but it is singular that an early Christian of great renown in cowl or helmet did not do *something* here, and that a church was not erected in commemoration of the event.

This was my reflection on leaving the tomb, which, however, I was careful not to communicate to my reverend companion, who held, at least, the monks of his own Church in great respect, and in consequence all the traditions which emanated from them.

We descended with a view of entering the Garden of Gethsemane at the foot of the mountain in the Valley of Jehoshaphat, and which is surrounded by a high wall ; but after repeatedly knocking at the gate no one came to open, whence we concluded the

guardian monk was absent, and turned away to continue our walk down the valley.

We halted before the Church of the Virgin Mary, situated a few rods to the north-east of the Garden of Gethsemane. It covers the reputed tomb of the Holy Virgin, and is subterranean. Naught appears above the surface of the ground but a low façade with large folding iron-doors opening into it. Before the door there is a sunken court, into which the pilgrim is conducted by a short flight of steps. The descent into the church is by a broad magnificent stairway in marble of forty-seven steps, reaching far down under the earth to the body of the church, terminating near the foot of the altar, which is situated in front of the tomb. To stand at the head of this stairway and see the shadowy figures of dark-robed priests gliding about with tapers in their hands in front of the altar, in the darkness of the depths below, is to the last degree weird and phantom-like.

On entering the side portal, to the right, there is a closed-up door, which once communicated through a passage to the grotto of our Saviour's agony. Somewhat lower down the stairway, on the same side, in a recess, are the supposed tombs of Joachim and Anna, the parents of the Virgin. Other tombs have been found for these personages at Constanti-

noble and in the Church of St. Anna. Hence these tombs in the subterranean Church of the Virgin are not considered authentic by many of the faithful. On the left of the grand flight of steps is shown the tomb of Joseph, the husband of Mary, and at the bottom the church is reached. It is in the form of a cross, over a hundred feet in length, and about twenty in width. A dim ray of light penetrates its eastern part through a small aperture which finds the day on the mountain side. The sides of the church are walled, but the eastern portion is hewn in the natural rock.

The tomb of the Virgin is situated in a large nave, over which there is an altar where the Greeks conduct their services, the place being in their possession. There are several other places around the church where other sects conduct their services. As an especial favour, I believe, the Latins are allowed, on certain days of the year, to perform mass at the altar over the tomb of the Virgin. The Latins complain that the whole church once belonged to them, and that now they have not a single altar in it; and that the Greeks dispossessed them through intriguing at the Porte. The Armenians seem to share the possession of the church with the Greeks.

The Muslem even has a place of prayer in this church; and at one time—in the sixteenth century

—he had the whole place converted into a mosque, of which the key was confided to a sheikh, who allowed the Christians to enter for a consideration—the inevitable backshish. The Mohammedans regard the Virgin with much respect as being the mother of Jesus—one of their greatest prophets, after Mohammed, who has thus so ingeniously intertwined a false religion with the true. Besides, this church possesses an interest to the followers of the Prophet, from the fact of khaliph Omar having prayed in it after he had seized Jerusalem. This circumstance alone would have led the devout Musulman to seek it as a fit place to offer up his devotions.

Like almost all the churches here, the erection of this church is attributed to the mother of Constantine. In the time of the first Christian king at Jerusalem, a large convent was constructed beside this building, which was occupied by the Benedictine monks, who had at that time all the Valley of Jehoshaphat in their possession. Later, through the influence of Jane, a Neapolitan queen, at the Porte, this church was placed in charge of the Franciscans, who held it through strife and contention for three centuries, when they gradually lost control of it, piece by piece; and towards the end of the seventeenth century it

passed bodily into the hands of the Greeks, who obtained complete possession by a grand *coup*, which proved to be the *coup de grâce* to the poor Franciscans. The Greeks made a complaint to the Porte that these monks had disinterred the body of the Virgin, and sold or given it to the Pope; and they sustained the charge with such energy—which means that they expended so much backshish—that the Franciscans could not stand the siege (probably not being provided with as much of this kind of ammunition as the Greeks), and surrendered.

As the Latins do not believe that the body of the Virgin ever has been there since the Day of Assumption, they of course treated the charge of their Greek brethren as ridiculous. But as the Porte does not understand the intricacies of every religion, the complaint was gravely considered, the backshish duly weighed, and the verdict given.

Still, towards the close of the same century, we find the persevering followers of St. Francis coming back to the rescue with a later firman, which they had doubtless *persuaded* the Porte to grant them by the aid of a very convincing argument, already referred to. Thus they recovered their ancient possession entire. Solomon says there is a time to laugh as well as a time for other things. The

Franciscans doubtless regarded the day when they were masters of the church as a time eminently fit for indulging in a pleasant cachinnation. But for the Greeks it must have been a day of sackcloth and ashes.

Again, in the middle of the eighteenth century, we find the Greeks in possession of the tomb, which they held but a short time. A *later* firman was produced from Constantinople by the brethren of the brown robe, and they of the black robe were again expelled. It appears that this firman distinctly recognised the church as the property of the Latins, who, feeling that their rights were at last acknowledged, and the question definitely settled, repaired and improved the church at a considerable expense with the alms sent out to them from Europe. The Porte evidently did not share this feeling; for, some time after, not only this church, but several other places belonging to the Latins, were given to the Greeks by a *later* firman. To the complaints of the Latins, which in this instance were evidently not accompanied with something else, the grand vizier of the Sultan answered: "These places belong to my master the Sultan; he concedes them to whomsoever he pleases. They may have formerly belonged to the Latins; but now his majesty prefers that they

should belong to the Greeks." And to this day the black robes are masters of the situation, in spite of the energetic protests poured into the ear of the Sultan by the discomfited brown robes. When the latter now descend into the valley, they regard their ancient church with the wistful expression of one of the canine species from whom a bone has been wrested, and look upon the present occupants in any thing but an amiable manner.

The Empress Pulcheria, in the fifth century, wrote to Juvenal, who was Bishop of Jerusalem, concerning this church. The empress believed that the body of the Virgin was still in this tomb, as in fact all the Roman Catholic writers believed up to the seventh century—that is, either in this tomb or the one at Ephesus; amongst others, such authorities as Arculf, the French bishop, and John of Damascus. The presence of the Virgin's body in her tomb was an accredited fact among them; and no allusion, however remote, was made to the contrary by any one.

The new positive dogma of the Assumption adopted by the Churches of the East and West began to be hinted at in the commencement of the seventh century. Among the first lovers of the marvellous who broached the new idea was St. Antoninus, who, in

referring to the Virgin's sepulture in the Valley of Jehoshaphat, wrote: "Whence, *it is said*, she has been carried away into heaven." Others took their cue, and allusions of this kind gradually grew into downright statements; when the question was at length taken up at the Vatican, and the Roman Catholic world was told that the Virgin's body, like that of Poe's Annabel Lee, was carried away into heaven. The papal fiat went forth from the seven-hilled city to the four corners of the globe, and the doctrine of the Assumption became one of the strong planks in the credo platform of the faithful.

The dogma is also at variance with a decree of the General Council held at Ephesus in the fourth century, in which it was distinctly stated that the Blessed Virgin and the Apostle John were buried in the church where the council was then held.

The Church of the East, always predisposed to credit whatever is miraculous, followed in the footsteps of her sister of the West, and adopted the doctrine of the Assumption, which, to the wonder-loving Orientals, possessed a great charm. Thus the seed that was cast about in the beginning, by a few miracle-loving monks, in hints and innuendoes, has taken deep root and become a strong tree.

On my saying to my reverend companion that the

Assumption was of comparatively modern origin in his Church, his reply was unique: "It was always known and believed since the day the miracle occurred, by the better informed in the Church; but was only promulgated at a later period! From negligence or prudential motives, the doctrine was for a time withheld from the people!"

And this was the reason he gave for his faith in the Assumption.

One of the traditionary sites of St. Stephen's martyrdom is but a few rods from the Church of the Blessed Virgin, on the west side of the Brook of Kedron, by the side of the road leading up to St. Stephen's Gate. A piece of rock has been hewn out, leaving a square cavity, probably to mark the spot.

As my companion remarked, it may, or it may not, be the place where the first martyr suffered death; but the possibility of its being the spot is sufficient to awaken the liveliest emotions, and recall to mind the wonderful scene as described in Holy Writ, when the heroic martyr was dragged without the gate by his persecutors; while he, undismayed, saw not the frowning faces of the infuriate mob glaring upon him, but "looked up steadfastly into heaven, and saw the glory of God, and Jesus standing on the right hand of God. And they stoned

Stephen, calling upon God, and saying, Lord Jesus, receive my spirit. And he kneeled down, and cried with a loud voice, Lord, lay not this sin to their charge. And when he had said this, he fell asleep." Sublime death, second only to that of the Master who had taught him thus to die. Here was the seed sown in the blood of the first martyr, which has grown into the universal Church.

Recrossing the Brook of Kedron, we passed by a spot near the Church of the Virgin, where one of the pious fables says the Virgin dropped her girdle to overcome the scepticism of the ever-doubting St. Thomas—the girdle leaving a mark on the rock, which remains to this day.

We continued our walk past the Garden of Gethsemane, down the east side of the valley, to the tombs and monuments of the Jewish burial-ground. The monumental sepulchres of Absalom, Jehoshaphat, St. James, and Zacharias are here, situated in the narrowest part of the valley, opposite the south-east corner of the walls of the city. The monuments of Absalom and Zacharias are of natural rock, and it is not known to this day for whom they were erected. There is a tradition among the Jews that the first-named is the pillar of Absalom referred to in the Scriptures: "Now Absalom, in his lifetime, had

taken and reared up for himself a pillar, which is in the king's dale." The public are doubtless familiar with this symmetrical and well-preserved monument, from the engravings and photographs of it which have been generally circulated.

Through a hole in the upper side of this monument stones have been cast into the excavated chamber of the interior, apparently for centuries. Every Jew considers it incumbent upon him, in passing the place which he believes to contain the bones of the undutiful son Absalom, to hurl therein a stone, in condemnation of his unfilial conduct towards his father. In this way the chamber has been filled up with the accumulated stones of centuries.

Near this is the cave or sepulchre of St. James, in a rocky cliff, about twelve or fifteen feet from the ground, the entrance being an open portal with two Doric columns, beside two half-columns at the sides. The interior is composed of one large and three small chambers hewn in the rock, the small chambers containing niches for the dead.

The present entrance to the cave is through a small niche cut in the perpendicular rock beside the adjacent monument of Zacharias. Through this aperture my companion and self scrambled on our hands and knees, when the first object that met our eyes on

rising to our feet inside was a grave-looking donkey, who seemed to regard us as intruders at first; but we soon made friends with the long-eared hermit. Shortly after we discovered that in making the acquaintance of the donkey we had also made the acquaintance of some little insects which he carried about with him, and which he transferred to us, as *souvenirs* of our visit doubtless. Upon making this discovery, we stood not upon the order of our going, but went at once, in most undignified haste, leaving our four-legged hermit in astonishment at our sudden exit.

Tradition tells us that St. James dwelt in this cave during the three days of the Passion, without taking any thing to eat, between the Crucifixion and the Resurrection days, in accordance with a vow which he made when he saw the Saviour on the cross, that he would neither eat nor drink until he saw Him risen. The Saviour appeared to him the third day in this cave, saying, "Arise and eat, for I have now arisen from the dead."

St. James is said to have been interred here.

In front of the cave, almost in the dry bed of the Kedron, on a flat rock, there is a depression, looking like a deep soup-plate, where tradition says St. James was martyred. Hegesippus, an early writer, gives

an account of the man and his death: "But James, the brother of the Lord, who, as there were many of this name, was surnamed the Just, by all, from the days of our Lord until now, received the government of the Church with the apostles. This apostle was consecrated from his mother's womb. He drank neither wine nor fermented liquors, and abstained from animal food. A razor never came upon his head; he never anointed with oil, and never used a bath. He alone was allowed to enter the sanctuary. He never wore woollen, but linen garments. He was in the habit of entering the temple alone, and was often found upon his bended knees, and interceding for the forgiveness of the people; so that his knees became as hard as camels', in consequence of his habitual supplication and kneeling before God. And, indeed, on account of his exceeding great piety he was called the Just, and Oblias (or Zaddock and Ozleam), which signifies justice and protection of the people, as the prophets declare concerning him. Some of the seven sects, therefore, of the people asked him what was the door to Jesus; and he answered, 'that He was the Saviour;' from which some believed that Jesus is the Christ. But the aforesaid sects did not believe either a resurrection, or that He was coming to give every one according to his works; as many,

however, as did believe did so on account of James. As there were many, therefore, of the rulers that believed, there arose a turmoil among the Jews, Scribes, and Pharisees, saying that there was danger that the people would now expect Jesus as the Messiah. They came therefore together, and said to James, 'We entreat thee, restrain the people, who are led astray after Jesus, as if He were the Christ. We entreat thee to persuade all that are coming to the feast of the Passover rightly concerning Jesus, for we all have confidence in thee. For we and all the people bear thee testimony that thou art just, and thou respectest not persons. Persuade therefore the people not to be led astray by Jesus, for we and all the people have great confidence in thee. Stand therefore upon a wing of the temple, that thou mayest be conspicuous on high, and thy words may easily be heard by all the people, for all the tribes have come together on account of the Passover, with some of the Gentiles also.' The aforesaid Scribes and Pharisees therefore placed James upon a wing of the temple, and cried out to him, 'O thou just man, whom we ought all to believe, since the people are led astray after Jesus that was crucified, declare to us what is the door to Jesus that was crucified.' And he answered with a loud voice, 'Why do you ask me re-

specting Jesus the Son of Man? He is now sitting in the heavens on the right hand of great power, and is about to come in the clouds of heaven.' And as many were confirmed and gloried in this testimony of Jesus, and said, 'Hosanna to the son of David,' these same priests and Pharisees said one to another, 'We have done badly in affording such testimony to Jesus; but let us go up and cast him down, that they may dread to believe in him.' And they cried out, 'Oh, oh, Justus himself is deceived;' and they fulfilled that which is written in Isaiah, 'Let us take away the just because he is offensive to us; wherefore they shall eat the fruit of their doings.' Going up, therefore, they cast down the just man, saying to one another, 'Let us stone James the Just.' And they began to stone him, as he did not die immediately when cast down; but, turning around, he knelt down, saying, 'I entreat Thee, O Lord God and Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.' Thus they were stoning him, when one of the priests of the sons of Rechab, a son of the Rechabites spoken of by Jeremiah the prophet, cried out, saying, 'Cease, what are you doing? Justus is praying for you.' And one of them, a fuller, beat out the brains of Justus with the club that he used to beat out clothes. Thus he suffered martyrdom; and they buried him

on the spot where his tombstone is still remaining by the temple."

Josephus, in speaking of the conquest of Judea by Vespasian, which occurred immediately after the death of James, says: "These things happened to the Jews to avenge James the Just, who was the brother of Him that is called Christ, and whom the Jews had slain, notwithstanding his preëminent justice." This writer also gives the manner of his death.

The tomb alongside the sepulchral cave of St. James, called of Zacharias, is a monument twenty-five or thirty feet high cut out of the solid rock, so as to leave a passage running around it. It is a monolith, composed of a block of squared rock surmounted by a pyramid. The Zacharias who is supposed to have been buried here is the one referred to by the Lord in His denunciation of the sinful Scribes and Pharisees—"The blood of Zacharias, son of Barachias, whom ye slew between the Temple and the altar."

The tomb so-called, of Jehoshaphat, is an excavated sepulchre behind the pillar of Absalom.

The flat stones crowded together in the Jewish cemetery lie around these monuments, on the western slope of Mount Olivet, most of them bearing a rude inscription in Hebrew.

Wending our way down the valley, which here turns a little westward, we came to the Fountain of the Virgin, on the west side of the Brook of Kedron. It is called by the Arabs the "Mother of Steps;" and Robinson says there is nothing around or in the Holy City which bears more distinctly the traces of high antiquity than this fountain, and who inclines to the opinion that this was the "King's Pool" of Nehemiah, and the "Pool of Solomon" mentioned by Josephus, near which the wall of the city passed, as it ran northwards from Siloam along the Valley of Jehoshaphat to the eastern side of the Temple.

One descends into the hillside by a flight of steps to a cave out in the rock, and by a narrower and shorter flight down to the water's edge of the fountain. The cavity containing the water is about fifteen feet in length and five or six in breadth, and from its bottom the water comes, and flows off at the further extremity. The cave is so obscure that one is obliged to use tapers in exploring it. This spring or fountain is never dry, and supplies the fellahin of Siloam with water all the year round for their houses, and for sprinkling their gardens, in the lower part of the valley, besides Jerusalem, in the latter part of the dry season, when the cisterns have given out. Any hour of the day the women of Siloam may be seen

filling their goat-skins from this never-failing source. The women do all the water-carrying, the men considering it beneath their dignity. The goatskin rests upon the lower part of the back, sustained at each end by a rope which passes over the head of the carrier. In this way the women bear their burdens with apparently little effort. There are generally four or five of them at the fountain, where they usually indulge in a little gossip done in the usual lively Arabic manner before filling their skins. One not familiar with the Arabic mode of conversation might here take for a warm dispute what is merely intended as a friendly chat.

Mohammedans occasionally bathe here, before performing their devotions in the ruins of a little mosque near the entrance of the fountain. This, however, causes no interruption to the water-carrying. The Muslem performs his ablutions at one end of the fountain, and the women fill their skins at the other.

The water is said to be brackish by those who have tasted it. I did not taste it myself, seeing the use to which it was put by the Mohammedans.

There are, of course, traditions attached to the spot. "The water used to be a grand test for women accused of adultery. The innocent drank harmlessly ;

but the guilty no sooner tasted than they died! When the Virgin Mary was accused, she submitted to the ordeal, and thus established her innocence. Hence it was long known as the fountain of accused women." Another: "The Virgin came here before her purification to wash her infant's clothes."

Opposite to the Fountain of the Virgin, on the steep side of the Hill of Offence, is the wretched village of Siloam, inhabited by the fellahin who cultivate the little gardens on the lower part of the valley. Their dwellings are ruined houses, or ancient caves, once probably occupied by hermits or persecuted Christians.

Pursuing our road down the valley, we soon came to the celebrated Pool of Siloam, situated at the foot of the Tyropean Valley, which here opens into that of Jehoshaphat.

This pool is in a dark cave, to which one descends by a flight of worn and broken steps. It receives its supply of water from the Fountain of the Virgin, through a subterranean passage, which was explored by Dr. Robinson. He found it currently reported in Jerusalem that such a passage *did* exist, but no one had been through it, or seemed to know any thing about it. "We, therefore," as he writes, "determined to examine for ourselves. Repairing one after-

noon to Siloam, in order to measure the reservoir, we found no person there; and the water in the basin being low, we embraced this opportunity of accomplishing our purpose. Stripping off our shoes and stockings, and rolling our garments above our knees, we entered with our lights and measuring-tapes in our hands. The water was low, nowhere over a foot in depth, and for the most part not more than three or four inches, with hardly a perceptible current. The bottom is every where covered with sand, brought in by the waters. The passage is cut wholly through the solid rock, every where about two feet wide; somewhat winding, but in a general course N.N.E. At the end of eight hundred feet, it became so low that we could advance no further without crawling on all fours, and bringing our bodies close to the water. As we were not prepared for this, we thought it better to retreat, and try again another day from the other end. Tracing, therefore, upon the roof with the smoke of our candles the initials of our names and the figures of eight hundred, as a mark of our progress on this side, we returned with our clothes somewhat wet and soiled." Afterward the doctor entered on the other side of the Fountain of the Virgin, and completed the passage, which here, he writes, "is much lower than at the other end. In several places we could

only get forward by lying at full length, and dragging ourselves along on our elbows." He found many turns and zigzags, but no lateral passage. He measured 1750 feet from end to end.

These fountains have an ebb and flow like the sea, which so far has been unaccounted for, except by a tradition of the fellahin, who say that a great dragon lies within the fountain: when he is awake he stops the water; when he is asleep it flows.

To the blind man whose eyes He had anointed Jesus said, "Go, wash in the Pool of Siloam (which is by interpretation Sent.) He went his way, therefore, and washed, and came seeing."

The cultivated ground in this neighbourhood is the King's Gardens mentioned by Nehemiah as situated near the Pool of Siloam. A few rods from here, at the edge of the Valley of Jehoshaphat, is an old mulberry-tree propped up by stones, which is called Isaiah's Tree. Under its branches, the prophet after whom it was named is supposed to have been sawn asunder.

As we came to each of these places, my companion, as usual, bowed, crossed himself, and murmured a prayer, and *then* set about examining the spot. It seemed to me that this was a fair illustration of the effect of the discipline in the Latin Church—believe

first and see afterwards. I think, however, a Yankee-Latin would have scrutinised what he was called upon to believe first, and then offered up his devotions afterwards.

Through a narrow canal in the rock the water in the pool when it rises to a certain point passes off into a rude basin on a bluff overlooking the gardens of the valley. Here the natives drive their cattle to drink, and the women of Siloam come to do their washing. A group of the latter may be frequently seen here, standing in the water, with their single garment tucked in between their knees, beating away at the soiled clothes with a kind of club, and sousing them into the water—in unconscious innocence exposing their smooth and rounded limbs, and assuming graceful attitudes in the ardour of their occupation.

The rich soil of the garden below is laid out in little plats about twenty feet square, and separated by small ridges of earth. Each of the squares of ground, ordinarily, has a separate owner, who may be usually seen extended on his back, basking like a lizard in the sun, while his wife is hoeing or sprinkling the miniature garden. One of these farmers considers himself peculiarly fortunate if he has an olive and fig tree upon his domain, the fruit of which he is sure to

gather before it is ripe; frequently he punctures the green figs with a thorn, one by one, to force them to premature ripeness. His fruit and vegetables are sold in Jerusalem in the open place near the Tower of David, and all along the street of David, which extends from Mount Zion into the Jewish quarter. His wife carries the product of the garden to this market on her head in a round basket, up the steep hill of Ophel, and up the Tyropean valley, through the Dung gate. It is said they owe the straightness of their stature to the habit of carrying their burdens on the head. They carry their baskets with such dexterity that I have never seen one tip off.

We continued down the Jehoshaphat, past the gardens, and where the valley of the Hinnom debouches into the one we followed, until we came to En Rogel, situated in the bed of the Kedron, where it begins to sweep around to the east in the direction of the Dead Sea. This well has two other names besides En Rogel—Well of Job and Well of Nehemiah, the former of Arabic, and the latter of Frank origin.

En Rogel is mentioned in Joshua as one of the border marks which enclosed the lot of the tribe of Judah, and is therefore, perhaps, the most ancient construction in or about the Holy City. There is a Frank tradition that the sacred fire of the temple was

hid here during the Babylonish captivity, which was afterwards recovered by Nehemiah; hence it was sometimes called the Well of Fire.

Jonathan and Ahimaaz remained here when a servant came and told them of the projects Absalom had formed against his father, who escaped, through a message conveyed to him by these men, from the designs of his son by crossing the Jordan.

When David grew old “and gat not heat in his body,” although covered with clothes, until a young damsel cherished him—when, in short, the old king seemed helplessly weak with the weight of years—Adonijah, his son, thought to take advantage of his sire’s failing condition and make himself king, and prepared himself horses and chariots and fifty horsemen to run before him, and “slew sheep, and oxen, and fat cattle by the stone of Zoheleth, which is by En Rogel, and called all his brethren the king’s sons, and all the men of Judah the king’s servants.” There seems to be no doubt about this being the place referred to in this passage.

When the well of En Rogel overflows, which occurs in the spring-time, and usually lasts three or four days, it is the occasion of great rejoicing to the natives of Jerusalem and its vicinity. They make holidays of the first and second days, and

assemble in great numbers, attired in their best, under the trees on the banks of the Brook of Kedron, below the well, where the overflowing water passes over its pebbly bed in quite a stream. Here they sit, men and women — apart, however — sipping coffee and smoking narghilehs, listening to the jingling tambourine or the shrill notes of an Oriental song, with the gurgling brook for an accompaniment. They bring collations with them, and spend the entire day in amusing themselves in this fashion. Sometimes these festivities are protracted until the overflowing ceases. When the waters do not run over, as has been the case several times, a dry season follows, with scarcity of water. Thus, the overflowing is the promise of an abundance of water throughout the summer.

The Valley of Jehoshaphat ends here at the well of En Rogel, but continues on down towards the south-east, under the name of the Mar Saba Valley, until it reaches the plains of the Dead Sea.

The junction of the Valley of Hinnom with that of Jehoshaphat is but a short distance above En Rogel. We returned homeward by the former valley, which sweeps around the hill of Zion in the form of a half-circle towards the western side of the city.

Not far from the lower end of this valley, or, as

some say, at its mouth, is the place called Tophet or Gehenna, where the idol of Moloch stood to which sacrifices were offered:—"It was a statue of brass, having the head of an ox, and the hands outstretched as if in the act of receiving something. The statue was hollow. In front of it were seven chapels; he who offered a dove entered the first, the second for a lamb or a kid, the third for a ram, the fourth for a calf, the fifth for a bull, and the sixth for an ox; but whoever came to sacrifice his own offspring entered the seventh chapel. The child was placed before the idol, under which a fire was kept up until it became red-hot. Then the priest took the child and placed it on the burning hands of Moloch; and in order that the parents and kindred (who were obliged to be present) should not hear the cries of the child, drums were beat. It is why the place is called Tophet, signifying drums or cymbals. It is also called Hinnom, from the crying of the children, from the Hebrew word *naham*, to yell."

It appears singular that he who was reputed to be the wisest of men should have originated these barbarous rites—even King Solomon. In his old age his wisdom seemed to have left him when he gave a listening ear to the cajolery of the strange women—the abominations of Ashtoreth and Chemosh—who

turned him from the path of virtue, and induced him to erect these monster idols. It must have been a melancholy sight to see the wisest of monarchs thus led about by the whims and evil passions of these abandoned women.

In Jeremiah it is written—"And they built the high places of Tophet, which is in the valley of the son of Hinnom, to burn their sons and their daughters in the fire." It was the righteous King Josiah who put an end to this cruel and sinful practice; he dispersed the idolatrous priests who "burned incense unto Baal, to the sun, and to the planets, and to all the hosts of heaven. . . . And he defiled Tophet, which is in the valley of the children of Hinnom, that no man might make his son or his daughter to pass through the fire to Moloch;" and the ground where the idols stood, this righteous and energetic king filled with the bones of dead men. He also broke down and destroyed, on the hill of Corruption, the nest of idols, which Solomon had especially erected for the "strange women."

The prophet says, "Wherefore behold the days come when it shall no more be called Tophet, nor the valley of the son of Hinnom, but the Valley of Slaughter; for they shall bury in Tophet till there be no place." The appearance which the hill-side

wears, honeycombed with sepulchral tombs, shows how true were the prophetic words of Jeremiah.

It was a spot avoided by all, as if contamination lurked within its precincts—especially by the Jews, who called it Gehenna, a name suggested by the burning of human sacrifice.

But the scene has undergone a happy change. Where once the fiery monster Moloch stifled the shrieking innocents in his burning embrace, and the mocking drums were heard to beat, while superstitious strong-hearted kindred looked on impassible—all this has given place to a smiling garden scene, where the olive and the fig flourish and bring forth their fruit, and the fellah peacefully turns up the fertile soil.

High up on the brow of the Hill of Evil Counsel, overlooking the valley, is Aeldama (pronounced by the natives Akeldáma), the Field of Blood, which the chief priests purchased for Judas's thirty pieces of silver—"And they took counsel, and bought with them the potter's field to bury strangers in. Wherefore that field was called the Field of Blood unto this day."

The tradition which fixes upon this as the ground of the blood-money is not an ancient one, and some contend that the site is not authentic. No marks of any kind separate the "field" from the other

ground. The hill-side is one common cemetery. The Aceldama which is shown is an old charnel-house of massive style, but in ruined condition. From a hole in one end of the building we could see what we thought to be some much-decayed bones.

Tradition ascribes the erection of the building to Helena; also, the sending of several ship-loads of earth taken from this spot to Rome, as it was generally believed for a long time that this soil possessed the power of consuming dead bodies in twenty-four hours. Her royal example was followed by others; thus a large quantity was conveyed away to cities in different parts of the world.

This was the receptacle for the bones of strangers who died in Jerusalem until within about a century back. In former times it was esteemed a privilege to be buried here, which had to be well paid for, especially when the ground was in possession of the Armenians, who held it for some time.

There are some disjointed traditions which locate the scene of the death of Judas on this site.

In one of the tombs near here, which bears traces of interior decoration, it is said the apostles hid after the arrest of Jesus. Most of these tombs are plain chambers hewn in the rock. A few indicate some attempt at architectural ornament, which

were doubtless used as chapels by the early persecuted Christians.

The hill of Evil Counsel, on whose side these tombs are seen, it is thought owes its name to the council held in the country-house of Caiaphas, which is pointed out on the summit of this hill. It was here that Pompey encamped with his legions before attacking the Holy City.

Josephus hands down a tradition which makes the Valley of Hinnom the scene of the interview between Abraham and Melchisedec four thousand years ago.

Ascending the valley, we passed the lower Pool of Gihon, now dry like most of the ancient pools. It is also called the Fountain of Gihon, and it is supposed was supplied with water from the overflowing of the upper Pool of Gihon, situated nearly a quarter of a mile to the north-west. Some think there is a subterranean aqueduct from this pool into the vaults of the Temple.

Just north of this pool, the aqueduct which Solomon constructed from the pools, bearing his name, to Jerusalem is seen as it appears from out the hill-side and crosses the valley in a curved line toward Mount Zion.

There is a tradition that says, in the lower Pool

of Gihon the wife of Uriah the Hittite bathed, “when it came to pass, in an evening tide, that David arose from off his bed, and walked upon the roof of the king’s house, and from the roof he saw a woman washing herself; and the woman was very beautiful to look upon.”

As I stood alongside the pool, and looked up towards Mount Zion, to where the king’s palace must have been, I thought the king must have used a telescope, if he was able to discern the beauties of Uriah’s wife at that distance.

The tradition recalled to my mind the crime of murder with which David sullied his conscience, in order that he might possess another man’s wife, and the admirable manner in which Nathan told the parable of the ewe lamb to the king, by which he was made his own judge:—“And David’s anger was greatly kindled against the man; and he said to Nathan, As the Lord liveth, the man that hath done this thing shall surely die; and he shall restore the lamb fourfold, because he did this thing, and because he had no pity.” Then came the charge of Nathan, which fell like a thunderbolt on the guilty conscience of the royal paramour and murderer—
“*Thou art the man!*”

CHAPTER XV.

Scene outside the Jaffa Gate in the Pilgrim Season—Variety of Nationalities—Jaded Quadrupeds—Turkish Custom-house—The Big-Tree Road—A favourite Promenade—Groups of Women of the East—The Big Tree—Fuller's Field—Convent of the Cross—Traditionary Spot where the Tree grew from which the Cross was made—Album of Autographs—Tomb of Helena—Mons. de Saulcy and his Discoveries—Hill of Scopus—Alexander the Great—Tomb of the Judges—The Echo—Cave of Jeremiah.

THE liveliest scene about Jerusalem is without the Jaffa Gate—the principal doorway into the city. Here can be seen, on almost every evening in pilgrim season, most of the nationalities of the world; the handsome Greek, in prettiest of Oriental costumes; the Wallachian, who has partially adopted the dress of the European; the square-faced, long, tawny-haired, loutish Russian, muffled up as if he were in Siberia instead of the warm climate of Palestine; the Persian, wearing no particular expression in his face, and a kind of chimney-pot on his head; the mild, stalwart-looking Armenian, from Zeitoun, with his goat-skin thrown over his shoulder; the brown

Copt, clad in his indigo-dyed blue; the black Abyssinian, in his poverty, clothed in whatever he can get; the graceful Georgian, a picture of masculine beauty; the Frank, in angularly bifurcated pantaloons and straight-lined coat; the humble, dirty, cringing Jew, with his two long front locks dangling under an impossible hat; the grave Mohammedan, in turban of spotless white, and flowing robe; the noisy, gesticulating fellah, turban-covered and bare-legged; the dark Bedawee, in picturesque but seedy finery, with a touch of the hidalgo bravado in his manner, and a sort of decayed grandeur about him; even a John Chinaman may be seen among the crowd, as a follower of Mohammed, making a pilgrimage to El Khuds, the second Mecca.

There is a variety of animals usually about the gate, as well as of people; camels, horses, mules, and donkeys. The "ships of the desert," as they are grouped around, kneeling and standing, burdened and free, chewing their cud, or complainingly groaning at the ill-usage they receive at the hands of their masters, offer a fine subject in the camel *genre* to the artist who has a taste for limning this uncouth quadruped. The horses and mules seen here are generally just in from Jaffa, and wear a tired, jaded look, which they may well have, coming as they do over a

road of thirty-eight miles of ups and downs and rocks and stones. They arrive with heads up and a comparatively fresh appearance; but as soon as they are unburdened, their animation leaves them, and their heads droop,—they have performed their task faithfully to the end, and now they know it is over.

The horse being the best mount, and the dearest, is usually secured by the tourist or pilgrim in easy circumstances, at Jaffa, to make the journey to Jerusalem. Thus the horse carries the burden usually allotted to him in all countries—one cavalier. The lot of the mule and donkey is much harder. They bring up to the Holy City the rank and file of humanity with their luggage. The mule usually carries two pilgrims, one on each side in a kind of panier. Pilgrims mounted in this way are females; the males generally walk, and sometimes the former. I have seen on the back of one mule a family, consisting of a fat mother in one panier, and her three children in the other, as a makeweight; and this over an inconceivably bad road of thirty-eight miles, with a Syrian sun overhead. The donkey carries the same disproportionate weight as the mule. With his burden bigger than himself, there is nothing which so much resembles him as a little ant bearing off a relatively huge fly.

As the travellers and pilgrims arrive and dismount, there is much noise and confusion at the Jaffa Gate. Here the government has a custom-house, and the Turkish officials will allow the luggage of none to pass (except those who pay a backshish) until it has been thoroughly examined. If the owner of the luggage be ignorant as to what is contraband, the official finds something which he declares to be forbidden, in order to compel the payment of a backshish.

At the port of entry, Jaffa, there is also a custom-house, where the luggage of these same travellers undergoes an examination; excepting, always, when the owner has paid the backshish. Hence the location of a custom-house at Jerusalem is merely a pretext for extorting backshish from the pilgrim and the traveller.

To the right, in going from the Jaffa Gate, is a row of one-story tenements occupied as coffee-shops, at whose doors sit the proprietors, to inveigle the unwary to the spending of his money, like so many vultures watching for prey.

What is commonly known as the Big-Tree road begins near the Jaffa Gate, and stretches out in a western direction through the Mohammedan country, crowded with monumental tombs. It is also called the road of the Convent of the Cross, to which place

it conducts, about a mile from the city. The Big-Tree road is the favourite promenade of the inhabitants of Jerusalem, on Thursday evening particularly, being the day on which the Mohammedan women gather round the tombs of departed friends and relatives to mourn their loss. The scene along the road is animating. Beside the pilgrims and tourists who are found here, are the crowds of white-sheeted, veiled, yellow-booted women, who fringe the sides of the road for a quarter of a mile. They also sit in large groups on the terraced hill-side of Nicafori's garden, under the shade of fig and olive trees, with never a man among them, amusing themselves in their own fashion, with eating of comfiture and smoking narghilehs. If no men are near they sit unveiled, and act and talk without reserve. Let a masculinity approach, and down go the veils. Their breasts, which they never seem to care to hide from the eyes of man, are always more or less exposed. Thus in the country of the Occident, womanly modesty guards with zealous care from the sight of men what womanly modesty so freely exposes in the land of the Orient. Here these daughters of Eve sit for hours, without a change of posture, and evidently consider the whole thing a most delectable entertainment.

About a hundred yards from the Jaffa Gate, in the centre of the road, is the Big Tree from which it takes its name. On the Sunday-days (Friday, Saturday, and Sunday—the Mohammedan, Jewish, and Christian Sundays), a portable coffee-shop generally takes up its station under its shade, and coffee and narghilehs are handed round for a moderate consideration. The tree is evidently old, but, strange to say, has no tradition lurking in its aged branches.

About a hundred yards further on, and a little distance to the north of the road, upon elevated ground, is the Upper Pool of Gihon. The ground which the Big-Tree road traverses between this pool and the city is thought to be the Fuller's Field spoken of in the Scriptures, where the Assyrian legions encamped, and their proud chieftain, Rab-Shakeh, spoke with the meek emissaries of Hezekiah, who had been despoiled of all his treasure, even to the "silver that was found in the house of the Lord, and in the treasuries of the king's house." It is written, "they came and stood by the conduit of the upper pool, which is in the highway of the Fuller's field." Hezekiah having invoked the aid of the Lord, during the night the angel of the Lord slew 185,000 in the Assyrian camp.

It was here also that Solomon was consecrated

king by order of David, amidst the acclamations of the people.

King Herod, who killed James the brother of John, and imprisoned Peter, is thought to have been interred near this pool. This is the same Herod whom God smote, when his adulators proclaimed him a god, "and was eaten of worms, and gave up the ghost." Some ruins, a little way to the south of the pool, once covered the remains of the impious king, it is thought.

The plain which lies to the west of the Holy City was separated from its walls by a deep ravine, like the other sides of the city, but was filled up by Titus in order to command the city.

I frequently walked out to this pool. One day, accompanied by my interpreter, I extended my walk out to the Convent of the Cross, which is about twenty to thirty minutes distant from the city.

This convent is situated in a green valley, and surrounded by a grove of olive-trees. The ground in the vicinity is owned by the convent, and is under cultivation. It is a massive building, with some pretensions to architectural finish, as well as strength. The entrance is by a low doorway, guarded by a heavy iron door, which is opened to the visitor with precaution. We were met here by my friend, Father

Gregorius, who first took us to the old church, which is enclosed within the convent walls. The Greek churches are very much alike, and this one is not an exception to the rule. Here, as usual, were the gaudily-ornamented altar-screen, the pendent ostrich eggs, and the wretched pictures of the Passion and the patriarchal dignitaries of the Greek Church. Besides, however, we found the remains of handsome mosaic work in the pavement of the church.

The centre of attraction to the faithful here is a little round hole, rimmed with silver, which Father Gregorius showed us in the sanctum, behind the altar-screen. According to the Greek tradition, here grew the tree from which the cross was made upon which the Saviour was crucified. The Greeks have thus gone back to the root of the cross—one of the remote causes, with a vengeance. This tradition is all their own. It is not shared by any of their Christian brethren, by Jew or Mohammedan. They enjoy the entire monopoly.

The Greek father afterwards conducted us behind the sanctum by a subterranean passage to a vault, where he showed us a large crevice in the rock, through which the main root of the tree extended! As the priest (who is an intelligent man) pointed to

it, he shrugged his shoulders and said, "It's a tradition, you know," in a deprecating manner.

After we had thus gotten to the root of the matter, we ascended to another church, or rather chapel, of recent construction, within the walls of the convent, like the place we had just visited. Here we found some tolerably good pictures, that is, they were not so bad as the pictures usually seen in the Greek churches.

We were then ushered into the reception-room of the Superior, an ordinary-looking fat little priest. After the usual pipes and coffee, we were shown over the rest of the building.

The theological seminary, which forms part of this establishment, contains upwards of fifty young men, who are being educated for the priesthood, and who all live in the convent. They have ten professors, who teach them Greek, Arabic, Latin, and a little Italian and French. Seven years are required to complete a course of instruction.

The non-resident patriarch of Jerusalem, who resides at Constantinople, has beautiful apartments in this convent, which are never occupied, except perhaps once a-year for a few days, when the patriarch makes a flying visit to Palestine. Here a book was produced, in which the autographs of distinguished

visitors were kept, as the Greek father informed me. He was polite enough to ask me for mine. In turning over the leaves, I saw a star of the first magnitude which shone in this autographic horizon, beside which lesser lights paled their ineffectual fire—the Prince of Wales. My interpreter observed that it was a very small signature for the future king of a great power—that the Sultan required a space six inches square, at least, on which to write his.

There is a handsome terrace on the top of this convent, from which the valley in the neighbourhood is seen to advantage. An intervening hill cuts off the view of Jerusalem.

From the convent we returned to a road near the Big Tree that runs north, which we followed, and then strolled out along the road skirting the northern wall of the new Russian buildings, until we came to the Tombs of the Kings, or, as it is more properly called, the Tomb of Helena. This must have been one of the most magnificent tombs about Jerusalem, and, though bearing traces of rich decoration, no inscription of any kind has been found about it. There are five chambers, each containing a number of recesses for sarcophagi. These recesses are now all empty. Monsieur de Sauley, an enthusiastic antiquarian, on one occasion carried off a richly-carved

lid of a marble sarcophagus, which he believed belonged to King David, and which he placed in the Louvre, at Paris. Subsequently, Monsieur de Sauley made another visit to this tomb, and carried away a sarcophagus, which he thinks once contained the remains of the daughter of King Herod. He states, I believe, that he found in the sarcophagus portions of a skeleton, which crumbled to dust in a sack in which he attempted to remove them, before reaching Jerusalem. The sarcophagus he was obliged to break in pieces in order to get it through the portal of the tomb. It was afterwards put together at Paris and placed in the Louvre, where I saw it one day as I was strolling through the museum. By what course of reasoning the French antiquarian arrives at the conclusion that this was the sarcophagus of the daughter of Herod, I am unable to determine. There is nothing about it which indicates to whom it belonged.

When M. de Sauley made his last visit to the Tomb of Helena, and carried off another trophy for that receptacle of his scientific triumphs—the Louvre, there was great indignation among the Jews of Jerusalem. On account of this decided manifestation on the part of the Jews, M. de Sauley hurried off to Jaffa with his “sarcophagus of the daughter of

Herod," although he had intended pursuing his investigations here and elsewhere in Palestine.

It has never yet been fully determined to whom this tomb belonged, and by whom it was constructed. Learned men who have given the subject attention differ about its origin. M. de Sauley has a theory that these were the tombs of the kings of Judah, and by which he has discovered, as he alleges, the separate niche of each particular monarch! Other writers do not pretend to so much knowledge in detail. The author of "The Holy City," Mr. Williams, thinks they were the Monuments of Herod; Dr. Schultz calls them the Royal Tombs, spoken of by Josephus; Mr. Fergusson says that "their architecture is undoubtedly later than the Christian era; and the slab, which De Sauley calls the cover of the sarcophagus of David, is certainly more modern than the time of Constantine." Dr. Robinson does not absolutely prove this to be the Tomb of Helena, but that the probabilities are in favour of such a conclusion.

The Tomb of Helena is near the Nâbulus road, about half a mile from the Damascus Gate, not far from the upper end of the Valley of Jehoshaphat.

The Hill of Scopus is not far from this tomb, to the north. This place is celebrated as being the ground on which Alexander the Great and the High

Priest met. The impatient conqueror was marching against Jerusalem, when the High Priest, with the name of God written in letters of gold on his tiara, met him. Seeing in this the confirmation of some vision that he had had, the Macedonian monarch prostrated himself before the priest and embraced him, and afterwards repaired to the Temple and offered sacrifices to God.

This hill is also famous as the camping-ground of Titus and Cestius, when they laid siege to the Holy City.

Near the path to the Neby Samwil, about half a mile from the Tomb of Helena, is situated the Tomb of the Judges. The entrance has an open vestibule, and the sides and architrave are ornamented with a plain moulding, the latter surmounted with a pediment, in which is a torch at the centre, surrounded with decoration, and also a torch at each angle. The smooth sides of the vestibule were covered with the names of visitors in many different languages, of which the English was most conspicuous. The irrepressible Smiths and Browns, of course, figured largely in this autographic collection.

When we came to the spot, a man was taking an impression of the mouldings about the entrance, by order of the indefatigable De Sauley. Thus, before

long, we shall doubtless see a facsimile of the entrance to the Tomb of the Judges set up in the Louvre, alongside the sarcophagus of the "daughter of Herod" and the cover of that of "King David."

The Tomb of the Judges contains several chambers, with the usual niches for the sarcophagi. The chamber on the right in entering has a wonderful echo. I experimented in high and low tones of voice, and the sound always came back prolonged and clear. At the east side of the principal chamber a flight of steps descends into two other vaults. This descent is blocked up with huge rocks, so that an aperture of about eighteen inches or two feet square is left to crawl through. We squeezed ourselves through feet foremost—my interpreter first, and I following.

I was disposed to regard this getting through the hole as somewhat of a feat, but the interpreter informed me that a couple of American ladies had done the same thing. They had come prepared, having left their crinolines at the hotel. The interpreter said that he himself helped to squeeze them through with considerable difficulty.

The Tombs of the Judges are more extensive and elaborately finished than any of the other sepulchral monuments about Jerusalem, and contain upwards of

sixty niches for sarcophagi. Their origin has never been ascertained; but it is supposed they were constructed for the Judges of the Sanhedrim.

Tombs cut in the rock, like those described, are seen here in almost any direction for half a mile.

In returning to the city, near the Damascus Gate we passed what is called the Cave of Jeremiah, which Dr. Schultz thinks contains the tomb of Alexander Jannæus, described by Josephus, in front of the tower of Antonia (?).

A sheikh resides in this cave, or rather in the walled court in front of it, who keeps the key of the door leading into the cave, which he shows for backshish.

It was near the Damascus Gate, it is said, that the renowned crusader, Godfrey de Bouillon, leaped from a portable tower to the ramparts, where he was followed by his soldiers, who thus forced an entrance into the city.

CHAPTER XVI.

Excursion to Philip's Fountain—Donkeys—The Woman-Donkey
— Her indignant Husband — Horses — Mukarees — Riding
about Jerusalem—The Camel.

ON a beautiful Sunday morning, in company with the English consul, I rode a horseback-excursion to Bethlehem, to meet an English party, a portion of whom had just come up from Hebron. We flew over the plain of Rephaim in a quick canter, Arab fashion, until we came to Mar Elias, whence we proceeded more leisurely, over the more or less stony road which lies between here and Bethlehem.

In less than one hour we arrived at the Latin Convent, in the village of the Birth, and at once proceeded to the Grotto of the Nativity, where we found most of the party we had come to meet at mass, which was performed by Padre Luigi, who had come up from Jerusalem for the purpose. Not more than a dozen of us were in the grotto, and the atmosphere was tolerably fresh. On a former occasion

the place had been stifling, from a dense crowd with burning tapers. The ceremony at this time was quiet and impressive; and at its close we were cordially welcomed by our friends. At the invitation of Lady H. we all repaired to the dining-room of the convent, where we were strengthened with a substantial lunch of her ladyship's serving. After lunch, Giorgio, a well-known vendor of mother-of-pearl shells, invited us to pay a visit to his house, to see his family, which we, however, declined. We held firm against a renewed invitation, suspecting this was an adroit piece of diplomacy to obtain backshish.

In the afternoon we made a horseback-excursion to Philip's Fountain, as it is called, about an hour and a half from Bethlehem, over a rocky precipitous road, down through a wild glen. We came upon occasional bits of tolerable road, of which we took advantage by pushing into a gallop. We at length reached the fountain—a stream of limpid water dashing down from a semicircular apex in a little cascade, into a pool below. Two old columns stand on each side of the fountain, the capitals of which still show signs of decoration.

Lady H. wishing to make a drawing of the fountain, I proffered my memorandum-book, when she made her sketch as she sat on horseback; the rest of

us during the time occupying ourselves in trying to carry on a conversation with a group of fellahin, who were lazily reclining in the sun.

The fountain is surrounded for some distance with huge sharp rocks, which render it almost unapproachable. This is the traditional fountain, where Philip baptised the Ethiopian eunuch of great authority under the Queen Candace. They came by the road through the Valley of Roses from Jerusalem, in a chariot, to the fountain, where the treasurer of the Ethiopian queen "commanded the chariot to stand still, and they went down both into the water, both Philip and the eunuch; and he baptised him."

It seems hardly probable that a chariot could have ever passed near this fountain, as it is barely approachable on horseback. One passage in Scripture seems to imply that this baptism took place nearer Gaza.

We returned by the road to Beit Jâla, much better than that over which we had come. We struck out in a helter-skelter gait nearly as fast as the horses could carry us. Lady M., a sprightly intelligent girl of eleven, who always rode at the head of the party, amused us greatly, as she called those in the rear to come on, saying that she belonged to

the Light Brigade, and the laggards were Heavy Artillery.

Monks are said to be bad riders; but Padre Luigi, who was with us, proved conclusively that it was not true in all cases, for he was always to be found in the Light Brigade.

The horses in Palestine are better than they look. They are swift, surefooted, and frequently spirited. There are no wheeled vehicles in Jerusalem, or, indeed, in Palestine. Camels, horses, mules, and donkeys are the public carriers—camels and mules as beasts of burden, and the donkey for every thing. The donkey in Palestine is not so large or active as the same animal in Egypt. In justice, however, to the little quadruped of the former country, it must be said there is no enterprising donkey-boy poking him up from behind with a sharp stick, as they do about Alexandria and Cairo. I have seen them sometimes fall down in the streets of Jerusalem from overloading; and it is surprising to see how much they are able to carry. It is not unusual to see a donkey about the size of a Newfoundland dog, carrying on his back a sack of grain, and on the top of that a great lout of an Arab. The backs of these little animals are frequently in a lacerated condition from the burdens they are obliged to bear, and they are beat

about the head with clubs by the unfeeling natives. Their food usually consists of olive-husks, being the refuse of the olives after the oil is pressed out. When they do not get this, which is their best fare, they pick up the little green they can find between the stones and in the crevices of the rocks, after the labour of the day.

One day, as I was walking out in the neighbourhood of Jerusalem, I saw a fellah ploughing with the primitive wooden plough of this country, by which two or three inches of dirt are scratched up. The plough was drawn by the ploughman's wife and a donkey, attached to the plough like horses, one on each side of the pole. The woman was young and rather good-looking, and the husband old. My interpreter asked her why she made a donkey of herself.

"My lord," looking at her old partner, "wills it; and what can I do?"

Then turning to the old man, as I requested him, he asked :

"Why do you use your wife in this manner?"

"Tell his excellency," said the old man, "that I am poor, and have but one donkey; and the ground must be tilled, or we starve."

"Then," said I to my interpreter, "tell him to

allow his wife to guide the plough, and let him choose the harder task, and pull with the donkey."

"I wear a beard; she is nothing but a smooth-faced woman," replied the old man, evidently hurt and indignant that such a proposition should be made to him.

Although the spectacle of a woman hitched to a plough with a donkey was sad, yet I could see the donkey had the hardest part of the job, by the way the singletree pulled when we approached them.

As we left them, he who wore a beard started his ill-assorted team, by sternly pronouncing the word "imshee," which answers to our "get up" as applied to horses; and the woman imshee-ed with the donkey in obedience to her lord's command, casting a lingering kindly look after us as she braced herself for a pull.

The horse is best adapted for quick and commodious travelling in Palestine and Syria. The road from Jaffa to Jerusalem is one of the worst, and here the traveller usually obtains his first experience of roads and horses in Palestine. Only those who have been over the road know how bad it is; those who have not can form no conception of it—up and down steep hills, and over boulders and sharp rocks, which

any where else would be considered impassable. Travellers, consequently, come over this road at a walk, occupying twelve or thirteen hours—that is, the mountain part of it. On the plain, from Jaffa to the foot of the mountain, the road is good enough. When these travellers, on their arrival at Jerusalem, are told that what has taken them twelve hours to do (a distance of thirty-eight miles) has been done in six, they may be pardoned for not at first believing it. Such is the fact; a native or Frank accustomed to the roads, and a fair horseman, *can* do it in six hours—the horses are so surefooted, and jump the rocks so rapidly. If the horses fall, which is rare, it is generally the result of bad management. They can usually do four things—walk, amble, dance, and gallop. The second gait is scarcely an amble, as Franks understand it, but something between a walk and a pace. If urged out of this gait, they generally go off at the top of their speed into a gallop, from which, however, they can be brought up in a trice with the strong cruel bit the Arabs use. I have seen the Arabs stop their steeds so suddenly as to throw them back on their haunches. The Arab handling of a horse not unfrequently brings blood and foam out of the mouth and nostrils of the animals.

The vice of kicking is common amongst the horses of this country ; hence it is well to look out for one's legs when riding in company. They are hardy, and remarkably free from disease, and are fed on barley twice a-day—oats and Indian corn being unknown. A good horse will cost forty pounds—that is, a good horse without pedigree. There is no limit to the price of a good one with a long pedigree. An ordinary animal costs about twenty pounds. Every horse owned by an Arab wears round his neck a rope, the ends of which are joined by a rude ornament in painted wood or coloured glass, which is to protect him from the Evil Eye, and is never for an instant removed. The Arab rides with very short stirrups, with a kind of iron-shovel rests for the feet, which serve also as spurs. As for the traditional kindness of Arabs toward their steeds, I saw nothing of it; they use them cruelly, as they do every living thing over which they have any control.

The mukarees, who hire horses to travellers, are a sharp double-dealing set of knaves, withal very polite. If asked how much they will charge for the use of their animals, they not unfrequently place their hands on the top of their head, bow low, and say all their horses are at your disposal without price—which means that you are to be unconscionably

fleeced, if you do not bind them down to a fixed price.

The most pleasant ride about Jerusalem is on the plain of Rephaim, which stretches southward from the Valley of Hinnom for three miles. I have often tried the speed of my horse over this ground, in company with two fair English equestrians, the Misses M. This was their Rotten Row and my Central Park. I found nothing in the way of amusement about Jerusalem so exhilarating as these rides.

The camel is seldom ever ridden in the immediate neighbourhood of Jerusalem, except by the fellahin. They are "admirably adapted to the desert regions which are their home; yet they constitute one of the evils which travelling in the desert brings with it. Their long, slow, rolling or rocking gait, although not at first very unpleasant, becomes exceedingly fatiguing. But their home is the desert; and they were made, in the wisdom of the Creator, to be the carriers of the desert. The coarse and prickly shrubs of the wastes are to them the most delicious food; and even of these they eat but little. So few are the wants of their nature, that their power of going without food, as well as without water, is wonderful. They never appear to tire, but commonly march as freshly at evening as in the morning. Their well-

known habit of lying down upon the breast to receive their burdens is not, as is often supposed, merely the result of training; it is an admirable adaptation of their nature to their destiny as carriers. This is their natural position of repose, as is shown too by the callosities upon the joints of the legs, and especially that upon the breast, which serves as a pedestal beneath the huge body. Hardly less wonderful is the adaptation of their broad-cushioned foot to the arid sands and gravelly soil, which it is their lot chiefly to travel. The camel in very many respects is not unlike the sheep. They are a silly, timid animal, gregarious; when alarmed, like sheep, they run and huddle all together. They are commonly represented as patient; but if so, it is the patience of stupidity. They are exceedingly impatient, and utter loud cries of indignation when receiving their loads, and on being made to kneel down. They are also obstinate, and frequently vicious; and the attempt to urge them forward is often very much like trying to drive sheep the way they do not choose to go. The cry of the camel resembles in a degree the hollow bleating of the sheep; sometimes it is like the lowing of neat cattle, or the hoarse squeal of the swine. But the Arabs heed not their cries; nor does the poor animal find much mercy at their hands.

Heavy and galling loads and meagre fare are his appointed portion; and God has hardened him to them. The singular power of the camel to go without water seems also to be of the same nature as that of the sheep, at least in its manifestation, though in a far greater degree. The dew and the juice of the grass and herbs are sufficient for them in ordinary cases; though, when the pasturage has become dry, the Arabs water their flocks every two days, and the camels every three days. At all times the camel eats and drinks little, and secretes little; he is a cold-blooded, heavy, sullen animal, having little feeling and little susceptibility for pain. Thistles, and briers, and thorns, he crops and chews with more avidity than the softest green fodder; nor does he seem to feel pain from blows or pricks, unless they are very violent. There is nothing graceful or sprightly in any camel, old or young; all is misshapen, ungainly, and awkward. The young have nothing frisky or playful, but in all their movements are as staid and sober as their dams. In this respect how unlike the lambs! As the carriers of the East, another important quality of the camel is their sure-footedness. They do not choose their way with the like sagacity of the mule, or even of the horse; but they tread more surely and safely, and *never* either slip or

stumble. The sounds by which the Arabs govern their camels are very few and very guttural. The signal for kneeling is not unlike a gentle snore ; and is made by throwing the breath strongly against the palate, but not through the nose. That for stopping is a sort of guttural clucking."

CHAPTER XVII.

Sheikh of the Mosque of Omar—Unexpected Osculation—Entrance-fee to the Mosque—The Sheikh's Observations on the American War—The Mosque—Skeleton Outline of its History—Traditions of the Prophet Mohammed—His beloved Wife, Fatima—Borak—Ordeal of the Pillars—Matrimonial Happiness or Misery—Justinian's Church—Tradition of the Well of the Leaf—Rags about the Window.

THE sheikh of the Mosque of Omar called to see me one day, and asked why I had not visited the mosque of which he had charge. I made several excuses, when he gave me a cordial invitation, saying that I might remain in the mosque as long as I wished, which was simply the usual stretch of Oriental politeness, for at about ten o'clock in the morning he is obliged to clear the place of all the so-called infidels, that the faithful may commence their prayers, as it would be desecration for them to pray in this sanctuary in presence of a Frank.

The old sheikh, as he sat in the Consulate, cross-legged on the divan, was quite chatty and full of

compliments. He told me I was the sweetest man he had ever met—yea, sweeter than rahat-lakoum; and taking my hand and leaning over, he suddenly kissed me on the cheek, accompanying the action with the expression, “habibi, my dear!”

I was taken by surprise, and I think I must have blushed like a young bride who receives her first osculation. Verily, thought I, the Cross and the Crescent are coming together—the Christian and the Turk have buried the hatchet and smoke the pipe of peace. My newly-found demonstrative and affectionate friend, between his complimentary speeches, puffed away vigorously at the chibouque, which my servant presented to him shortly after his entrance.

As is generally known, the Mosque of Omar was not visited by any Franks, except in two or three instances by strategy, until the arrival of the Prince of Wales, who was provided with a special firman from the Sultan for the purpose. I was curious to know the amount of backshish the Prince had paid to overcome the prejudices of the Mohammedans so far as to be allowed to enter the most sacred of mosques, except that at Mecca, and learned from the sheikh that the sum was fifty pounds. Here was an unexplored mine which the Prince had opened up to the followers of the Koran prophet; and after due consi-

deration of the matter, they concluded to allow all who were willing to pay ten shillings to enter.

Thus, almost all the tourists who come to Jerusalem enter the mosque, in consideration of ten shillings paid into the hands of the sheikh, besides a little backshish to the kavass of their consul and to the attendants in the mosque, which makes the total from thirteen to fourteen shillings each.

In this way has the mosque become a source of revenue as well as a place of prayer. It must be regarded as a desecration of the sanctuary by any faithful Mohammedan for any Christian to walk into it; but backshish overcomes their scruples in this case as it does in all others.

My impression is, that if they would reduce the price to four or five shillings, their receipts would be largely increased. There are in the neighbourhood fifteen thousand pilgrims who come annually to Jerusalem—the majority of whom, at a reduced rate, would doubtless visit the mosque. As it is, they never go there.

The sheikh's information about the mosque was accompanied with many salaams and Eastern compliments. He referred to the American war, about which he knew as much as a Choctaw does of Hebrew. He hoped it would soon be finished, in-

shallah! The reason, which was the father of the hope expressed, was doubtless that since the war there was a falling-off of American travellers, and a corresponding diminution in backshish for entrance to the mosque. He fervently hoped—inshallah!—that the enemies of such a great and sweet people as the Americans, whoever they were, would be speedily exterminated, and after death not be allowed to inhabit Paradise.

After reiterated invitations to visit the Mohammedan establishment over which he presided, the sheikh took an affectionate leave.

I repaired to the mosque a day or two afterwards, when he received me in his usual demonstrative manner. Profiting by former experience, I kept my too-affectionate friend at arm's-length, lest I should receive osculation number two. He himself obligingly showed me over the place.

As is generally known, the Mosque of Omar occupies the site where the magnificent Temple of Solomon stood, which was designed by David, through the inspiration of God, and upon which was lavished the wealth of kings and the skill of the wisest of men. Of few things has more been written than of this wonderful Temple, scarcely a remnant of whose glory is left behind.

Glancing at a skeleton outline of its history, we find:

In the year 1008 before Christ the foundation of Solomon's Temple was laid, and at the end of seven years the whole was complete; and it was 420 years after that Nebuchadnezzar reduced it to ashes. The Jews had profaned, and raised idols in, the holy sanctuary; women lived in the apartments of the house of God, whose entrances were veiled to hide the scenes of debauchery practised by them in their rites to the heathen god Adonis. Near the principal entrance to the Temple stood horses attached to a car—emblems of the sun to which they were dedicated. Thus, the sun was adored, the prophets put to death, and corruption and idolatry lived alone in the Temple.

Then was the voice of Jeremiah heard in denunciation of the sins of this people, for which he was cast into prison, and threatened with death.

By the decree of Cyrus, the banished Jews returned, and recommenced the construction of the Temple.

Later, the impious Antiochus Epiphanes invaded the sanctuary, which had been built a second time with so much labour and treasure, and pillaged the edifice of all its ornaments, and planted the statue of Jupiter upon the site of the altar.

The indignant Judas, of the priestly family of Mattathias, was God's chosen instrument to purge the Temple from these impurities.

Pompey, sixty-three years before the Christian era, took possession of the sacred edifice, but respected its treasures and its altar. Crassus entered the Temple and robbed it of every available treasure after Pompey's time.

Until nineteen years before the Christian era, this Temple existed, when Herod the Great greatly enlarged and adorned it, and surrounded it with stately cloisters of costly marble.

This beautiful Temple, approaching in splendour that of Solomon, was destroyed from top to bottom, seventy-seven years after its construction, by the Roman legions under Titus.

Titus wished to preserve the Temple as a monument to the glory of the Roman Empire. To this end he held a council of his generals, who shared his views, and it was resolved that the Temple should remain intact. Man proposes and God disposes—Jesus said it should be destroyed. He had told His disciples, “When ye shall see Jerusalem compassed with armies, then know that the destruction thereof is nigh: that all things which are written may be fulfilled.”

The emperor and philosopher Julian attempted to rebuild the ancient structure, but was prevented by miraculous intervention, in order that the words of prophecy might be fulfilled.

Thus the Temple remained in a ruinous state during the fifth and sixth centuries, when Omar, or rather one of his generals, conquered the Holy City. The summons to surrender, as a specimen of the style in which such documents were written by the Orientals of that day, is worth reproducing : “ In the name of God, merciful and gracious ! from Abu-Obeidah-Ibu-Jirah to the Christians of the people of Ælia, health ! and to all who follow the right way and believe in God and in His Prophet. To come to the point. For my part I beg you to bear witness that there is no God but God, and Mohammed is the Apostle of God, and that the moment of judgment will come beyond doubt ; and that God will raise men from the dead. And if you will stand to this, your blood is sacred to us, as well as your property, and your children, and you shall be to us as brothers ; but if you refuse I will bring down upon you a people more earnest in their love of death than you in the drinking of wine or eating of hog’s flesh ; nor will I ever pass away from you, please God, until I have killed your warriors and made captive your children.”

After the surrender of the city to Khaliph Omar, he sought out the site of the Temple, cleared the place, and constructed a mosque, which lasted but a few years, when it was rebuilt by another Khaliph, and remains to this day. The Mohammedans call it the Dome of the Rock—the Franks, Mosque of Omar.

It is situated in the centre of what one might call a public square, or a small park, surrounded by high walls and houses, with a palm or cypress-tree scattered here and there over the lawn. As this mosque has been so often described, I shall content myself with giving a few traditions connected with it.

The sacred rock over which the mosque was constructed, the Mohammedans say, served as a pillow to Jacob when he had his miraculous vision; also that their Prophet coming through the air from Mecca to Jerusalem, alighted on this rock, mounted on the renowned horse Borak, which the angel Gabriel had given him. On another occasion, when the Prophet had finished his prayer here and returned to heaven, the rock followed him, but he ordered it to return whence it came. It appears that the rock did not altogether obey the command, but remained suspended in the air four feet from the earth, when one of the sultans had supporters placed under it, out of compassion for some nervous women

of the faithful, in an interesting condition, who were fearful lest it *might* fall !

The followers of the Prophet say that every prayer made at this rock is considered as if made in heaven, and he who prays becomes absolved from all sin ; that he who dies within this mosque dies, as it were, in paradise. At the day of judgment the rock is to be changed into a brilliant coral, and to be the nucleus for the gathering pilgrims from the four quarters of the globe. On that day Mohammed is to sit astride of a pillar which projects about three feet horizontally out of the wall overlooking the Valley of Jehoshaphat, when he is to judge all *mankind*. A perilous perch, one would say; but to the Prophet all things are easy.

Fatima, the beloved wife of the Prophet, it is supposed, will also play an important part with her lord on the judgment-day. She is to bestride the Valley of Jehoshaphat on that occasion—one foot resting on the top of Mount Olivet, and the other on Mount Moriah, the site of the Temple—and judge the women, who are to pass beneath her. Those who have been good wives go through safely, but those who have not she is to catch by the hair of the head and cast them over the city into the Valley of Gehenna. The Mohammedan husband holds this

tradition over the head of his helpmeet, like the sword of Damocles.

The ascent to the extensive pavement which surrounds the mosque is by a flight of steps, up which, we are told, that wonderful horse Borak mounted with his rider, on their way to the rock.

Under a small graceful cupola supported by slender columns, which stands alongside of the grand mosque, is where, according to Muslem authority, the Prophet caught his first glimpse of the houris of paradise, which are such incentives to Mohammedan devotion.

Another small cupola, not far off, marks the spot where the Prophet commenced his ascent to heaven—of course mounted on the famous horse Borak, whose feats are such that those of Bucephalus, in comparison, dwindle into insignificance. Close beside this is the place where the angels gave the Prophet instructions how to perform his wonderful nocturnal journey through the air.

There are two marble pillars in the mosque which afford considerable amusement to the Frank travellers. They stand just far enough apart to allow an ordinary-sized person to squeeze through sideways. The tradition is, that all who can pass through in this way are to be blessed with happy marriages, and those

who cannot, to unhappy ones. Of course, all who are fat are doomed to matrimonial misery.

I remarked to the sheikh, who was inclined to portliness, that he must be very unfortunate in his conjugal relations.

"Oh," said he, "inshallah. I took care to get married before I became fat."

"Were your wives also able to pass the ordeal of the pillars?"

"Inshallah, yes. One of them with much difficulty; but by the blessing of the Prophet, and much fasting, she managed finally to squeeze through. Thus I am the husband of two turtle-doves, and the father of sons who are like unto young lions."

"Do all the Frank ladies who visit the mosque try the pillar-test?"

"They all laugh at it very much, yet they all try it; and although the fat ones pretend to laugh so heartily, I think they often seriously regret they cannot manage it."

I easily slipped through the columns. "Taib!" ejaculated the sheikh. I was assured of matrimonial happiness.

"I hope she may be as beautiful as she will be happy," observed the sheikh.

"Taib!" said I, as a sort of inshallah.

On the south side of the esplanade of the Haram enclosure, is situated the Mosque of El Aksa, with a dome of the same character as that which crowns the Mosque of Omar, but smaller.

It is supposed to occupy the ground covered by the Palace of Solomon, and subsequently by a church built in honour of the Virgin Mary in the sixth century, founded by Justinian. It was called the Church of the Presentation, as being that part of the Temple where, it is said, the Virgin was presented or consecrated to the Lord when a child. The same authorities say that Anna, the prophetess, who saluted the infant Jesus when he was presented at the Temple, lived here. According to descriptions by ancient authors, this church must have been one of the most magnificent of the sixth century. It was for a time converted into a mosque by the conquering Saracens, but fell into the hands of the Christians again when the Crusaders took possession of Jerusalem.

Justinian's church having been destroyed by the Saracens, the Crusaders constructed another on the site of the old, together with a palace for the king, and a dwelling for the Knights Templar—an order, religious and military, instituted at that time. These buildings were known together as the Porch, or Palace of the Temple. Here this celebrated order of knights

took its birth, whose chief duty was to defend the holy places from the attacks of the Saracens. Part of the oath which the knight took on entering the order was, "I swear to go beyond the seas for the defence of my brethren. I will give my arm to the Church and to kings against infidel princes; whenever my enemies shall not be three against one, I will fight them and never take flight; alone I will fight them if they are unbelievers." History records how well these renowned warriors kept their oath.

Near the principal door of the Mosque of El-Aksa is the Well of the Leaf, which has its tradition. The Prophet once said, "One of my followers will enter Paradise walking while yet alive." In the days of Omar some of the faithful came to Jerusalem to pray. One of them went to this well to draw water, but while doing so his bucket fell to the bottom. He went down to get it, and to his great surprise, found there a door opening into delicious gardens. Having walked through them for a time, he plucked a leaf from one of the trees, stuck it behind his ear, and hastened back to tell his companions. The matter was reported to the governor, who sent his servants with the stranger to see these remarkable subterranean gardens; but no door could be found. Omar was written to, and he at once replied that the prophecy

of Mohammed was now literally fulfilled, because a living man had walked into Paradise. To test the matter and settle all doubts, he desired them to examine the *leaf*, and, if it still remained green and fresh, there could be no doubt that it came from Paradise. The leaf of course preserved its verdure, and the well is still called the "Well of the Leaf."

A couple of windows of the Mosque of El-Aksa, overlooking the Tyropæan Valley, and guarded by a wire-screen, I observed, were covered with innumerable little rags and strings attached to the wires. On inquiry, I learned that these were bits of vestments of the faithful who were afflicted with different kinds of maladies. The belief is, that by tearing off a piece of the garment of the wearer and attaching it to this place, the disease with which he is troubled will leave him. The window looking in upon the so-called tomb of Solomon is supposed to possess the same virtue. Its frame-work is also covered with rags and strings.

I fancied I observed a twinkle of scepticism in the eyes of the worthy sheikh as he showed me these places. I am convinced that if any thing were the matter with him, *he* would not be caught tying rags to the wire.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A Coptic Funeral—American Cemetery—Latin Cemetery—Grave of an American—Costigan the Irish Explorer—The French Pilgrim—Tomb of David—Account of Benjamin of Tudela—Exaggeration in the Orient—Sham Tomb of David, and the supposed real one—Adding Traditions—Fanatical Muslems—Lettering Grave-stones—Town House of Caiaphas—Place where the Cock crew when Peter denied his Master—Men knitting—Lepers.

ONE afternoon as I stood without the Zion Gate, a Coptic funeral-procession passed. In front walked a priest clothed in a black flowing robe, carrying a silver cross on the end of a staff eight or nine feet in length, followed by another priest swinging a censer, who was followed by half-a-dozen singers chanting after the Oriental manner in that shrill high key peculiar to this quarter of the globe. Next came the corpse in a kind of trough, open at the top, and borne upon the shoulders of four men. The coffin or trough was made of rough boards, with no attempt at ornament. This was followed by the relations of the deceased—principally women—wringing their hands and shouting out the virtues of the dead man.

One whom I judged to have been his wife cried out, "My camel is dead! My joy is gone! I have lost my beloved; he will never smile upon me again!"

Other women followed, twirling their handkerchiefs or cloths over their heads, and hallooing the lament of the East—a wild piercing cry.

I followed the procession to the grave near by, which was about four feet in depth, and by its side, separated from the earth which had been dug out, lay the bones of members of the same family who had been buried there. The trough containing the body was placed alongside the grave, and the well-worn carpet covering it was removed. The body was wrapped in a cheap white glazed muslin; the arms straight and tied, the feet crossed and also tied; the face was not exposed. During a few minutes, the relations and friends of the deceased came forward and kissed the covered face; then the corpse was lifted out of the trough by one man and handed to another, who stood in the grave. In the handling, the corpse seemed flexible, which led me to believe that it was not much more than cold. On inquiry I learned that the man had been dead two hours. Nothing covered the body except the shroud, as it lay in the bottom of the grave, not even the old carpet. A quick mumbling prayer was said, the

bones of kindred friends were gathered up and placed alongside of it, and the whole hastily covered up by the gravedigger.

I stood lingering abstractedly near the spot until after the departure of the last mourner, when I was aroused from my reverie by the shouting and laughing of some Arab children, who were already playing over the newly-made grave. How quickly the scene had changed! The voice of wailing in a few brief moments was replaced by the gleesome shout of ignorant happy children.

My interpreter who was with me being provided with the key of the American Cemetery, which lies on the south side of the open burial-ground of the Christians, we walked over to it. The American Cemetery is a patch of ground about sixty or seventy feet square, enclosed by a wall some ten feet high. We were evidently the first visitors who had entered here for a long time. The door-lock was so rusty, that it was with difficulty the key was turned. On opening the door, we found the hinges and crevices about the threshold covered with black beetles and lizards, in a sort of torpid condition.

In the centre of the burial-ground languished an old olive-tree, all alone. It was banked up about the roots with large stones. We found twelve graves

here, seven of which were covered with tombstones, laid flat, after the manner of the East; among the latter, the last resting-place of the wife of the Rev. William M. Thompson, the well-known author of *The Land and the Book*.

This was the first cemetery enclosed by a wall about Jerusalem. There is at present but one other—the English—on the brow of Mount Zion, overlooking the Valley of Hinnom. The American burial-ground is a lonely spot. On one side of it is the house which covers the supposed Tomb of David; and a few rods in another direction the building called the house of Caiaphas; to the north and east are the graves of all the Christian sects, save the Protestants.

After quitting the enclosure, we wandered through the open cemetery, reading the inscriptions on the stones. In the Latin quarter there was one of a young American, of whom Robinson wrote, when he was here: “Ten years ago I had known him in Paris in the flower of his youth, a favourite in the family of La Fayette, and moving in the gay circles of that gay metropolis. He had soon after wandered off to Egypt and the East, and in 1830 died here, alone and friendless, in the Latin Convent. The epitaph with which the monks have

honoured him declares, that ‘of his own accord he abjured the errors of Luther and Calvin, and professed the Catholic religion.’ Poor youth! he knew too little of the doctrine of the Reformers, and still less of those of the Romish Church.” The stone was partially covered with earth, which we removed, and made out the following inscription :

“ D. O. M.

HIC JACET

C. B. EX AMERICÆ REGIONIBUS,

Lugundi Galliae Consul, Hierosolymis tactus intrinsecus
sponte erroribus Lutheri et Calvinii abjectis

Catholicam religionem professus, cynanche correptus,
e vita decessit IV nonas Augusti

MDCCCXXX.

ætatis suæ XXV.

Amici moerentes posuere.

Orate pro eo.”

Near here is the grave of Costigan the Irish traveller, who died in 1835, in consequence of his romantic though rash attempt to explore the Dead Sea in an open boat, in the middle of July. He had contrived to have a small boat carried over on camels, from the shore of the Mediterranean to the Lake of Tiberias, and thence followed the Jordan down to the Dead Sea. Here he launched forth alone with his Maltese servant upon these waters, and succeeded in reaching the southern extremity ; but by some mismanagement they were left for two

or three days without fresh water, exposed to the fierce rays of a cloudless sun, and compelled to row hard to get back to the northern end. After reaching the shore they lay for a whole day, too weak to move, and trying to regain strength by laving each other with the heavy waters of the lake. At length the servant made shift to crawl up to Jericho, where Costigan had left his horse; which was immediately sent to him with a supply of water. He was brought to the village, and the next morning despatched a messenger on his own horse to Mr. Nicolayson (an English missionary at Jerusalem) requesting medicine, and expressing fears of his case. This gentleman immediately set off to visit him, and reached him at two o'clock on Thursday morning. He found him very ill, with a high intermittent fever. As there could be no hope of his recovery at Jericho, Mr. Nicolayson tried every means to get persons to carry him to Jerusalem in a litter, but without success. The only way of removing him was to sling a large sack of straw on each side of a horse, and then place his bed on the horse's back. In this way the sufferer was brought to the city with great difficulty, leaving Jericho on Friday evening, and reaching Jerusalem at eight o'clock the next morning. The journey exhausted him much; no medicine could

be brought to operate, and he died on Monday morning in the Latin Convent, where he had a room. No notes, nor any account of his voyage, were found among his papers.

The Maltese dragoman who accompanied Costigan was questioned about this voyage, of which he gave a most confused account; so that no information of any importance was obtained from him. He was probably suffering from fever during the voyage, which rendered him little observant of what his master did.

Near one of the Latin graves I observed a respectable-looking old gentleman with an open prayer-book before him. I recognised in him a devout Frenchman that I had seen one morning kneeling before the door of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. He came to Jerusalem two years ago, and rented a room in the Greek Catholic Convent, where he lived in almost hermit isolation. He came to the Holy City to end his days within its walls. Ascetic fare and much prayer made up his daily life. He never allowed a day to pass without offering up a prayer in the Holy Sepulchre. I saw him frequently afterwards, either making the stations in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, or wandering about the tombs on Zion.

We crossed the Armenian quarter to the build-

ings in which the Tomb of David and the Coenaculum are located, which stands on the southern brow of Mount Zion. A tall minaret rises up, sharply defined, in this clear atmosphere, from the group of ancient houses.

The probabilities seem to be in favour of the authenticity of this Tomb of David, as far as the site is concerned, from what is written in the Bible.

According to Josephus, Solomon interred David here with great pomp, and adorned his body with many treasures, and placed a large sum of money in the chamber of the sepulchre, a portion of which was taken away afterwards, when Jerusalem was besieged, by Hyrcanus, to be given to Antiochus Pius, who stood before the city with his legions, to induce him to raise the siege. Subsequently the tomb was again opened by Herod the Great, and rifled of what it possessed. This monarch, not finding as much treasure as he expected in the chamber of the tomb, attempted to break open the sarcophagi of David and Solomon—who it is supposed was also buried here—when, through supernatural agency, he was obliged to desist.

In the time of the Crusaders, a certain Benjamin of Tudela visited the Holy City, and who relates the following remarkable story in connection with this

tomb: "On Mount Zion are the sepulchres of the house of David, and those of the kings who reigned after him. In consequence of the following circumstance, however, this place is hardly to be recognised at present. Fifteen years ago one of the walls of the place of worship on Mount Zion fell down, which the patriarch ordered the priest to repair. He commanded to take stones from the original wall of Zion, which command was obeyed. Two labourers who were engaged in digging stones from the very foundation of the walls of Zion happened to meet with one which formed the mouth of a cavern. They agreed to enter the cave and to search for treasure; and in pursuit of this object they penetrated to a large hall supported by pillars of marble, encrusted with gold and silver, before which stood a table with a golden sceptre and crown. This was the sceptre of David, king of Israel; to the left of which they saw that of Solomon, and of all the kings of Judah who were buried there. They further saw locked chests, and desired to enter the hall to examine them; but a blast of wind, like a storm, issued forth from the mouth of the cavern, and prostrated them almost lifeless on the ground. They lay in this state until evening, when they heard a voice commanding them to rise up and go forth from the place. They pro-

ceeded, terror-stricken, to the patriarch, and informed him of what had occurred. He summoned Rabbi Abraham el Constantini, a pious ascetic, one of the mourners of the downfall of Jerusalem, and caused the two labourers to repeat the occurrence in his presence. Rabbi Abraham hereupon informed the patriarch that they had discovered the sepulchres of the house of David and of the kings of Judah. The patriarch ordered the place to be walled up, so as to effectually hide it from every one to the present day." Benjamin of Tudela closes his narration with these words: "The above-mentioned Rabbi Abraham told me all this." Of course a liberal allowance for exaggeration should be made in receiving the account of the Rabbi.

I have learned from my own experience that it is very difficult to get at the simple facts of any occurrence in the East, if the narrator be a native—whether Jew or Arab—such is the disposition to exaggerate. I endeavoured on several occasions to cure a servant of this vice, by pinning him down to the naked fact, through shame. It was labour in vain. The transition from gross exaggeration to lying is natural; and I have never, in the course of my travels, met a people so given to lying as the inhabitants of the Orient.

We found at the wide portal of the group of old buildings a crowd of Arab gamins, who ran forward to meet us with their usual war-cry—backshish. Some of them showed us to a room, where the guide of the place pointed to a piece of mason-work on one side of the room as the Tomb of David.

This tomb, which is shown to travellers as that of King David, is a sham, which was constructed for the purpose of obtaining a revenue in the way of backshish from pilgrims and visitors to the Holy City. It has answered its purpose admirably, whereby the sheikh of the tomb every year pockets no inconsiderable sum.

The real Tomb of David and the other Judah kings are supposed to be underneath the sham tomb, in a lower chamber, and are not shown to Jews, Christians, or even Mohammedans, whose traditions all unite on this site as the true one—that is, they are not shown unless a handsome backshish is given to the sheikh. At the sight of yellow coin his scruples will melt away like snow before a noonday sun.

What the sheikh points out as the real Tomb of David—for a consideration—is a sarcophagus in a lower chamber, about seven feet high and twice as long, covered with rich carpets, which have been sent

for this purpose from Constantinople by the sultans. The outer covering is of blue silk, in which are worked numerous texts from the Koran.

Having seen this much, one is naturally desirous of seeing what is under the coverings. You intimate that such is your desire to the sheikh who is standing by. *Scruples*. Another coin finds its way out of your pocket into that of the sheikh. *Scruples* vanish as before. And you see, when the sheikh has cautiously and mysteriously raised the covering—nothing but a plain, unpolished, grayish-marble sarcophagus! You feel as if you had been done; in short, that this could never be the place where, according to the Jewish historian, “Solomon buried David with great pomp, and placed immense treasures with the body in the tomb;” and as you quit the chamber you feel somewhat irritated with your evil genius, the sheikh, who has lured you on to this injudicious expenditure of backshish.

Higher up in the same building, in a long dreary room, entirely empty, is where the Lord’s Supper was eaten—the Cœnaculum, according to tradition. The ancient appearance of this room, as well as the age of the traditions connected therewith, give it a fair claim to authenticity.

On the south side of the chamber is the *Mihrab*

—a niche in the wall which shows the worshipping Muslem in what direction lies Mecca, to which he always turns in practising his devotions. At the east end of the room there is a niche, which is used by the Christians as an altar in celebrating mass on certain days in the year. The Christians have weakened the tradition of the Lord's Supper having been eaten here, by making the place the scene of other events,—the spot where the Holy Ghost descended upon the Apostles; the marble column to which our Lord was bound when he was scourged; the place where the Virgin Mary died; and the site of the martyrdom of St. Stephen.

This, unfortunately, is the case with most of the places where important events have transpired about Jerusalem. When a tradition has been traced up to its source, to the scene which gave it birth, and evidence in stones and situation has been found to sustain it, the enthusiastic pilgrim-authors who in different ages have visited the land have so added to and clogged the original tradition, that at this late day it is scarcely to be recognised. These over-zealous men, having once secured a *point d'appui* for one Bible scene, have made it the prop for half-a-dozen more. Thus these scenes are grouped in spots about the Holy City. If you come upon

one, you are sure to find several others connected therewith, and all so entangled together, that you are inclined to reject the whole thing as a mass of fiction. To separate the chaff from the wheat requires patience.

The scenes which are located in the Cœnaculum building are a fair illustration of the manner in which events are jumbled together, and made to cluster around the place of the Lord's Supper—the one good tradition, which is like an old tree around whose trunk several pernicious vines have wound themselves, to the great detriment of the tree.

Besides the improbability of these events having taken place in so contracted a space, there is one which it is generally believed did not occur even in Palestine—the death of the Virgin Mary. This is a specimen of the superadded traditions, which make many men sceptical of all they see in the Holy Land.

It is said that the table on which the supper was served in the Cœnaculum found its way to Rome in ancient days. This, of course, is told only by the Latins.

The Muslems have a mosque in the southern part of the Cœnaculum building, which they call Neby Dâud. Adjoining this, to the west, on the edge of the bluff overlooking the Valley of Hinnom, is a

group of tenements occupied by a lot of the most fanatical Mohammedans about Jerusalem. Their hatred of the Christian carries them so far as to deface the inscriptions on the gravestones in the neighbouring cemetery ; some of which I saw, as I passed through on my return.

The tombstone-inscriptions are never cut until after the stone has been laid on the grave. Almost every day, natives may be seen in the cemetery, squatted cross-legged on the flat stone, chisel and mallet in hand, cutting out the rude letters of man's brief history—he was born, he had a name, he lived and he died.

As we passed through the graves on our way to the house of Caiaphas, I observed the old French gentleman still lingering near one of the tombs, perhaps that of some loved friend. Holmes must have had such an one in his mind when he wrote :

“And the mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has prest
 In their bloom ;
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
 On the tomb.”

A few yards from the Zion Gate, and as many rods east of the Cœnaculum, stands the town-house of Caiaphas, as it is called, surrounded by a very

high wall, which completely hides the building from view. Numerous old tombstones bearing Armenian inscriptions have been used in the construction of this wall, which were doubtless taken from the adjoining burial-ground. The entrance is through a low portal guarded by a massive iron-door, which leads into a nicely-paved courtyard, with here and there a tombstone forming part of the pavement. These are the graves of Armenian bishops. Under massive arches, on two sides of the courtyard, are the monuments of Armenian patriarchs of Jerusalem.

The building is comparatively modern, and it is said, occupies the ground on which stood the palace of Caiaphas. The place is in the hands of the Armenians, by whom it was constructed. Of course they have here some "aids to devotion," which they show to the faithful—the identical stone which covered the sepulchre of the Saviour, which is pointed out under the altar of their chapel; the prison where He was confined; and the spot where Peter stood when he denied his Master, together with that where the cock crew! They have a daub representing the latter scene; a small white cock with a very red comb, perched upon a rock, is in the act of flapping his wings and crowing, while something, bearing resemblance to a man, intended for the apostle, sits near

by in an attitude of dejection, with the keys lying at his feet. A pendent lamp is kept burning before this specimen of Armenian art. To the poor pilgrim, who sees with the eye of faith, it is life transferred to canvas.

As we passed out of the chapel, a monk sprinkled us with rose-water from a tin vessel, looking like the oil-feeder of a locomotive. As he received the anticipated tip for this act of courtesy, he made the politest of salaams.

As we entered the Zion Gate, a couple of soldiers were seated near the entrance knitting socks, with apparently as much facility as Frank women. I afterwards observed that many of these men occupied their leisure time in this manner, but I never saw a woman of the East engaged in the same way.

A little to the right, on entering the Zion Gate, is a row of miserable huts running along the foot of the wall, and separated from any other buildings. These are the homes of the lepers, who number about seventy. There are no Jews among them. They are Mohammedans, with the exception of two or three Christians. Some of them are perhaps as much as sixty years of age. They live together here, and intermarry with each other, and thus the malady is perpetuated. Their children usually appear healthy,

until the age of twelve or fourteen, when leprosy begins to show itself.

Half-a-dozen lepers can always be seen sitting on the roadside near the Jaffa Gate, clothed in rags, with tin buckets before them, in which they receive the food which the natives give them. Their appearance is something horrible. They stretch out their fingerless hands to the passer-by and cry beseechingly in a husky voice or gasping whisper, "God save you, howadji! God keep you, howadji; behold my misery and have pity!" They usually cry out after the almsgiver, "May the light of your house never be extinguished! May your days be lengthened! May your eyes never grow dim!"

The pasha intends providing these unfortunate creatures with dwellings outside the walls of the city, when he will clear away the miserable hovels at present occupied by them near the Zion Gate.

CHAPTER XIX.

Garden of Gethsemane—The Monk Angelo—Aged Olive-trees—
The Night of the Agony—The Betrayal of Jesus—Flight of
the Disciples.

OUTSIDE the walls on the eastern side, near the Gate of St. Stephen, a fine view may be seen of this beautiful garden, the most highly cultivated piece of ground about the Holy City. From this stand-point one can see down into it, with its dark olive foliage in agreeable contrast to the whitish gray of the surrounding rocks.

The garden consists of about half an acre, nearly square, and surrounded by a high wall. The entrance, like most enclosures or buildings outside the protecting walls of Jerusalem, is guarded by a low doorway and massive iron door.

After loud and repeated knockings, the door is slowly opened by a Franciscan monk, the guardian and gardener of the place, who is called Angelo.

This monk gardener is as surly as a mastiff on first acquaintance; but in time, as one sees more of him, he thaws out, and becomes more or less communicative.

The garden contains eight aged olive-trees, which form the oldest group of trees in the Valley of Jehoshaphat, along the foot of the mountain. The wall which surrounds these trees was built a few years ago, to prevent the enthusiastic pilgrims from destroying them in cutting and carrying away souvenirs. One old tree, which stands to the south of the garden, that was not included within the wall, next began to be mutilated, when the Franciscans also encircled a protecting wall about its aged limbs.

These trees are unquestionably of the highest antiquity, are hollow, and seldom bear fruit, on account of their great age. Their hollow trunks are filled up with stones, to make them strong against the high winds of winter, and the roots are terraced about also with stones. At long intervals, when these trees bear, the olives are carefully gathered and pressed by the Franciscan monks, and the oil thus obtained is presented to distinguished sons of the Church in Europe.

To many the age ascribed to these trees may appear improbable at first; but some acquaintance with

the character of the tree shows that a score of centuries is comparatively a short life for a tree that seldom, if ever, dies. It is almost as everlasting as the hills; for if the old limbs wither away, new ones shoot out from the parent trunk, and if the trunk should fall, new stocks spring forth from the stump. Thus the olive-tree may be said to be immortal; and it is not improbable that the roots of one of these trees were once watered with the tears of Jesus, during that night of "agony and bloody sweat," when He prayed for the last time upon this ungrateful earth; when, in deep submission to the grand plan of redemption, He said, "O my Father, if this cup may not pass away from me except I drink it, Thy will be done!"

As I sat upon a stone under one of the trees, I recalled to memory the scene of that terrible night. My Latin friend, who had accompanied me in several of my walks, stood near me, and pointed to the opposite bank of the Kedron. See, said he, that path winding down from the Gate of St. Stephen; it was by that path the Master descended with His disciples, after breaking bread and singing a hymn with them in the upper room on Mount Zion. Near that brook, He said to them, 'Sit ye here, while I go and pray yonder.' 'And He took with Him Peter and

the two sons of Zebedee, and began to be sorrowful and very heavy.' On that ledge of rock lay the drowsy disciples, who could not watch with Him in His agony for one short hour, although twice aroused by the suffering Master, and where, at last, knowing that His hour was come, He told them to sleep on and take their rest. It was there He told His wondering followers that the betrayer approached. Then appeared the light of torches through these olive-branches; and here they heard the clamour of the multitude as they approached with staves and swords—the emissaries of the chief priests and elders of the people. And these silent trees were the witnesses of the awful treason of that night, when the professed friend and follower betrayed Him with a kiss, and of His divine forbearance when He calmly said unto His betrayer, 'Friend, wherefore art thou come?' It was here the indignant Peter, spurred by the foul proceedings against his Master, drew his sword, and struck the servant of the high priest. Here that Jesus, with a divine forgetfulness of self, said to His zealous disciple, 'Put up again thy sword into its place, for all they that take the sword shall perish by the sword;' here that, with lamb-like submission, He gave Himself up, and addressed a reproach to the multitude who came upon Him, armed with staves

and swords, as if He were a malefactor; it was here—oh, shameful to relate—that in that dark hour His disciples fled and left Him alone in the hands of the hardened multitude. Humanity will ever blush for the cruel desertion of these followers of Christ, when they stole out from these trees, and sought safety in flight.

As near as I could recollect, he spoke in this strain; and here he ceased, apparently much moved.

I unconsciously resumed, in my own mind, the thread of what he had been saying, and I saw the dark figures of the fleeing disciples vanishing in the shades of night, and the armed multitude emerging from the grove of olive-trees, with the lurid glare of their torches flashing upon that face of resignation of the central figure, and the frowning visages of the agents of the chief priests and elders, by whom He was surrounded. I could see the rays of light flickering through the foliage, and glancing athwart the gnarled trunks and branches, and the shadowy forms of the people in the background. I could follow the abandoned Jesus, accompanied by the noisy multitude, across the brook and up the winding path to the gate of that ungrateful city over which He had wept, and I could discern the figure of Peter gliding along in the dark behind.

The angels in heaven must have wept that night at the inhumanity of man towards the Saviour. Sympathy there must have been in that celestial world—on earth there was none.

CHAPTER XX.

Via Dolorosa—The Latin Stations—Prætorium of Pilate—Place of the Scala Santa—Arch of Ecce Homo—Sepulchre of Jesus—Stations of the Oriental Churches—Pilgrims on the Via Dolorosa—The Flagellation—Wandering Jew—The Legend.

THE Via Dolorosa, according to tradition, is the way by which our Lord was conducted from the judgment-hall of Pilate to Calvary. West of St. Stephen's Gate, and not far from the ruins of the Tower of Antonia, is situated the barracks of the Turkish soldiers. A portion of this building is regarded as occupying the site of the judgment-hall. Some of the Christians affirm that part of the original walls remain.

In the wall fronting on the narrow street, a doorway once existed, which is now built up, thus forming part of the wall. This ancient doorway is pointed out as the place where a flight of steps conducted to the Prætorium of Pilate. All the events (and some of them imaginary) connected with the Crucifixion,

on the way from Pilate's house to Calvary, are called *stations*, and are numbered. The stations of the Latin Christians are more numerous than those of the others. The Via Dolorosa is usually called by the Latins the Way of the Cross.

I will first describe the Latin stations, as they were explained to me by a Latin, at which the pilgrims are instructed by the monks to offer up their prayers.

I. Prætorium of Pilate—Jesus condemned to death—a room in the barracks, where Jesus was stripped, and clothed in a scarlet robe, and the crown of thorns plaited and put upon His head, and the reed placed in His right hand, and where “they bowed the knee before Him, and mocked Him, saying, Hail, King of the Jews! and spit upon Him, and took the reed, and smote Him on the head.”

II. Place of the Scala Santa, where stood the flight of steps by which Jesus descended into the street, and where He was given the Cross to bear.

This staircase, which led to the judgment-hall, as we are told, was removed to the Basilica of St. John Lateran at Rome, by the Emperor Constantine, where it is used by the faithful as one of the principal “aids to devotion.”

III. Pilate saith unto them, “Behold the man!”

when Jesus came forth crowned with thorns and robed in purple. The Ecce Homo Arch, which extends over the Via Dolorosa, a few yards west of the barracks.

On the strength of this tradition, the Sisters of Zion, a French order of the Latin Church, have constructed a large and handsome monastery, to which one end of the arch extends.

Mr. Fergusson, the eminent English archæologist, informed me that this arch must have been constructed in the second century after Christ.

IV. Jesus falls the first time. Marked by a broken column at the corner of an old Turkish bath-house, just south of the newly-constructed Austrian Hospice.

Here the Via Dolorosa makes a sudden turn to the left, southward from the Austrian Hospice.

V. Jesus meets His mother, who swoons at the sight of her Son's suffering. At the south-west corner of the Armenian Catholic property, where a street leads up to the Pasha's house.

VI. Simon the Cyrenian compelled to bear the Cross. A stone, with a shallow cavity, in the wall on the south side of the street going up to the Judgment Gate.

Before reaching this station, the Via Dolorosa

describes an angle to the right, and here it becomes narrow and ascends a piece of rising ground, and tall houses stand on both sides with projecting latticed windows, which make the street dark and gloomy.

VII. Veronica wipes the face of Jesus. The house of St. Veronica in the same street.

A napkin, said to have been used for this purpose by St. Veronica, is exhibited to the faithful at Rome. It is said to bear the impress of the Saviour's features, in blood and sweat. According to the Latins, the Lady Veronica was an illustrious and pious woman, well known at the time of the Crucifixion.

VIII. Jesus falls the second time. The Judgment Gate.

IX. Jesus beholds the women weeping. Marked by a small aperture in the wall of the Greek Convent of St. Charalampes, west of the above gate.

This refers to the passage in St. Luke: "And there followed Him a great company of people, and of women which also bewailed and lamented Him. But Jesus turning to them said: Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me, but weep for yourselves and for your children."

X. Jesus falls the third time. A column on the ground beside the Coptic Convent, at the north-east corner of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre.

XI. Jesus stripped of his garments. A mark in the inside of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, on the pavement of the platform of Calvary, south side, before the window in face of the Chapel of the Agony.

The other stations which follow are all in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre.

XII. Jesus nailed to the Cross. A square of mosaic work in the pavement in Calvary, south side, in front of the Latin altar.

XIII. Place where the Cross was erected, and death of Jesus. An aperture where the Cross is said to have been planted, at the east end of Calvary, under the Greek altar.

XIV. Jesus taken down from the Cross. A place six or eight feet from the Greek altar.

XV. Sepulchre of Jesus.

The Christian Churches of the East have the same tradition as to the way over which the Cross was borne, but fewer stations :—

I. Jesus condemned. Place of the Scala Santa.

II. Pilate points out Jesus to the people. The Ecce Homo Arch.

III. Jesus falls with the Cross, and Simon the Cyrenian takes it up. The broken column south of the Austrian Hospice.

IV. Jesus leans against the wall overcome with suffering and fatigue. The cavity in the stone of the street going up to the Judgment Gate.

V. Jesus falls. A stone in the wall above the Judgment Gate.

Thus, the Eastern churches have but five, and the Latin Church fifteen stations on the Via Dolorosa. The stations of the Churches of the East were pointed out to me by an intelligent Armenian, born in Jerusalem, and familiar with the traditions of his own Church.

I have often wandered over the Via Dolorosa on my way to and from the Gate of St. Stephen, and thus became well acquainted with these different sites fixed by tradition. There seems to be no good reason for supposing that this was actually the road followed by our Saviour to Calvary. The ground really trodden by Jesus on His march to Golgotha was in places as much as forty feet below the surface of the present streets. Besides, the traditions differ.

Among the groups of pilgrims who visit and offer up prayers at each of the stations of the Via Dolorosa are to be seen intelligent-looking ladies and gentlemen from Europe, who appear to accept the story of each place without questioning its authenticity, as it is told them by one of the Franciscan monks, who

always accompany the Latin pilgrims about the Holy City.

Some of the more strong-minded of the pilgrims, who require a more intellectual food than the weak pabulum furnished by the monks, rather avoid the explanations and accounts of these spiritual teachers. They of the Latin Church who have temerity enough to reject the authority of the brown-robed fathers, are usually Frenchmen. To reject, in this case, is to be in a transitory state, for the rejector is soon anathematised and thrust out from the flock. If the man who hungered after strong meat were to stop here, it would be well for him; but unfortunately he is, in the spirit of retaliation, too apt to run to the other extreme, range himself among the followers of such men as Renan, and believe nothing.

The Latin Church demands too much of its members—it asks full-grown men to listen to, and believe, stories much better adapted for children in the nursery. It seems like an insult to a man's understanding to offer him the twaddle which is daily repeated in the Via Dolorosa.

The case is different with the mass of the pilgrims—the poor unlettered ignorant creatures, who press forward with pious zeal to touch and kiss the spots pointed out to them by their black- and brown-

robed instructors. Alas! they know no better. It is an impressive sight to see these pilgrims—men in stature, but dwarfed in mind—listening reverentially and with rapt attention, to the words which fall from the lips of a monk, as if they were pearls of great price; and then, when they have gathered in the marvellous account, making the sign of the Cross, and kneeling and kissing what to them is a sacred spot.

To return to the beginning of the Via Dolorosa: there is another traditionary spot, which, although it forms part of the History of the Way of the Cross, is not situated on the Via Dolorosa, but a little back from the street opposite to the Turkish barracks, inside the little Church of the Flagellation. The name of the church indicates what is said to have taken place here. "Then Pilate therefore took Jesus, and scourged him." The Jews also record Pilate's infamous act in the Talmud: "The senators had Jesus tied to a column of marble which was in the city and whipped, and a crown of thorns placed upon his head."

It appears that in that day the scourged were attached to a short column, about one and a half or two feet in height, by the hands. In this way they were compelled to bow down and receive the lashes

upon the naked body. The instrument of torture was several thongs attached together, with sharp pieces of lead or iron at the ends, and which Horace called *horribile flagellum*. The judges attended at the execution of the punishment, and as long as it lasted, the president, with a loud voice, read the part of Deuteronomy commencing with, "If thou wilt not observe to do all the words of this law that are written in this book," and finishing with the words of the Psalmist, "But the Lord, using mercy, pardoned their sins," &c.

The Church of the Flagellation is in the hands of the Franciscans, who show in it where the pillar stood to which Jesus was bound when scourged.

The gloomy arch, below where the Via Dolorosa begins, and a little west of the ruins of the Tower of Antonia, covers legendary ground. The legend is, that he who smote Jesus is confined underground in a solitary chamber, which he paces without ceasing since the Crucifixion, where he is continually striking his hands against the sides of his prison in remorse for his act against Jesus, and where he will thus continue to walk and suffer, until Jesus returns to judge mankind. This is another version of the Wandering Jew.

The Muslems tell the legend, which perhaps

originated with them. Through the ingenuity of Mohammed, they regard Jesus as one of the greatest of their prophets after Mohammed; hence they frequently upbraid the Jews for their cruelty towards Jesus.

The site of another legend, drawn from a parable, is where the Via Dolorosa descends toward the head of the Tyropean Valley, where a large stone with a corresponding cavity lies. This is called the Bowl of Lazarus. Here, according to the legend, the man of sores looked up to the abode of the rich man surrounded with plenty. The house of the rich man is occupied as a military hospital by the Turks.

The dragomans who accompany the travellers as cicerones along here often make sad work of sacred history. One day I heard one of them explaining to a knot of Englishmen, "that here, according to the Bible, was where the Apostle Lazarus sat hungry, while Dives, the rich man up there, was living on the best of every thing."

The legend of the Wandering Jew meets us in a more familiar form, near where stood the Judgment Gate, in a passage as dark as night, of which Damascus Street is a continuation. In this Plutonian thoroughfare is shown the house of the Wandering Jew. One of the early writers relates that while Jesus,

bearing the Cross, marched to Calvary, this Jew, in derision, struck him on the shoulder, and said :

“March faster.”

On which Jesus is said to have responded :

“I will ; but you shall remain until I return !”

Ever since that day this Jew has wandered over the earth, always marching without repose, and waiting for the return of Jesus. On this legend Eugène Sue founded his romance of the ‘Wandering Jew.’

CHAPTER XXI.

Dinner Table-talk at Hauser's Hotel—Discussion concerning the Identity of the Holy Sepulchre—Argument of the French Abbé in favour of the present Site—Argument of the New Englander against it—Observations of the Old Lady in Bombazine—Views of the French Priest—The Disciple of Fergusson—Still another theory—The Old Lady's conclusion—Closing remark of the Abbé—Weak part in the Yankee's reasoning.

I WHILED away my evenings very pleasantly in Jerusalem at Hauser's Hotel, in conversation with travellers, or in listening to their discussions about the sacred places. The identity of the Holy Sepulchre was usually the favourite topic. One evening particularly, as we were sitting down to dinner, this subject was discussed at some length. As I occupied a seat at the head of the table, I had a fair opportunity of seeing as well as hearing the disputants.

As an aid toward the better understanding of the remarks which follow, I here state the question. As is generally known, the place shown as the Holy

Sepulchre stands within the present walls of Jerusalem; but the present walls were erected subsequently to the time of the crucifixion. As we know from the Bible that Golgotha and the sepulchre lay outside of the ancient city, it must be shown that the present site of the sepulchre was also without the city. If the topographical evidence should not be sufficient for this, then it must be proved by historical evidence. The topographical solution is hinged upon where the second wall ran, which surrounded the city at the time of the crucifixion; the historical, upon the direct and consistent tradition which has come down to us.

A French abbé, who sat near the middle of the table, took ground in favour of the genuineness of the alleged site of the sepulchre, and mainly directed his remarks to a spectacled, sharp-visaged New Englander who sat opposite to him. He occupied himself chiefly with the historical evidence. He conversed with a pleasing well-modulated voice, and with a slight French accent. As near as I can recollect, the discussion was as follows:

You know, said he, that St. James the Less became the first Bishop of Jerusalem after the death of our Saviour. When the time came for fleeing from the Holy City, predicted by the Lord, Simon,

the bishop, led the Christians away from the doomed city beyond the Jordan, to allow the prophecy of Jesus to be fulfilled, and returned with them to take possession of the ruins (which the Roman general Titus left behind him in Jerusalem) and the sepulchre of our Saviour. The exodus of the Christians with the bishop Simon took place in the year 70, and they were probably absent but a few years from Jerusalem, for sixty-two years later we find that Adrian rebuilt the city, which was captured and held for three years by rebel Jews. During all the time of the Roman and Jewish rule the Christians were tolerated, and allowed to remain with their bishops in the Holy City. Even during the time of their temporary stay east of the Jordan, which is only eight or nine hours distant, doubtless many of those devout followers of Christ visited His tomb from time to time. Certainly, men who were afterwards martyred would not have been deterred from doing so by the danger of the journey; nor would such men forget the tomb of Him for whom they offered up their lives.

Adrian rebuilt the city and erected a statue of Jupiter on the site of the Temple, which was no more forgotten by the Jews than the sepulchre was.

by the Christians. In A.D. 136, the Emperor Adrian celebrated his vicennalia upon the twentieth year of his reign. It was a custom inaugurated by Augustus and Trajan, after reigning twenty years, to build or consecrate new cities, and change the names of old ones. At this time, Jerusalem being a Roman colonial city, was called Colonia *Ælia* Capitolina, from the name of the emperor, *Ælius* Adrianus, and the Jupiter Capitolinus, whose fane stood in the Temple. Roman influence seems to have become paramount, and paganism flourished as it did at Rome. Jupiter was made its patron god, and statues of Jupiter and Venus were erected on the places of the crucifixion and resurrection of our Lord. This shows that these sacred places were as well known to the Pagans as to Christians. The effort to destroy all traces of these places by planting Pagan images upon them only served to perpetuate them in the remembrance of all,—Christian, Jew, and Pagan.

There was a continuous line of thirteen bishops at Jerusalem, down to the reign of the Emperor Adrian, who were all converts from Judaism. It is probable that these men, with their flocks, offered up their prayers on the sites made memorable by

the sufferings and death of our Lord, which doubtless provoked the Romans to the erecting of the statues of Jupiter and Venus on these hallowed places.

Marcus, the sixteenth Bishop of Jerusalem, was the first of a series of Gentile bishops who followed him. Between ^{the} Marcus and Macarius, in the time of Constantine, there was an unbroken line of twenty-three bishops, who always lived at Jerusalem, where they were openly allowed to perform their devotions. The Jews, during a portion of this time, were not allowed to approach Jerusalem on pain of death, but the Christians were tolerated, except for a few years before the reign of Constantine. Among these twenty-three bishops were Narcissus, who was one of the presidents of the council held at Cesarea in A.D. 195, and Alexander, who founded a library which existed in the days of Eusebius. The calumniated Narcissus retired into the desert for many years; but during his voluntary exile, three bishops conjointly governed the Church at Jerusalem. Macarius was the bishop in A.D. 311, when Constantine ascended the throne. Up to the reign of this emperor, for nearly two centuries, the prohibition against the Jews visiting Jerusalem never was relaxed; thus the Jews, for

about three generations, completely lost sight of their Temple. No one thinks of accusing them now of not knowing where it once stood; yet many are found who charge the Christians,—intelligent people, moreover, enlightened by God's Holy Word,—who had an unbroken line of bishops for these three centuries, near Golgotha and the place of the sepulchre, two spots above all others dear to them, as I hope they are to us,—many are found, I say, who charge these Christians of that day with not knowing where these sacred places stood. Such a charge seems very like a reproach to these early Christians. To have forgotten the places where passed the last terrible scenes in the life of our Lord, is the next thing to forgetting the scenes themselves. In the minds of these pious men there must have been an inseparable association between the act and the place.

The Christians of Jerusalem were not the only Christians who were familiar with the sacred places about the Holy City. Four years after the beginning of the reign of Constantine, Eusebius, one of the early fathers of the Church, writes that the Christians of all lands yearned after the venerated places of the Holy Land, and came in great numbers to wet the soil with their tears. One of the most noted of the

early pilgrims was Alexander, who afterwards became Bishop of Jerusalem. Thus it will be seen that pilgrimages to the Holy Land were made before the reign of Constantine. Eusebius writes that they came up to Jerusalem from all the regions of the earth, to behold the fulfilment of prophecy in the destruction of the city, and to offer up their adorations on the places made holy by our Lord. Is it likely—is it *possible*, I ask, that these pious pilgrims should omit *that* spot sanctified by the blood, and the *other* by the resurrection of our Lord?

The abbé pronounced this question in an elevated tone, as he triumphantly looked around the table. He appeared as if he were in the pulpit. Looking sharply at the New Englander, he resumed :

When Constantine was converted to the true faith, Christianity became the public religion of the state. The emperor, aided by his pious mother, restored old Christian churches, and erected many new ones. One of the first cares of the emperor was to restore the tomb of our Lord from the condition of impurity in which it had been left by the Pagans. Eusebius was an eye-witness of the works done by the royal convert and his mother. This father, who was Bishop of Cesarea at the time, was present at the dedication of

the splendid church which the emperor erected over the Holy Sepulchre. Eusebius, an authority doubted by no Christian Church, states that impious men had used every effort to deliver over that illustrious monument to darkness and oblivion; had covered the sepulchre with earth from other parts, and then erected over it a sanctuary of Venus, in which to celebrate the impure rites and worship of that goddess; that the emperor caused all these obstructions and impurities to be removed and the Holy Sepulchre purified. The emperor was not content with destroying the temple of idolatry which desecrated the spot, but founded in its stead a magnificent church around and over the Holy Sepulchre. Constantine, in a letter to Macarius, Bishop of Jerusalem, charges him with the erection of the building, and instructs him to see that it be one of the most beautiful edifices in the world, and enters into particulars about the workmen and money necessary for the carrying out of the project—details which form the matter-of-fact portion of the letter.

Eusebius says that the project contained in this letter was followed by a prompt execution; and shortly after, near the sepulchre of the Saviour, stood a new Jerusalem, opposite to the ancient, whose ruin

God had permitted for the wickedness of its inhabitants. The emperor thus placed a trophy before the old walls, to preserve the memory of the victory won by the Saviour over that death which the impious old city had made Him suffer. The same writer enters into all the particulars of this temple of the Saviour's tomb—of its ornaments, columns, form, galleries, and general splendour. One may imagine the joy with which the Christians hailed the Holy Sepulchre thus adorned.

But *how* did they find the sepulchre? said the Transatlantic neighbour.

The Christians knew the spot well, although covered with the earth and impurities, answered the abbé. The sepulchre itself was not visible, but the place where it was entombed was known to Jews as well as to Christians about Jerusalem. Thus, when the desire of the Christian emperor was made known, the Christians of Jerusalem had but to point to the place, and the Holy Sepulchre was at once discovered. The Evangelist tells us that the place in which Jesus was laid was near Calvary. There was no other sepulchre near Golgotha except the one called the Tomb of Joseph of Arimathea, which is farther from Calvary than that of Jesus, and has several

niches. The Tomb of Jesus has but one. St. John says: 'Now in the place where He was crucified there was a garden, and in the garden a new sepulchre, wherein was man never yet laid.' Thus there were but two tombs near Calvary, one of which had several niches, and the other but one, which was obviously that of our Lord. Besides these proofs, there is another: the temples and statues which the Pagans had erected on Calvary and over the sepulchre remained where they were planted until the time of Constantine—a period of 180 years. The pious mother of Constantine (Helena) herself, at the advanced age of eighty, made a pilgrimage to the Holy City, to assist in the execution of her son's orders. The dedication of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre was celebrated in the year 335, and was called Martyrium, as we are told by Cyril, one of the bishops of Jerusalem. It took six years to build this church; and its dedication was celebrated with extraordinary pomp, by an immense concourse of Christians who had assembled from all parts. Eusebius gives a detailed account of what was done in honour of the monument of the Saviour's suffering and death—accounts which were confirmed by truthful men of that age, such as Bishop Cyril, of Jerusalem; the Bishop of Tyre, Jerome, and

others. A constant stream of pilgrims poured into the Holy Land down to the time of the Crusade, many of whom have testified to seeing and believing in the identity of the Holy Sepulchre. Indeed, amongst all those who visited and wrote in reference to it during this period, not one can be found who raised the question of identity. That it was the true sepulchre of our Lord was a fact patent to the minds of all. Even that sceptical and cautious historian Gibbon was obliged to admit that the Christians had found the scene of this memorable event by an *undoubted* tradition.

In 637, the khaliph Omar became master of Jerusalem; but the Christians were still allowed to hold and worship in their churches. This privilege was extended to them during the four centuries which followed. During the tenth century the Church of the Holy Sepulchre was set on fire, and the last time John, the patriarch, perished in the conflagration. The khaliph Hakim, instigated by the Jews, commanded the church to be destroyed, and the order was carried out by a governor of Ramleh; but it was rebuilt only thirty-seven years after, under the auspices of Constantine IX., the Greek Emperor.

About this time the number of pilgrims who visited Jerusalem largely increased, and was composed of all ranks and classes. Single pilgrims, with staff and scrip, wending their way to the Holy City in little squads, begging alms as they passed along, were swallowed up in the tide of common people; noblemen and princes, the latter often accompanied by a large retinue of armed followers, who flocked into the East. Many of them then, like the Jews of the present day, desired to lay their bones in the Holy Land. These pilgrimages were not confined to the men—high-born ladies endured the hardships of the journey for the highly-valued privilege of visiting the sacred places about Jerusalem. These pilgrimages were a source of revenue to the Muslim, who demanded then a backshish at the gate, as an entrance-fee to the Holy City, as he does now.

When the Crusaders entered the Holy City, in 1099, continued the abbé, looking hard at his neighbour across the table, they taught the people of this present age of intellectual pride a lesson in humility. Headed by the brave and pious Sir Godfrey, they repaired to the Holy City, barefooted and without arms—not in the spirit of criticism, but of humble

piety—to offer up their devotions. About a century after the Crusaders had taken possession of Jerusalem, the conquering Saladin compelled them to abandon it. Under this renowned Saracenic chieftain, all the churches of Jerusalem were turned into mosques, except that of the sepulchre, where four Latin priests were allowed to remain in *quasi* possession. Saladin was counselled by some of the most fanatical Mohammedans to effectually destroy the church, as a means of stopping the numerous pilgrimages to Jerusalem; but it was not done, for Saladin, and the more intelligent of his followers, well knew that it was not the church, but the Tomb and Calvary, which attracted the pilgrims. Toward the middle of the thirteenth century, taking advantage of a discord which prevailed among the Muslems, the Christians reëntered the Holy City and repaired all its churches. They had scarcely completed this work of reparation when they were driven out again by a horde of barbarians from the east country, who profaned and injured the Temple of the sepulchre as only barbarians could. Still, as a whole, it escaped destruction, although ravaged and pillaged to the last degree, and was repaired, as usual, by the ever-watchful Christians. In the latter part of the fifteenth

century, Philip, duke of Burgundy, having obtained a firman from the Sultan, renewed the church entire. At the beginning of the seventeenth century, it was restored by two patriarchs. The last time it was restored, previous to the fire of 1808, was in the year 1719. This fire was supposed to have been the work of an incendiary, which, however, did no great damage to the building.

I have thus briefly related some of the incidents, pursued the abbé, connected with the history of this sepulchre, from the time it received the remains of our Lord down to the present day, to show how the place was known to, and occupied the minds of, all Christians. If any man were told that the facts related by any respectable profane historian were substantially untrue, he would not hesitate to reject such a charge as being ridiculous and unfounded; yet the testimony of pious historians with regard to the Holy Sepulchre, which many of them saw, is rejected as false by some of the sceptical minds of this age. This is done in what is called the spirit of rationalism. If the veracity of holy men is thus to be brought in question with impunity, it requires no prophet's ken to tell how it will end; if the character of the Fathers of the Church is not safe from the spirit of rationalism, is there not danger that their teacher, Jesus

Christ himself, may be attacked and robbed of His divinity? From doubting to denying the descent is easy—alas, too easy!

We have negative as well as positive evidence with regard to the site of the Holy Sepulchre; no other spot has ever been even hinted at as being the site; amongst all the writers, from the earliest Christian era down to the present age, no tradition, however wild, has ever alluded to any other spot on which the Saviour's monument could have stood.—(The abbé evidently had not seen Mr. Fergusson's book on this subject.)

Here the abbé brought his remarks to a close. In the warmth of argument he had neglected his dinner, and at once proceeded to make up for lost time by attacking the wing of a chicken, with perhaps more ardour than he had attacked the non-believers in the sepulchre's identity.

A worthy old lady in bombazine, who sat near the lower end of the table, appeared to have been much edified by the abbé's remarks, and observed that it was just the way their parson Mr. Jowler talked, who was admired of the whole parish, and who never ate meat on Friday, except now and then a bit of spring lamb for his stomach's sake; he usually managed to restrain the carnal appetite so as to dispense with

even this, and get through the day on a few dozen natives, vegetables, stilton, and a few bottles of something strengthening; he was a pattern of a parson, was Mr. Jowler—his discourses were so convincing—particularly those on restraining the carnal appetite.

The old lady, from the manner in which she dined, showed that she had rather profited by Mr. Jowler's example than his precept.

The New Englander, who had been strengthening the inner man during the remarks of the abbé, waited until the old lady had gotten through with her edifying observations concerning the respected Mr. Jowler, and proceeded to reply. Said he:

You have not touched upon the topographical, but have confined yourself to what you consider the historical evidence in favour of the present site of the sepulchre. After examining the question in a topographical point of view, I propose considering it in the way in which you have presented it.

All that we can gather from the Bible in reference to the situation of the sepulchre in which our Lord was laid is comprised in a few lines: 'It was without the gates, nigh to the city, at a place called Golgotha, situated in a garden, and was a new tomb, hewn out of the rock, in which man had never lain.' This is all the scriptural aid we have in searching for

the sepulchre. But with this information before us, meagre as it is, we are naturally much surprised when the so-called sepulchre of our Lord is pointed out to us in the heart of the city.

If it can be shown, as you know, that this sepulchre lay without the ancient city—that is, outside of the second wall referred to by Josephus—then there is a basis for your argument; but if it can be made clear that the spot of the present sepulchre was enclosed by the second wall of the ancient city, then, sir, really there is but little left for you to stand upon.

Let us begin by examining the course of the second wall, upon which is hinged the destiny of your sepulchre. The description of this wall by Josephus is brief. He says: ‘The second wall had its beginning from the gate called Gennath belonging to the first wall; and, encircling only the track on the north, it extended quite to Antonia.’ The third wall also began at the Gate Gennath, and swept around to the north by the Tombs of the Kings; but with this wall we have nothing to do. Let us fix the site of this gate as near as we can. Gennath means ‘garden,’ and the inference is that it opened out into a garden—hence was called the Garden Gate. We know that the gate stood near the Tower of Hippicus, which remains until this day, and that this

tower also marked the beginning of the second wall. The gate must have been east of Hippicus—for the third, or outer wall began here—but not far, as Zion was high and steep in this direction, as we are told by Josephus. From the nature of the ground, it seemed the most likely place for a gateway leading out of the city, at this part of the wall. The Gate Gennath being found near the Tower of Hippicus, we have the starting-point of the second wall.

In examining the course of the second wall we are guided by the following points:—The Gate Gennath, the remains of a gate recognised as belonging to the second wall of the ancient city, near the present Damascus Gate, and the old Tower of Antonia, or what is left of it.

In tracing the course of the wall by these points I take the liberty of quoting you an extract from the researches of the learned Dr. Robinson, said the New Englander, producing a volume: ‘In regard to the first portion of the wall, as far as to the Damascus Gate, the view recently brought forward is, that beginning at a point in the old wall on Zion, south of the western bazaar, it ran along that bazaar northwards, and so on a direct course to the Damascus Gate. But, to say nothing here of the Gate Gennath, this new hypothetical course of the second

wall is liable in a still stronger degree to all the objections urged against the earlier view. It proposes a direct line, while the language of Josephus requires a circuitous course. It leaves the Pool of Hezekiah outside of the lower city. It reduces the whole space included here within the second wall to a narrow strip or parallelogram of less than three hundred and fifty yards in width, being only a few yards broader than the present Haram area. Such a space would be far too confined to accord either with probability or with any of the historical representations of ancient Jerusalem, and would also present a form most singular and unaccountable in any city. And, still further, this wall, built for defence, would thus be carried along midway upon a declivity, so as to be overlooked and commanded on the west by higher ground in every part.'

We have seen too, above, that the monument of John stood between the second and outer wall, so near to each as to mark the point of attack on both; a circumstance incompatible with a course of the second wall along the bazaars. To all this we may add, that the true position of the Gate Gennath, as above determined, is of itself fatal to the whole hypothesis.

But we are not left to mere hypothesis. We have some definite data, though comparatively few. We

have already seen that the second wall, beginning from the gate near Hippicus, ran northwards near to the monument of John, and of course on the west of the pool. Again, in an angle of the present wall, near the Latin Convent, 'are the remains of a wall, built of large hewn and bevelled stones, and near by are blocks so large, that we at first took them to be the natural rock, but which, on closer examination, appear to have been bevelled, though now dislocated. An unusual proportion of the stones in the present wall between the north-west corner of the city and the Damascus Gate, as also of those in the adjacent buildings, are ancient and bevelled; and we could hardly resist the impression, that this had been nearly the course of some ancient wall.' Farther down towards the Damascus Gate, we ourselves examined the remains of what appears to have been an ancient wall, connected perhaps with the wall of the Middle Ages. Still nearer towards the gate, and for about three hundred feet west of it, Dr. Wilson remarks 'that the wall, for some extent above its foundation, bears in the magnitude and peculiarity of its stones the evidence of great antiquity,' and he refers this portion to the ancient second wall. We thus find the second wall running from near Hippicus northwards to the monument of John; and again, we find traces of an

ancient wall running from the Damascus Gate, which was in the second wall, to a point near the Latin Convent. There can be little question but that these traces are those of the second wall. To fill up the interval between the monument of John and the Latin Convent requires but a comparatively short reach of wall, and there is little room for theory or imagination. According to this general view, the course of the second wall followed nearly the street which leads northwards from the citadel to the Latin Convent, deflecting perhaps a little on the east or on the west of that street; while from the convent to the Damascus Gate, it lay along or near the course of the present city wall. The course thus proposed for the second wall answers to the description of Josephus, that it 'encircled only the tract on the north;' meaning perhaps the tract adjacent to Zion, in distinction from the much wider tract encompassed by the third wall. We thus have also the required circuitous course. In this way too the language of Josephus becomes appropriate, when narrating the siege of Jerusalem by Antiochus Pius (Sidetes), about B.C. 130, long before the building of Agrippa's wall. He there speaks of the tract on the northern part of the wall as a plain; and here Antiochus erected a hundred towers against the city. The course of the

second wall from the Damascus Gate to Antonia has attracted much less attention. According to my view, the wall probably ran from the Damascus Gate, as now, to the highest point of Bezetha, and thence southerly along the crown of the ridge to Antonia. Such a course is elucidated by a reference to the ancient wall and castle of Smyrna. The piers of the arch *Ecce Homo*, if regarded as ancient, may once have had some connection with such a wall.

We know that ten years after the crucifixion, pursued the New Englander, laying aside the volume, Agrippa erected a wall far beyond the limits of the present city, to protect the populous suburbs which lay outside of the ancient city. These suburbs could scarcely have sprung up in ten years, but doubtless existed before the time of the crucifixion. Thus, if we were to entertain the view of the believers in the present site, that the Saviour was put to death and interred just outside of the ancient city, it would necessarily have fallen within these extensive suburbs, where it is scarcely probable that an execution could have taken place in a garden near two tombs, particularly as the ancients did not have their tombs near their habitations.

I hold, then, that the hypothesis which makes the second wall exclude the so-called sepulchre of our

Lord is untenable, on topographical grounds, and that consequently the alleged Holy Sepulchre is not the true one.

Here the New Englander paused a few moments to dispose of some Jerusalem mutton, which requires both time and patience to masticate.

The old lady took advantage of this pause to remark that the question in hand had absorbed the attention of Mr. Jowler, who had preached some overpowering sermons thereon. She was sorry she had not these sermons with her, as they certainly would have thrown much light on the question.

Presently the New Englander resumed, still directing his remarks to the abbé across the table.

Now, sir, let us look at the traditionary testimony brought forward as an argument in support of the authenticity of the alleged Holy Sepulchre. I shall not attempt to give the entire history of this tomb, but simply advert to some facts in connection therewith, which, in my opinion, invalidate its claims to authenticity.

It is asserted that the earliest Christians were aware of the locality of the sepulchre. This is possible; but it is singular, if such was the case, that Paul, the contemporary of the Saviour, who lived for thirty-five years after His death, during which he

visited Jerusalem more than once, never once alludes in all his writings to any knowledge of the whereabouts of the sepulchre. The Apostle John, who wrote his gospel sixty or seventy years after the crucifixion, does not refer to its locality, or indicate that it was known to any of the Christians. The inference seems to be, that if he and St. Paul *did* know of the sepulchre, they thought that the interests of Christianity would be best served by allowing it to be forgotten.

The entire destruction of this part of the city in the year 70, it is probable, obliterated all traces of particular spots, especially to the Christians who had previously fled to Pella, beyond the Jordan, and the time of whose return is unknown. It is generally supposed that they did not return before the time of Adrian, who rebuilt the city in 132. From this period down to the time of Constantine their history presents little more than a blank. They inhabited the Holy City only by sufferance, and it is not likely that they were permitted to perpetuate the memory of sacred places by any mark or monument. Between Adrian and Constantine's time twenty-three bishops of Jerusalem are spoken of, but scarcely any thing is known of them. One of them, Narcissus, it is claimed, wrought miracles. About three hundred

years after the crucifixion, Eusebius was the first who wrote about the sepulchre, and he describes it as being discovered in a miraculous manner, through the agency of the Emperor Constantine, who had received a divine admonition in reference thereto. Although Eusebius had been writing for ten years before this alleged discovery, he made no allusion to the Holy Sepulchre whatever. Eusebius was the only witness who tells us about this finding of the sepulchre, and for seventy years after the alleged event we hear nothing more about it from any one. The Bordeaux Pilgrim, in A.D. 333, and Cyril, a deacon under Macarius, who afterward became bishop of Jerusalem, say nothing of this discovery, nor the sepulchre. Eusebius, for several years before the alleged finding, wrote of the crowds of pilgrims who flocked to Jerusalem to offer up their devotions at the cave of the nativity at Bethlehem, and at the place of the ascension on the Mount of Olives, but never mentions that they visited the place of the sepulchre. It seems altogether probable that if this father had known of the Saviour's tomb, or its traditionary site, he would have spoken of it, since he writes of other sacred places less important. The single witness, Eusebius, goes on to say, that after the Council of Nicea, A.D. 325, the Emperor Constantine became

desirous of 'performing a glorious work in Palestine, by adorning and rendering sacred the place of our Lord's resurrection; for hitherto impious men, or rather the whole race of demons through their instrumentality, had made every effort to deliver over that illustrious monument to darkness and oblivion.' And he considered the finding of it 'beyond all hope.' The Emperor, in a like spirit, writes to Macarius that the discovery of 'the monument of the Saviour's most sacred passion, which for so long a time had been hidden under ground,' was 'a miracle beyond the capacity of man sufficiently to celebrate or men to comprehend.' These are the words of the royal convert himself which I use. Now, the clearing away of dirt or rubbish for the purpose of finding something that was known to be in a certain spot, cannot by any stretch of the imagination be regarded as a miracle. Both Eusebius and the emperor attribute the discovery to supernatural agency, and not to any tradition which existed as to the tomb. The disposition to exaggeration was the characteristic of the age, as is well seen in the accounts of Constantine and Eusebius.

Permit me here, sir, to read you a little extract from the learned Dr. Robinson on this point: 'Great stress is laid upon the circumstance first reported by

Eusebius, that the same ‘impious men,’ after covering over the sepulchre with earth, had built upon it ‘a dark retreat or cavern for the lascivious demon Venus.’ Nothing is here intimated as to the time of its construction. Jerome, some seventy years after the discovery, places a marble statue of Venus on the ‘rock of the cross’ or Golgotha, and an image of Jupiter on the place of the resurrection, and affirms that they had been upon the spot from the time of Adrian. There is here a discrepancy between this account and that of Eusebius; and the Latin father must be in the wrong, for Eusebius was an eye-witness, and Jerome was not. The historians of the next century too adopt the account of Eusebius, and say nothing of Adrian in this connection. What, then, is the amount of all this testimony? Why, simply just what I have formerly stated, that writers *ex post facto* have mentioned such a temple or idol as standing, not over the sepulchre *known of old* as that of Christ, but over the spot *fixed upon by Constantine* as that sepulchre. There is no reason to doubt that a temple and idol stood upon that spot; but this fact in itself has no bearing to show that the place was the true sepulchre. Indeed, the two parts of the argument are inconsistent with each other. If the pagan temple had thus actually marked the place of

the sepulchre as a 'lasting record' from the days of Adrian, or for any period of time, then this site was a definite and well-known spot. Yet, according to Eusebius and the later writers, the sepulchre had been consigned to utter oblivion, and its discovery was the result of a divine warning, accompanied by diligent inquiry.

In respect to what is usually and appropriately termed the *invention* of the true Cross, which historians of that and the next century narrate as part and parcel of the discovery of the sepulchre, the advocates of tradition seem at present disposed to say as little as possible. As to the Cross, Eusebius is silent. Yet in less than twenty years we find Cyril, and afterwards Jerome, speaking of its existence as a public and well-known fact; and such, not improbably, is the import of the epistle of Constantine. So that I may still say, as before, that there is hardly any fact in history better accredited than this *alleged* discovery of the true Cross. The discovery of the sepulchre and the discovery of the Cross belong historically and appropriately together.

As some of our friends here, pursued the New Englander, may not be acquainted with the story of the Cross, I will briefly narrate it, to show with what caution we should receive the accounts of that age.

Helena, inspired by heaven, sought out the Cross in the eastern part of Calvary. On this spot kneeled the empress, and prayed, very much in the same style that Eusebius wrote: 'Here is the place of the combat; but where is the sign of the victory? I seek the standard of safety, and find it not. What! I am on the throne, and the Cross of Christ is hidden in the dust! I dwell in the palace, and the instrument of triumph is interred in the ruins. How shall I believe that I am redeemed if the sign of the redemption is sealed from all eyes? Demon, evil spirit, it is thou who hidest the powerful sword which smote thee. . . . Let these ruins be taken away, in order that the source of life may appear; let the light of day fall upon that scimeter which beheaded the veritable Goliath; let the bosom of the earth open, that the instrument of safety may shine before all eyes! Father of lies, thou hidest the holy wood in the hope of still vanquishing us. But Mary overcame thee; she brought into the world the victor, and, without ceasing to be a virgin, she became the mother of Him who subjugated thee from the height of the Cross. Thus shalt thou be vanquished again to-day; another woman shall unveil thy snares!'

The workmen, who laboured with saintly ardour, at length found at the bottom of a deep grotto three

crosses, the title, the lance, and the nails. As the title or tablet which Pilate had written was detached, the Cross of the Saviour could not be recognised. The empress consulted Bishop Macarius, who ordered public prayers to be said, in order that the true Cross might be identified. Then it appears that the empress, under the spiritual guidance of the bishop, proceeded with the three crosses to the house of a dying woman in Jerusalem. The bishop approaching the bed of the person, who it is said was at death's door, knelt down and prayed. The invocation to the throne of grace finished thus: 'Make known to us in an obvious manner which of these three crosses bore the Saviour, and permit that this expiring woman may come back to life from the gates of death, as soon as the salutary wood shall have touched her.'

The bishop touched her with the three crosses, one after another. No sooner did the last one come in contact with the dying woman, than she sprang to her feet, instantaneously cured, and ran about the house glorifying God, as well as ever she was in her life.

The same day Macarius met a corpse that a great crowd accompanied to the cemetery. He commanded those who bore the body to stop, and touched it with the two crosses without effect—those which were found ineffective in the case of the dying woman.

But as soon as he touched the dead man with the Cross of the Saviour, he, like another Lazarus, was raised from the dead.

What is more miraculous than the story itself is, that intelligent men are found in this age who are gullible enough to swallow such stuff!

The spectacled eyes here looked quite sternly across the table at the abbé, who seemed about to venture some kind of explanation, when the old lady made a remark or two. She remembered that Mr. Jowler had found a cross in their parish, near the ruins of an abbey, which was the theme of another overpowering sermon the following Sunday. If she remembered rightly, Mr. Jowler had not touched any sick or dead people with his cross, but she would suggest the experiment on her return home, and should it be attended with success, they might reasonably conclude that one of the saints was crucified on Mr. Jowler's cross.

No one expressing a dissent to the conclusion of the old lady, the New Englander resumed:

From this muddy source comes down to us the traditionary stream of the finding of the sepulchre; for the two stories are from the same puddle. The witnesses of the one are the witnesses of the other. Can the testimony of men be received, I ask, in re-

ference to the site of the sepulchre, who relate the pious fraud of the invention of the Cross, nearly as I have given it to you?

Thus we have seen that the probabilities are, from the contemporaneous history of the sepulchre of Constantine, that no traditions were connected with it previous to his time to show where the site stood. Suppose, for the sake of argument, that the emperor or his mother were directed in the selection of the site of the sepulchre by a tradition; we know from the shifting tradition, for instance, of the scene of St. Stephen's martyrdom, that this kind of testimony should be received with caution; according to an early tradition, which had its tardy birth three and a half centuries after the martyr's death, he was killed without the Damascus Gate. The spot was then discovered by revelation in the dream of a certain priest, thrice repeated. Directed by this revelation, the bones of the martyr were found on the ground of the lapidation, and the discovery, of course, was accompanied by the usual signs—'the earth quaked, a fragrant odour filled the air, and several sick persons were healed!' The tradition which located the scene of the martyrdom not far from the Damascus Gate held good for about a thousand years, and was invariably believed by the faithful.

But in the fourteenth century the church and convent, which had been erected over the site, having disappeared, the place of the saint's martyrdom migrated in a most unaccountable manner from near Damascus Gate around to the Valley of Jehoshaphat, just opposite to the Gate of St. Stephen, its present site. The old tradition now has been completely lost sight of in the new. Another instance of the changing of places is afforded in that of the Gate of St. Stephen. The Damascus Gate was formerly called St. Stephen's Gate; but imitating the example of the site of the martyrdom, also migrated around to the place it at present occupies. This journey became necessary, in order that the new tradition of the spot of the martyrdom might be propped up and made to hold good.

And this is the character of the testimony that is adduced in support of the genuineness of the present site of the sepulchre, in opposition to definite topographical evidence which I have already produced. There are points of analogy between the accounts of the place of the martyrdom of St. Stephen and the place of the holy sepulchre. Both were marked with splendid churches and convents, and both were considered as true beyond question by popes, bishops, clergy, and laity. As Robinson observes: 'Here

then we have two like traditions, of high and almost equal antiquity, attested in like manner by the acknowledgment of sovereigns and councils, and the erection of splendid churches, and both moving on together with equal credit and like undoubting faith for more than a thousand years. Why should it be, that at the end of this period the one should be dropped, and the other continue with increasing pretensions? What element of testimony is wanting in the one as compared with the other? Yet so it is, that after ten centuries the one tradition comes to an end, while the other still exists for five centuries more; and this fact of its continuance is now urged as a high claim to be received with an undoubting faith. Can five additional centuries add strength to the original evidence? Is this latter now better attested? Is it more clear, more consistent, more convincing than it was five hundred years ago?

In the pause which here ensued, the New Englander looked around on his convives with an expression which might have been translated into 'There now, what do you think of that? Have I not effectually disposed of our friend here?'

The old lady observed that her own experience, as well as that of the esteemed Mr. Jowler, tended to confirm what the gentlemen had just said with respect

to the unreliability of traditions. A case in point was of a ghost, which, according to a tradition among the servants, used to appear at night in a certain part of her dwelling, where the cream was kept, and which turned out to be a great white cat. Since then she had never had much confidence in traditions—or cats either. Her opinion was shared in by Mr. Jowler.

The accounts of the sepulchre, continued the American, are inconsistent. Eusebius, the contemporary and eye-witness, in speaking of the tomb, attributes its discovery entirely to Constantine; he nowhere in any way, however remote, indicates that Helena, the mother of the emperor, had any thing to do with it; nor does he intimate that she had any more to do with the building of the church over it—he ascribes all to the emperor. The Bordeaux pilgrim of A.D. 333, who visited Jerusalem just after the dedication of the Church of the Sepulchre, like Eusebius, attributes all to Constantine, without the faintest allusion to any part which the empress took in the matter. Cyril, who speaks of preaching in the Church of the Sepulchre erected by Constantine, also attributes the finding of the cross to the emperor. And Jerome, in writing of the Lady Paula's pilgrimage to the Holy City, says that she prostrated herself before the cross; but neither he nor Cyril allude to Helena having any

thing to do with the finding of the cross, or the building of the church over the sepulchre.

The writers of the following century, however, give a different account to that of Eusebius, the pilgrim of Bordeaux, Cyril, and Jerome. As time rolled on, the name of Helena began to be used in connection with the invention of the cross, the discovery of the sepulchre, and the building of the church over it. According to the writers of her time, and shortly after, Helena only founded two churches, strictly speaking—one on the Mount of Olives, and the other at Bethlehem—though she doubtless also aided in the erection of that of the sepulchre, in acting as the agent of her son Constantine. But we find in the traditions of the fourteenth century no less than thirty churches ascribed to her in the Holy Land. In such conflicting accounts, who are we to believe—the writers of the fourteenth, or those of the fourth century? Which tradition must the searcher after truth accept—the earlier or the later? Can a reasonable man be expected to believe either, unsupported by some other more reliable evidence?

As to the regular succession of bishops from St. James to the time of Adrian, of which you spoke, there seems to be no well-authenticated account.

The single authority about this alleged regular succession is Eusebius, who states distinctly that what he wrote with regard to the bishops of this succession was gathered from report, and not from any document that he was able to find. In short, his account was drawn from a traditionary source, from which, as we have found, truth does not always flow.

It is claimed that heathen temples were erected by Adrian in A.D. 135 over the place of the sepulchre and on Golgotha, and that these spots were thus marked until the time of Constantine. If there were no doubts about the claim thus put forward, it would go far toward settling this important question. Let us glance at the testimony which supports it. We find that Eusebius is the first and principal witness, who writes after the death of Constantine that a temple of Venus had been erected over the sepulchre by impious men before Constantine, but says nothing of Adrian. The writers of the following century, taking their cue from Eusebius, in a like manner make the same statement. But about sixty years later than Eusebius, another witness appears, who begins to vary the account—no less a personage than Jerome, who writes that an idol stood upon the spot *from the time of Adrian*—an image of Jupiter; the marble statue of Venus he placed upon Golgotha.

Here the accounts differ, for Eusebius expressly affirms that the statue of Venus marked the place of the sepulchre. Subsequent writers have followed in the footsteps of Jerome, and presented the case after his fashion.

The conflicting accounts of these heathen temples, then, I do not think can be received as evidence in fixing the site down to the time of Constantine.

The testimony altogether presented in favour of the authenticity of the site of the alleged Holy Sepulchre is of such a doubtful character, composed as it is of varying traditions and discrepant statements of credulous bishops and fathers, or a pious old dotting empress, that my judgment rejects the whole of it as unworthy of belief.

The New Englander here brought his remarks to a close, and picking up his knife and fork, resumed his prandial occupation.

The old lady thought that scarcely any thing was to be believed nowadays—the world was so given to lying. Many people in their parish, who called themselves respectable members of society—she would not mention names—were wofully addicted to this vice. For her part, she could not see the difference between telling untruthful traditions, and drawing the long bow.

She informed the New Englander that what he said about the sepulchre was correct beyond a doubt. Mr. Jowler himself could not have done it better.

The New Englander said that it was gratifying to him to know that his views met with her approval.

A French priest who sat alongside of the abbé remarked to the New Englander:

I perceive you are an admirer of Robinson, your fellow-countryman, who has without doubt written rather a remarkable book on the Holy Land; but his weak side is not properly understanding Josephus. If he had only mastered the Jewish historian, his ideas of the topography of Jerusalem would have been very different. It is a great pity that he should have wasted his time and talents in revolving around the question, instead of hitting the nail on the head, by studying Josephus and taking him for his guide. Nothing like Josephus, sir, for getting at the root of this topographical question. I have taken great pains to get at the meaning of this writer. I have, sir, gotten over the difficulty about the situation of the mounts of Jerusalem through Josephus. I place, sir, said he, impressively, as if he expected the convives to be startled at the information,—I place Mount Akra upon the so-called Hill of Ophel, outside and to the south of the present city. The present alleged Akra

is, by some stupendous blundering, put in the extreme northern part of the city, instead of where it ought to be, on the so-called Hill of Ophel. On my return to Paris I intend elaborating this idea in a book, for the benefit of the Christian world. When my book appears, I hope the topographical question of Jerusalem will be settled for ever, especially as regards Mount Akra.

Another said to the abbé: You support the views of Chateaubriand and Williams, both of poetical tendencies. Pretty writing, without facts and figures, has little weight in deciding the identity of the Holy Sepulchre. Tropes and metaphors, in a matter-of-fact question of this kind, are like the fifth wheel to a waggon. Chateaubriand, with his poetic ideas always uppermost, is notoriously incorrect; and Williams is not far behind him. If you really want light on this subject, Fergusson is the man for you. He is the only full man who has written upon the sepulchre. Now, if Robinson had only known something about stones, his book would have been all that one could desire. Fergusson's speciality is stones. He has discovered that the Holy Sepulchre is really on the spot now known erroneously as the Dome of the Rock, in the so-called Mosque of Omar. He proves, sir, in the most incontrovertible manner, that this is

the site. I believe, if men would take the trouble to read his arguments, the question would be set at rest for ever.

Gentlemen, said another, I think none of you have yet fixed upon the genuine site of the Holy Sepulchre. I think, if you will examine the question closely, you will find that it is situated some distance to the north-west of the city. The Holy Sepulchre is really, according to my opinion, on the spot erroneously called the Tomb of Helena, or Tomb of the Kings. As soon as I return to London, it is my intention to develop the idea at length in a book, for the benefit of the Christian world.

Thus the convives were all willing to teach, but none to learn; and each one seemed more convinced that he was right than ever, after the discussion. The old lady, however, was an exception. She said that, after all she had heard, seeking the whereabouts of the Holy Sepulchre was like looking for a needle in a haystack.

As Chateaubriand has observed, said the abbé, the first travellers were fortunate; they were not obliged to enter into critical disquisitions—first, because they found in their readers religion, which never disputes with the truth; second, all the world felt that the only way to see a country such as it is, is to see

it with its traditions and souvenirs. In going through the Holy Land, the traveller must carry his Bible with him. If he wishes to take with him a spirit of contention and chicanery, it is not worth his trouble to take so long a journey. What would one say of a man who ran through Greece and Italy, and occupied himself only in contradicting Homer and Virgil? Yet that is the way people travel nowadays—plainly an effect of our *amour-propre*—wishing to pass ourselves off as clever when we are only disdainful.

I thought the abbé had not handled the question as cleverly as the man from the other side of the Atlantic. To the topographical argument, on which the latter had laid so much stress—the remains of the second wall, for instance—the abbé had not answered. Considering that there are only two savants who pretend to the discovery of the course of the second wall, amongst all those who have examined the ground, and that these two had pet theories to maintain by such a discovery, there is certainly not sufficient ground for believing their statement of the case. No discoveries have been made, so far, in my opinion, which indicate, let alone determine, the course of the second wall. Yet the Yankee made this appear the strongest part of his argument, when, in reality, it was the weakest. Nothing like putting an assertion

forth roundly, as if it were an accepted fact. This the Transatlantic convive had done effectively.

As to the historical evidence, I thought the abbé had the advantage over his opponent.

Like my companions in reference to this question, my opinion remained unchanged. I arose from the table still believing the present site of the Holy Sepulchre to be the true one.

CHAPTER XXII.

Church of the Holy Sepulchre—The Franciscans making their Stations—Members of the Church of England forming part of the Procession—Chapel of the Apparition—Prison of Jesus—Tablet of the Cross—Division of the Garments—Chapel of Helena—Invention of the Cross—Calvary—Notre Dame des Douleurs—Tradition of the Virgin Mother—Stone of Unction—Head of Adam—Tomb of Christian Kings—Holy Sepulchre—Believers and Doubters.

THE reader, after finishing the previous chapter, is doubtless ready to hear something about the appearance of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre—the so-called, as the New Englander would express it.

Descending a broad easy flight of steps, crowded with priests and pilgrims, we stand in a large open paved court in front of the church. On the well-swept pavement before the building are exposed for sale, on bright-coloured mats, different kinds of trinkets, but composed chiefly of crosses and rosaries. The vendors are chiefly Bethlehem women, who are somewhat famed for their personal attractions—and not without foundation. Groups of pilgrims are seen

here and there bargaining for relics. With a smattering of Italian, which they have picked up from the Franciscan monks, the vendors address the Europeans who pass, to persuade them to buy of their wares.

Through a lofty double portal we pass under a façade of Romanesque style into the interior of the church. To the left of the entrance, on a raised platform, sit half-a-dozen Turks, in their usual cross-legged position, drinking coffee or smoking chibouques. These are the peace-makers between quarrelsome Christians, and are the real guardians of the church, for in their hands are kept the keys of the entrance-door, near which they sit. As the Christian sects have no confidence in each other, the keys, by common consent, are thus placed in the hands of the neutral Turks.

Directly in front of us, as we pass the Turkish guardians, we see a small marble slab, laid flat, and fixed into the pavement of the church, over which a number of gorgeous lamps are burning, that shed their dim light over the forms of kneeling pilgrims bowing over the slab which, we are told, covers the stone where the body of Jesus was anointed.

Turning to the spacious and gloomy passage to the left, we come to a dimly-burning lamp, suspended

over a small circular iron-railing, which marks the place where the Virgin Mary stood when the body of her Son was anointed.

Of course these sites are pointed out as tradition gives them.

Passing under one of the arches, we stand in the rotunda, under a dome like the Pantheon, open at the top. A vaulted aisle runs around a portion of the rotunda, over which are two galleries. The Holy Sepulchre stands in the centre of the rotunda. We reserve this monument for the last, and cross over into a dark passage, which conducts to the Chapel of the Apparition.

It is toward the close of day, and the Franciscans are making the stations, which begin in this chapel, their own church. The brothers are grouped before the principal altar in attitudes of devotion, hidden partly from view by the clouds of fragrant censer-fumes which hang over their kneeling forms; and the organ is pealing forth a volume of music, which vibrates through the old edifice. Kneeling behind the Franciscans are high-born men and women, and obscure pilgrims, carrying tapers in their hands, like the fathers, and open books, containing the words of this service.

The principal altar in this chapel marks the spot

where our Lord appeared to the Virgin Mary after the resurrection.

At the smaller altar, near the entrance, is enclosed, we are told, a fragment of the column to which Jesus was tied when scourged. This piece of column is not visible; but the pilgrims introduce a stick, with a knob on the end, into a round aperture, and touch it; then, withdrawing the stick, kiss the knob which has come in contact with the fragment of sacred stone!

After the silent prayer with which they finish each station, the Franciscans, followed by the pilgrims, went out of the chapel, chanting as they marched, towards the southern extremity of the church, to what is called the Prison of our Lord—a low dark chamber, where we are told Jesus was imprisoned while the preparations for His crucifixion were being made on Calvary.

Here the usual chanting, praying, and swinging of the censer. As we look around among the bowed figures, we discover, by the light of the tapers, two or three members of the Church of England making part of the procession, and performing their devotions with as much fervour as the Latins.

Near the entrance to this chamber there is a small altar, supported by two columns quite near together,

with which a superstitious idea is connected. To be able to pass between these columns is to assure oneself of legitimacy of birth; it is considered impossible for any one with the bar sinister to pass through. This is an idea doubtless originating with the Arab Christians.

Following the procession, we arrive at the Chapel of the Tablet of the Cross, where the soldier repented who pierced the Saviour's side with a lance. There is also a tradition that this same soldier afterwards withdrew into Cappadocia, where he suffered martyrdom. The Latins do not recognise the authenticity of this place, probably because it belongs to the Greeks; but they have the real lance at Rome with which the Saviour was pierced!

The procession stops again, a few paces farther on, at the Chapel of the Division of the Garments, where the four soldiers, after the Crucifixion, cast lots for the vestments of Jesus. According to the Latins, parts of the severed garments are at Rome and in France, where they are exposed, at certain periods, to the faithful, when miracles are performed, such as healing the incurable with a touch of the vesture!

A few steps more and we are at the head of the long staircase descending into the Church of Helena.

We follow the procession down into the body of the church, and approach the principal altar dedicated to St. Dimas the Penitent Thief. Near by is another, called the altar of St. Helena; and beside an opening in the wall which overlooks a neighbouring vault, there is a marble chair on which St. Helena sat, we are told, in superintending the search of the cross. We descend into this vault by a stairway about half as long as that by which we came down into the Church of Helena. We are in the Chapel of the Invention of the Cross, which many think to be a very appropriate name for the jugglery it is supposed to commemorate. As the Latins tell us, the cross was buried here 300 years, and then miraculously discovered by St. Helena, amid the joyous acclamations of the surrounding people. The Chapel of the Invention of the Cross belongs entirely to the Latins, who frequently have mass performed here.

Remounting the two staircases in the night-dark circular passage which runs around a greater part of the rotunda of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, we soon stand before the altar of the little chapel of the Columna Improperiorum, where lies a fragment of the column on which we are told Jesus sat in the prætorium when He was stripped of His garments and clothed in purple and reviled by the soldiers of

Pilate. This piece of column was once the property of the Abyssinians, but is now owned by the Greeks, who, as the former people became poor, obtained most of their relics.

At the end of the dark passage we mount a steep and straight stairway leading to Calvary. It is reached by two staircases, one belonging to the Greeks, and the other to the Latins. Golgotha is a platform nearly fifty feet square, paved with marble and divided into two compartments, of which one belongs to the Greeks, and the other to the Latins. It is hardly a stone's-throw from Golgotha to the Holy Sepulchre. On the Greek side of Golgotha the hole is pointed out in a rock where the cross was planted, together with one on each side for the crosses of the thieves, the good thief being on the right. The rent in the rock is also shown near by. This chamber is called by the Greeks the Chapel of the Crucifixion, but by the Latins the Planting of the Cross. The Latin part of Golgotha on the south side is called by its owners the Chapel of the Crucifixion, because, as they say, Jesus was nailed to the cross here.

A small staircase to the right leads into another chapel which is not within the church, but alongside of Calvary. It is called *Notre Dame des Douleurs*, and its barred window looks in upon the supposed

ground of the Crucifixion. Tradition says that the Virgin Mother, with St. John and several saintly women, stood here while the cruel drama was enacted before them.

How one longs to believe all this! How one wishes it might be true, as one recalls the thrilling music of the *Stabat mater dolorosa*! But the stern monitor, reason, admonishes us that we are in the land of wild and conflicting traditions, and that we must not let our feelings obscure our judgment.

Calvary has frequently changed hands among the different Christian Churches. The portion now held by the Greeks formerly belonged to the Georgians when they flourished in the Holy City. When the Georgians had reached the last point in their decadence they sold their share of Golgotha to the Greeks for a certain sum, in order to pay the heavy taxes which the Turkish Government imposed upon them.

Ever-burning lamps and gold and silver trinkets, wretched pictures, and tawdry finery are clustered about the altar which is supposed to cover the spot of the last act of the terrible tragedy.

Pilgrims are seen in the uncertain light creeping forward on hands and knees toward the altar, and kissing the marble pavement at every step, and mur-

muring paternosters. They make way for the Franciscans, who approach with chant and censer-smoke that fills the air with fragrant odour, and offer up prayers at both the altars.

The Latins affirm, in opposition to the Greeks, that this is not the real hole in which the cross was planted, although the real spot. The former charge the latter with stealing the stone containing the true cavity at the time of the conflagration which occurred in the church in 1808. According to the Latins, the Greeks sent the sacred piece of rock by ship to be transported to Constantinople, but the vessel was wrecked and the stone lost. As a pious *Latin* monk said, it was clearly a case of Divine interposition.

Descending the staircase of Calvary with the procession, we gather around the Stone of Unction, which we passed on entering the church. This place was once enclosed by the Church of St. Mary, which was one of the three churches grouped here together in ancient times, and which were afterwards thrown into the one present Church of the Holy Sepulchre.

Tradition says that the real stone on which the body of the Saviour was stretched lies beneath this marble slab, but that portions of it in former times were conveyed to Ephesus and to Constantinople,

where the emperor received a fragment, and bore it on his shoulder from the city gate to his palace.

Nearly opposite to the platform occupied by the guardian Turks is the entrance to the vaults beneath Golgotha. One of these is called the Chapel of Adam, where an old tradition buries the head of the first man; hence the name Golgotha—"place of a skull." An allusion to this tradition is usually seen in old pictures of the Crucifixion, where a skull appears at the foot of the cross, and more fully in several where Adam, reanimated by the blood of the Crucifixion trickling down upon him, contemplates in adoration the last act of the God-man. We gather from the tradition that Adam, chased from the pleasures of Paradise, took refuge in Judea, where, owing to the fertility of the soil and the beauty of the country, he was in a measure compensated for the loss of Eden. Judea received his mortal remains, except the head, which was interred in Calvary. The tradition claims its origin from the mouth of Noah himself, who knew the place of the interment. Some of the Fathers of the Church seem to attach credit to the tradition, or perhaps more properly, legend.

Within this chapel were interred the remains of the Christian kings of Jerusalem; among the rest, those of the first and most renowned, Sir Godfrey of

Boulogne. On the tomb of this celebrated Crusader was inscribed this epitaph :

“ Hic jacet inclytus dux Godfrius de Bouillon,
Qui totam istam terram acquisivit ;
Cujus anima regnet cum Christo.”

Nothing of this inscription on the tombs of these Christian warriors now remains. The Latins charge the Greeks with the destruction of these tombs, because they were erected in commemoration of Latin princes ; and unfortunately there seems to be ground for the accusation.

The Greeks, who possess this chapel, point out in it the tomb of Melchizedec. It would be difficult to say how this tradition originated.

At one end of the chapel, by the light of a dim lamp, the bottom of the rent of the rock of Calvary is seen.

From the Stone of Uncion the procession resumes its march around the dark passage, by the spot of the solitary lamp, into the rotunda, and stops in front of the Holy Sepulchre.

The most sceptical cannot look without emotion upon this isolated chapel which covers the tomb, where pilgrims from every clime offer up their prayers. The historical and traditionary evidence urged in favour of the authenticity of the place bids

the doubter not to be hasty in deciding against its claims. To my mind, there is more than a possibility that the body of our blessed Lord was laid in this tomb. Few things of this character can be proved beyond a doubt; but considering the testimony that has been offered in support of its identity, to a catholic and reasonable mind there seems to be every probability that Jesus was really interred on this spot.

The chapel which covers the Holy Sepulchre is of white and yellow marble, and surmounted by a crown-like dome. The entrance is by a low door on the east, which opens into the outer chamber, called the Chapel of the Angel. A pedestal in the centre here contains, it is said, a piece of the stone which the angel rolled back from the sepulchre and sat upon when he reassured the two Marys, who had come in search of their Master, "Fear not ye; for I know that ye seek Jesus, which was crucified. He is not here; for He is risen, as He said. Come, see the place where the Lord lay."

This apartment serves as an ante-chamber to the place of the Sacred Tomb. A shaft of brilliant light shines through a low doorway from the inner, across the marble pavement of the outer chamber. By stooping low, almost crawling, one enters into the chamber of the Sepulchre of the Resurrection. The

brightness of ever-burning lamps which strikes the sight is at first dazzling. The vault is of quadrangular form, about six feet wide and seven long. One half of this space is occupied by the Holy Sepulchre, which is about three feet from the floor, and covered by a marble slab broken in the middle. This slab, on the side of its approach, is worn away by devout pilgrims, who have wet it with their tears and kissed it with their lips for so many hundred years.

Forty-two silver and golden lamps—a number of them gifts from sovereigns in Europe—are kept always burning, and flowers continually renewed shed their fragrance in this sanctuary.

I have often sat on one of the benches at the end of the Greek chapel in front of the sepulchre, watching the pilgrims as they noiselessly approached the vestibule of the tabernacle in endless succession, making the sign of the cross as soon as they entered the rotunda, and continuing until they reached the elevated pavement in front of the sanctuary. Here they would doff their hats and shoes, kneel down outside and touch the pavement several times with the head, rising to their feet each time as they bowed the head to the floor. In this manner they would go over the space which separated them from the entrance of the outer chamber. Here they would pros-

trate themselves and crawl on their knees into the sanctuary, kissing the stones as they went. Over the marble, with prayers and tears, they would consecrate themselves anew to Him whose death they mourned, and then, with becoming reverence, retire backwards, that they might thus still face the Sacred Tomb.

As a rule, those who speak lightly of the place are Calvinistic Protestants. I once heard a minister of the gospel, as he styled himself, on emerging from the sanctuary denounce it as the devil's ground, and the devotion of the pilgrims as devil's mummery. On another occasion I have seen English and Americans walk into the Holy Sepulchre with muddy boots, and laugh and talk loud, while the poor pilgrims looked on in utter astonishment; and when told that these also were Christians, they appeared incredulous. It occurred to me, on seeing what the pilgrims evidently considered a desecration, that if these tourists had reflected for a moment that the pilgrims kiss the stones over which they walked, common politeness at least would have taught them to remove their shoes before entering.

I have remarked that those who visit this church believe too much or too little. The pious priest-led pilgrim does not entertain the shadow of a doubt,

when informed of the wonders of the place. The educated man of the world, lacking in devotional sentiment, when he sees so many improbable sites and relics clustered together in so small a space, is too apt to reject the whole—the Holy Sepulchre included—as unworthy of credence. Yet a little reflection shows that this heaping together of scenes favours the authenticity of the Sacred Tomb. There must have been a basis for this clustering tradition to rest upon—something true to begin with. This solid foundation, upon which so many airy fabrics have been erected, can be none other than the place of the resurrection of Jesus Christ.

This is the last station of the Franciscans.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The Latin Tenebræ, and the Nox Tenebrosa, or the Ceremony of the Crucifixion, in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre—Turkish Peacemakers—Procession—Acting the Crucifixion—The rôles of Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus—Effect upon the Lookers-on.

AT three in the afternoon the Tenebræ commenced, and continued for a couple of hours. A throne-chair, placed in front of the Holy Sepulchre, was occupied by the patriarch, and around him, at a little distance, were seated the Franciscan monks and a few priests. There were also a number of French pilgrim-priests, who took part in the service. A few benches were placed in front of the patriarchal chair, and extended back to the pillars of the rotunda. The French consul, as the protector of the Latin Church, sat with his chancellor, both in uniform, on the front seat. Through the politeness of some of my Franciscan friends, I occupied one of the front benches with Lady H——, and had a good view of what was going on.

The music was performed with fine effect by the Franciscans, aided by a large choir of Arab boys, who were well trained by their brown-robed preceptors. Portions of the Latin service were read in the usual impressive style of the patriarch. A number of Greek and Armenian monks stood upon the outer circle of the gathering, and regarded the proceedings with evident interest.

One of the best voices was that of a blind Franciscan, who was led into a seat by one of the surpliced boys. It reminded one of the old blind bards so celebrated in Scottish tradition, as he sat with upturned sightless eyeballs, singing with such fervour. A line of Turkish soldiers, under arms, surrounded the whole congregation, to prevent any disturbance—the Ki-ma-cum, the Turkish commander himself, being present. The reflections of the Turkish soldier must be curious, when he stands guard, on these occasions, to prevent Christians from quarrelling with each other. He doubtless congratulates himself on being an Allah-and-Prophet-praising Turk, and not a contentious Christian.

The Tenebræ being familiar to most readers, I omit any description of it, and pass on to the mock crucifixion. At seven in the evening I again repaired to the church to witness this ceremony. It

takes place on Good Friday night, and is usually called by the Latins *Nox tenebrosa*. In the Chapel of the Apparition, where Jesus discovered himself to Mary, the proceeding begins. The patriarch was on his throne-chair, and the priests and pilgrims were lighting their tapers. After a cordial greeting from the patriarch, I took up my station in the back part of the chapel, where I found some of my friends. After a short discourse in Latin, from the altar, by one of the priests, a strain of distant music welled up from some remote part of the building, probably from the subterranean Chapel of Helena. The voices, which proceeded from the choir of Arab boys, approached gradually, and with fine effect. As soon as the choir entered the Chapel of the Apparition, the procession formed and moved forward, headed by a monk bearing a large cross, who was followed by the patriarch, surrounded by priests and torch- and censer-bearers. Next came monks and priests, and then laymen, or whoever chose to join in the procession—each one bearing a taper. One of my Franciscan friends having furnished me with one of the largest of tapers, I endeavoured to follow in the throng with the ladies I had met in the chapel, but soon became separated from them. As I was being jostled about, and waxed from the surrounding tapers, my good

genius, the Franciscan before referred to, extricated me, and advised me to go around at once to Mount Calvary, to be there before the procession arrived. Finding my kavass, who made way for me through the crowd, I put the suggestion into execution, and soon stood on Calvary, where I was agreeably surprised to find two of my fair countrywomen, from whom I had become separated below.

Meantime the procession made the same stations which the Franciscans made on ordinary days; but on this occasion short sermons in different languages were delivered at each station. After we had waited for some time, the procession slowly mounted the steps to Calvary, preceded, as before, by the cross-bearer. As the patriarch approached, the hymn chanted by the choir swelled to its fullest volume, and the place was filled for a few moments with clouds of censer-smoke.

The monk who bore the cross carefully deposited it on the south side of Calvary. Then a wooden image, intended to represent the Saviour, was produced, crowned with thorns, and extended upon the cross. This image was four or five feet long, and looked very much like the lay-figures one sees in the studios of artists. Presently one of the monks appeared with hammer and nails, and the wooden

figure was crucified. The strokes of the hammer made more apparent the perfect stillness which reigned throughout the throng. Then the cross, with the crucified image, was elevated and borne to the northern side of Calvary, and planted in the aperture where tradition says the Saviour suffered death. Here it was allowed to remain while discourses were delivered in German and French—in the latter language by a French pilgrim, who in the course of his sermon animadverted in severe terms upon Renan, his fellow-countryman, for writing his book of the *Vie de Jésus*. This was considered the Passion-sermon.

After this commenced the ceremony of taking down the image from the cross. Five or six monks stood around it with clasped hands, in attitudes of devotion. Two of them, who personated Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus, approached the cross in a reverential manner. One of them bore in his hand a large pair of pincers, with which he slowly and carefully removed the crown of thorns, kissed, and then placed it upon the table in front of the cross. Then the nails were drawn in the same manner. As I stood quite close, I could see the tears glistening in the eyes of the monk as he held each nail aloft before kissing it. I was curious to see how

intelligent men regarded the scene which was going on before us, and I turned to look at the Duke of Modena, who stood near me. His grace was evidently much interested, even moved, in the scene that was being enacted; I fancied I could see a sympathetic tear trembling in the ducal eye. Nor was he the only one who seemed impressed with the solemnity of the mummary. There were fair Anglo-Saxons of the extreme High Church party who looked upon the jugglery as a solemn proceeding; and I heard one of the hooded brethren whispering to a pilgrim, "How edifying!"

After the extraction of the nails, Joseph and Nicodemus took down the lay-figure and stretched it upon a winding-sheet spread on the table, and its arms and legs were bent down and made to lie straight, as is usually done with a corpse. As they performed this operation, they paused from time to time to clasp their hands and look on the figure in attitudes of adoration. The image was then gathered up in the sheet, the four corners of which were held by as many monks, and carried to the front and then down the steps of Calvary to the Stone of Uncion, the procession following, headed by the patriarch. My friends and myself did not descend, but we could see what was going forward very well from Golgotha.

On the Stone of Uncion the imaginary corpse was anointed and prepared for burial; amongst other things, sweet-smelling spices were cast upon it, and then it was wrapped in the winding-sheet.

A hymn was sung during this part of the ceremony, and the patriarch looked on, as he had done on Calvary, apparently an edified spectator of the proceeding—always a prominent figure in the scene, with his retinue of richly-attired priests around him.

Here a funeral sermon in Arabic was delivered by one of the Franciscans, in which the native portion of the assembly seemed much interested.

One of my Greek friends let us through a side-door on Calvary, and we descended into the Greek chapel, where we secured places on one of the two balconies which overlook the Holy Sepulchre before the procession arrived. There was some difficulty in getting the ladies on to the balconies, elevated as they are some six feet from the floor of the chapel; but through the assistance of some of my friends—the Greek monks—we at length succeeded.

In a few minutes the *cortège* emerged from beneath the dark arches, and slowly marched toward the Sacred Tomb, in front of which the monk pallbearers deposited their charge, while another oration was pronounced in Italian. At the end of this dis-

course the sheeted image was taken up and carried with great solemnity into the three days' resting-place of the real Christ. When the pall-bearers passed through the small doorway into the Holy Sepulchre all was quiet until they reappeared, which was after the lapse of a very few minutes. Then the patriarch entered, remained a few minutes and reappeared, when the door of the Sepulchre was locked, and the procession resumed its march toward the Chapel of the Apparition, from which it had started. As to what took place when the image was deposited in the Sepulchre, I am unable to say; but the ceremony, whatever it was, must have been very brief.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Holy Fire of the Greeks in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre—
Its Origin—Discountenanced by intelligent Greeks—Appearance of the Church—Disorderly Conduct of the Pilgrims—
The Crisis—Accident to the Fire-bishop—The Faithful burning themselves—Remarks of the Athenians—Ibrahim Pasha's Proposition—The Imposture a Source of Revenue to the Church.

ONE of the principal proofs of the corruption of the Greek Church at Jerusalem is the annual working of this pretended miracle. It is affirmed by the Greeks that on every Easter eve the *sainte lumière*, or holy fire, descends from heaven into the Holy Sepulchre, where it is received by the leading dignitary of the Church in Jerusalem, and communicated to the faithful outside the chapel of the Sacred Tomb through two round holes which have been cut for this purpose, one on each side.

The origin of this practice is involved in obscurity, but is believed to have been shared in by all the Christian Churches in earlier days. The Latins were the first to denounce the imposture; the Ar-

menian and other Churches still lend themselves to the fraud, but say in their defence that they are coerced into it by their powerful neighbours, the Greeks. It was probably first instituted as prefiguring the resurrection of Christ—the true light of the world; and what in the beginning was considered as typical, toward the Middle Ages came to be regarded as a miracle. It has been referred to as a miracle by one of the pilgrim-authors of the ninth century; thus the imposition has been practised for over a thousand years at least. The imposture was celebrated with much *éclat* in the dark ages.

The Greek consul having kindly invited me to a privileged seat in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre to witness the ceremony, I repaired with him to the spot, in company with several distinguished Athenian Greeks, amongst whom was a Moldavian princess and an ex-Minister of Foreign Affairs of the Hellenic government. The place reserved for us was one of the two balconies referred to in a previous chapter, which overlook the Holy Sepulchre on one side, and the Greek chapel on the other. On these occasions these two balconies are occupied, one by the Russian and the other by the Greek consul, together with such friends as they may choose to invite. These consuls are allowed the privilege, as the political representa-

tives and protectors of the Greek Church in Palestine. Each of the balconies holds about seven or eight persons, and are the best places to witness any of the ceremonies in the rotunda.

The Ki-ma-cum, the Turkish military commander, had kept an aisle open in the crowd for us, through which we marched, preceded by our kavasses, thumping on the pavement with their silver sticks.

While we stood on the balcony, waiting for the ceremony to begin, the daughter of the princess told me, as a member of the Greek Church, she regretted very much this *écart*, as she called it, of the Church in Palestine. The ex-minister, who stood behind us, equally deplored the existence of the imposture, and added that it was practised nowhere else in the Church but at Jerusalem.

Stanley, speaking of the appearance the church offers on this occasion, says: "The Chapel of the Sepulchre rises from a dense mass of pilgrims, who sit or stand wedged round it; whilst round them, and between another equally dense mass, which goes round the walls of the church itself, a lane is formed by two lines, or rather two circles, of Turkish soldiers stationed to keep order. For the spectacle which is about to take place nothing can be better suited than the form of the rotunda, giving galleries above for the

spectators, and an open space below for the pilgrims and their festival. For the first two hours every thing is tranquil. Nothing indicates what is coming, except that two or three pilgrims who have got close to the aperture keep their hands fixed in it with a clench never relaxed. It is about noon that this circular lane is suddenly broken through by a tangled group rushing violently round till they are caught by one of the Turkish soldiers. It seems to be the belief of the Arab Greeks that, unless they run round the sepulchre a certain number of times, the fire will not come. Possibly, also, there is some strange reminiscence of the funeral games and races round the tomb of an ancient chief. Accordingly, the night before, and from this time forward for two hours, a succession of gambols takes place, which an Englishman can only compare to a mixture of prisoner's base, football, and leap-frog, round and round the Holy Sepulchre. First, he sees these tangled masses of twenty, thirty, fifty men, starting in a run, catching hold of each other, lifting one of themselves on their shoulders, sometimes on their heads, and rushing on with him till he leaps off and some one else succeeds; some of them dressed in sheepskins, some almost naked, one usually preceding the rest as a fugleman, clapping his hands, to which they respond in like manner, adding also wild howls,

of which the chief burden is: 'This is the tomb of Jesus Christ—God save the Sultan—Jesus Christ has redeemed us!' What begins in the lesser groups soon grows in magnitude and extent, till at last the whole of the circle between the troops is continually occupied by a race, a whirl, a torrent of these wild figures, like the witches' Sabbath in *Faust*, wheeling round the sepulchre. Gradually the frenzy subsides, or is checked, the course is cleared, and out of the Greek Church on the east of the rotunda a long procession, with embroidered banners, supplying in their ritual the want of images, begins to defile round the sepulchre. From this moment the excitement, which has been before confined to the runners and dancers, becomes universal. Hedged in by soldiers, the two huge masses of pilgrims still remain in their places, all joining, however, in a wild succession of yells, through which are caught, from time to time, strangely, almost affectingly mingled, the chants of the procession, the solemn chants of the Church of Basil and Chrysostom, mingled with the yells of savages. Thrice the procession passes round; at the third time the two lines of Turkish soldiers join and fall in behind. One great movement sways the multitude from side to side. The crisis of the day is now approaching—the confusion of a battle and

a victory pervades the church. The procession is broken through, the banners stagger, and waver, and fall, amidst the flight of priests, bishops, and standard-bearers, hither and thither before the tremendous rush. The 'bishop of the fire,' the patriarch's vicar, is hurried to the Chapel of the Sepulchre, and the door is closed behind him. The whole church is now one heaving sea of heads. One vacant spot is left—a narrow lane from the aperture on the north side of the chapel to the wall of the church. By the aperture itself stands a priest to catch the fire; on each side of the lane hundreds of bare arms are stretched out like the branches of a leafless forest—like the branches of a forest quivering in some violent tempest. . . .”

From my position on the balcony, I could see that a lane was also kept open from the aperture of the Chapel of the Sepulchre, extending out under the arches of the rotunda, doubtless to the door. Before the fire appeared, athlete couriers stood, partially stripped, with lanterns in their hands, near the aperture. As soon as the flame appeared, the half-nude messengers ignited their lanterns and darted down the passage like arrows, as if their errand were one of life and death, and sped to their appointed stations at the top of their speed, where other couriers received the

fire and fled to other stations: thus villages for miles around had the fire a few minutes after it appeared in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre.

As soon as the flame was seen, the bells of the church and of the neighbouring convents were loudly rung, the strokes falling in quick succession, like the bells in America when an alarm of fire is given. The desire to get the first light was so intense, that the torch held out at the aperture at first was extinguished by the fanatics. This but added to their impatience. The men shouted and gesticulated like maniacs, and crowds of Arab women in the galleries, who were Greek converts, yelled in a wild, weird manner—a sort of shouting wail, beginning in a low tone, and becoming louder and louder, until it drowned all other noises, then falling below the other sounds until it ceased, and then breaking out again with renewed volume.

Shortly after the appearance of the fire, when but comparatively few of the pilgrims had as yet lighted their candles, the door of the Sacred Tomb was thrown open, and the venerable vicar (who has been described in a previous chapter) emerged, holding in each hand a bundle of tapers, about three feet long, bound together, and endeavoured to make his way through the straight passage to the altar of the Greek

chapel, and, from excess of zeal, the priests pushed him from behind to aid him in getting through the crowd, which was closing in around the old man to light from his tapers, supposing that light from such a source to be of great value; but the priests overdid their office, and the vicar fell upon his face, midway between the altar and the sepulchre. The old man seemed provoked at this; for as soon as he was picked up, he turned around and struck the pushers over the heads and shoulders with his large tapers. In the *mêlée*, his long white beard caught fire; but one of the faithful jumped forward and put it out with his hands. Then the vicar, his white hair and beard dishevelled, started again in a tottering run, holding out his tapers in front of him, reached the steps at the end of the chapel, was lifted up by the priests, and pushed or carried into the Holy of Holies—each one as he passed along having thrust out his taper to get the vicar's fire.

When the fire-bishop disappeared behind the curtained sanctuary, and the church was one blaze of fire, looking really like a conflagration, the ladies who were on the balcony with me grew frightened, lest the flowing robes of the pilgrims should catch fire. And it seemed a miracle they did not. It was a wonderful scene—fire in their hands, and the fire of

fanaticism in their eyes—the pilgrims swayed to and fro beneath and above, hanging over the galleries, and looking down from the windows under the lofty dome. The glitter and gilt with which the screen of the Holy of Holies was covered threw back the blaze of fire, and decorations around the church were revealed in the dazzle which I had never seen before. This was behind us. In front, the pilgrims were still rushing around the Chapel of the Sepulchre, some burning themselves on the arms, neck, and face. After this mass of flame had burned for about ten minutes, the pilgrims began putting out their tapers, in order to carry them away as sacred relics to their far-off homes. Many extinguished them with cloths and handkerchiefs, which they had with them for the purpose; others did it with the naked hand, without evincing any sign of pain. Gradually all the tapers were extinguished, and the usual dim light which succeeded seemed like darkness. The excitement was over, and tranquillity again reigned over the motley throng. The desire of many years, in the hearts of these poor people, had been consummated, and they were satisfied. They had but to bathe in the Jordan after receiving the fire, and they were assured of salvation.

The fair Athenian alongside of me, when the

excitement was at its height, ejaculated—" *Quelle farce !*"

It is a pity the Greek priests cannot be brought to make the same avowal. Still, she and her companions lighted and extinguished their tapers with the rest, to carry away as souvenirs of the occasion.

The subordinate priests, who are kept in mental darkness, really believe this imposture to be a miracle!

The Emperor of Russia is known to be opposed to the holy-fire performance; and it is rumoured that if the empress makes a pilgrimage to the Holy City, as she is expected to do before long, she will use her influence to put a stop to it—if possible.

My own impression is, that the practice will not be abolished until a higher standard of morality is adopted among the priesthood, for the root of the evil is in the laxity of this body. The dogmas of the Church, in the main, are well enough; but the teachers are at fault.

It is said that Ibrahim Pasha made a proposition to the Greek patriarch of Jerusalem, to the effect that if he would allow him (the Pasha) to go into the sepulchre with him and see the miracle performed, and it really proved to be a miracle, as the patriarch affirmed, he would renounce Mohammedanism, and

become a Greek Christian. The proposition of Ibrahim Pasha was, of course, declined.

The Greek pilgrims are drawn to Jerusalem principally on account of the pretended miracle; and from them the Church there mainly derives its revenues. The priests are afraid, if the holy-fire imposture were abolished, there would be such a falling-off of pilgrimages as to cut off their principal means of support. They are afraid too, after having acted the sham so long, that its abolition might lead to the apostasy of their people.

Wealthy pilgrims not unfrequently give large sums for the privilege of first receiving the light from the bishop of the fire.

CHAPTER XXV.

The Jewish Communities in Jerusalem—Sephardim and Aschkenazim—Khakham Bashi—Rabbi Taragan—Debts and Receipts of the Sephardim—Corruption amongst the Rabbis—Peruschim or Pharisees—Volhynian Chassidim—Austrian Chassidim—Chassidim Chabat—Warsovians—Ansche Hod—Ingratitude of the Jews—The Presidents—Distribution of Money—Mugrabie Race—Karaites—Visit to their President—Synagogue—Humility of Jewish Women—Early Marriages.

THE Jewish population in Jerusalem is believed to be about 8000, as near as can be ascertained in a community where census-taking is unknown. It is divided into two great classes, known as the Sephardim and the Aschkenazim. The Sephardim are the Spanish-Portuguese Jews who were expelled from Spain by Isabella II., and settled in the Turkish provinces about the Mediterranean coast. They form the largest class, being supposed to number 5000, or even more. Their chief rabbi, the Khakham Bashi, is recognised by the Turkish government as the head of the Jewish community, and is chosen by the rabbis or khakhams, of whom there are nearly one hundred

and fifty. The khakhams also elect three presidents, who manage the secular affairs of the community, and who are aided by three subordinates. The chief rabbi selects three of the rabbis to audit the accounts of these presidents. It is a kind of aristocratic government, where the power is all confined to the chief and his subordinates.

The contributions which are sent to Jerusalem from abroad are, in most cases, owing to the corruption of the rabbis, unequally divided amongst the members of the community. Some American Jews appealed to me to interfere in the distribution of American alms, which, of course, I had no authority to do. They charged the rabbis with appropriating the largest portion of the alms, and giving them but a mere pittance. On account of the dissatisfaction engendered by what the Jews call the corrupt management of the rabbis, there is almost always a project of secession rife among the former; but, so far, they have held together.

A new-comer in Jerusalem, who becomes a member of this community, as an initiation fee, pays over to the rabbis his income for one year; and when he dies, his property is taken possession of for the benefit of the society. It is one of the duties of the presidents to seal the effects on the demise of a member,

and afterwards to have them sold to the highest bidder. The widows who come to die in Jerusalem usually make a rabbi their heir, in order to have an annual prayer said and a taper burned for them when they are reposing in the Valley of Jehoshaphat.

During a visit to the Khakham Bashi, which I paid in company with an English member of Parliament, I made some inquiries concerning the Sephardim community over which he presided. The Khakham Bashi replied Yankee fashion, by asking *me* two or three questions :

“Has your government requested this information, and if so, with what view?”

“My government has nothing to do with it.”

“Is this information for the benefit of some wealthy personage who wishes to make a donation to the community?”

“Nothing of the kind, sir.”

“Then why do you ask these questions, O most excellent consul?”

“Simply because I am curious to know, O most excellent Khakham Bashi.”

This was something the Khakham Bashi could not understand—that a man should be desirous of knowing any thing from which he would reap no material advantage. This was foreign to his experi-

ence and observation. I could see, therefore, that he viewed me with suspicion, and thought probably that I was laying a trap to work him injury, or molest some members of the community, for the Orientals think the consuls can do almost any thing. Having evidently made up his mind not to make me any wiser about the affairs of the community, he performed a salaam, and said, "Most excellent consul, I cannot answer the questions at random with which you are good enough to honour me; I shall make diligent inquiry, and in a short time I hope to furnish the information you desire to have in an accurate form."

A Frenchman could not have devised a more polite and ingenious evasion.

I afterwards paid a visit to the Rabbi Taragan, which was attended with more success. On entering his dwelling with my interpreter, the rabbi arose from his seat, approached me with a low bow, took my hand in his and carried it to his lips and forehead, and in an easy graceful manner led me to a seat on the divan. A handsome little girl, about eight, came forward and performed the same salutation. There was something prepossessing in the benevolent face and dignified Oriental bearing of the Khakham Taragan. He presented me to his brother, the secretary

of the Khakham Bashi, who was present. An Abyssinian servant placed a narghileh before me, and handed me the narbidj, with that mildness of expression peculiar to her race. When she afterwards entered with the coffee, the rabbi arose, took the tray from her hands and served me himself, as a mark of honour.

The conversation soon turned upon the affairs of the Sephardim, when the secretary gave me the following account of the debts of the community up to the 1st of October 1864, being the beginning of the Jewish year :

	Piastres.
An old debt at interest	620,050
Borrowed from the rabbis at interest, which at their death is to be left to the community . .	162,100
Borrowed from Christians and Mohammedans at different rates of interest, varying from 8 to 25 per cent	164,100
Owes widows and orphans at interest	183,580
Additional sum borrowed from sundry persons .	12,564
Owes back interests	113,565
And interests for year ending Sept. 30, 1864 . .	168,706
	1,424,665
Deducting from the above this amount sent from abroad and held by the presidents, the interest of which goes towards paying the salaries of the rabbis	362,000
We have the total liabilities of the community .	1,062,665

or 9,240*l*.

The secretary stated that the current expenses of the community for the past year were as follows:

	Piastres.
Paid to Abou Gosh, the Bedawee chief, for allowing pilgrim Jews to pass with safety over the road between Jaffa and Jerusalem	1,000
For keeping up the Talmud Thora schools	12,000
To the rabbis for singing in the synagogues	1,500
Charities to widows and orphans	30,000
To Turkish government for exemption from conscription of soldiers	22,000
Expense of Passover, in unleavened bread for the poor, &c.	30,000
To the village of Siloam for not disturbing the graves in the Valley of Jehoshaphat	10,000
In backshish, to officers of Turkish government for the privilege of "wailing" on the outside of the old Temple wall	30,000
To the village of Bethlehem for the right of entrée to the tomb of Rachel	5,000
Salary of the Khakham Bashi	5,000
Salary of the secretary and a servant	5,000
	151,500

or 1,317*l.* sterling.

He said the income of the community for the past year was as follows:

	Piastres.
From deaths, tombstones, marriages, and duty on meat	200,000
Alms collected from all countries, about	120,000
Total amount of receipts	320,000

in English pounds, 2,783. There is reason for believing that the receipts were greater than the secre-

tary was willing to admit; but as the member of a community which lives upon the sympathy of the Jewish world, he was anxious to make out as poor a case as possible. Yet, according to his own statement, the receipts of the past year were twice the amount of the expenses of the community, and they borrowed more money! They paid no interest; that they always allow to run on. Indeed, they pay nothing, except on compulsion.

When the community, or rather the rabbis, want money, they not unfrequently sell an old Thora to some wealthy Frank Jew; or sell the right to beg abroad, usually to one of their own number. This begging privilege is sold to the highest bidder. The delegate for alms, according to the rule of the community, receives one-third of what he collects, but he virtually keeps the best part of it. When the delegate has bought his privilege, he is not obliged to set out on his journey at once, but may put it off for several years. These delegates not unfrequently amass fortunes.

It is related by a Jew, that “on the day of atonement, some years ago, an entrance was effected into the shop of a Jewish goldsmith, situated in the bazaar, and different articles of gold carried off. After a year, on a certain day, the son of a president of the

community retired from the synagogue in white penitential robes, and, after being absolved from the crime of housebreaking, returned again, and, penetrated with grief, began to beat his breast, confessed the offence of which he had been guilty, and besought the forgiveness of the community. From respect to the father, the crime was overlooked, and compensation was made to the goldsmith by the Jews themselves. While this crime, perpetrated on that day which the Jews regard as the most sacred of all, excites our horror, and affords a melancholy proof of the way in which the father brought up his children, still it is not our wish that the crime of the son should be reckoned against the father. But there is one thing that the pen is reluctant to write, and which gives an insight into the fearful corruption of morals which exists in the midst of the strictest religious observances: this same man—the house-breaker, hypocrite, and blasphemer—was soon afterwards sent as a delegate to Europe, to collect money for the poor! Of course he was armed with a circular from the community, addressed to all believers, and certifying ‘that this pious, honourable, learned rabbi had been selected from among many others,’ ” &c. &c.

As I have previously stated, all the Sephardim,

numbering five thousand, are united into one community. The Aschkenazim, three thousand, are divided into six communities — the Peruschim or Pharisees, Volhynian Chassidim, Austrian Chassidim, Chassidim Chabat, Warsoviens, and Ansche Hod.

The Pharisees, as of old, are bigoted, contentious, and strict in the observance of the outward form of the law. They are natives of Russia, and this nation ordered them to return. They refused, whereupon their native country threw them off; and they placed themselves under the protection of Austria and England. They have a president, but no spiritual head. Their alms come chiefly from their co-religionists in Russia.

The Volhynian Chassidim hold much the same religious views as the Pharisees, but prefer the Sephardim form of worship. They are not so bigoted as the Pharisees, and are of purer morals. There is a kind of idealism among them which tends to cabalism.

The Austrian Chassidim, in consequence of squabbles about money, separated from the Volhynian Chassidim not many years ago.

The Chassidim Chabat have their principal settlement at Hebron. They do not number more than

fifty or sixty in Jerusalem. In their religion and form of worship they resemble the Pharisees.

The Warsoviaus are also seceders on account of money quarrels. They belonged originally to the Chassidim and Pharisees, and are usually known as the Polish Jews. They are filthy in their habits, and strict about the forms of the law. They receive their alms from Poland.

The Ansche Hod came originally from Germany and Holland; but, from long residence in the East, have become in a great measure orientalised in their habits. In their religious views they assimilate to the Pharisees, with whom they intermarry. They have two rabbis or presidents, one of whom I was brought in contact with, in rather a disagreeable manner for him.

One of the Ansche Hod, who came from America, died in Jerusalem, when, as usual, his effects were taken possession of by the rabbis. Some months after his death, I received a letter from a rabbi of New York, saying, that amongst the effects of the deceased was a gold watch and chain, much prized as a family relic by the deceased's brother, which he hoped I would obtain, and transmit to New York.

Having ascertained that the rabbi who received the watch was a Prussian *protégé*, I applied to my

colleague the Prussian consul to aid me, who at once sent for the rabbi, and questioned him. He denied all knowledge of the watch and chain in question; never saw them—never heard of them—never knew that the deceased had such things.

The consul, knowing his man, ordered him at once to be imprisoned. This summary manner of proceeding refreshed the memory of the rabbi wonderfully. As he was about being led off to prison he distinctly remembered that he *had* received the articles referred to. Not long afterwards the watch and chain had crossed the Atlantic, and reached the rightful owner.

This rabbi was considered one of the most honest and respectable members of the Anshe Hod community. The society numbers seventy or eighty, and, it is believed, receives a larger amount of alms than any other, in proportion to its numbers.

There is no *entente-cordiale* between the Sephardim and the Aschkenazim. The former are cleaner, more indolent and ignorant than the latter. The Aschkenazim pride themselves on their Talmud learning, are dirty, and fond of dispute. From long residence in the East, the Sephardim have acquired something of the ease and dignity of its inhabitants. In the long locks and ugly hats of the orthodox Aschkenazim, which

they say the Talmud commands all true Israelites to wear, there is something ridiculous. Compared with the Sephardim, they are clever, and frequently overreach them. The Aschkenazim are often seen poring over the Talmud, and are consequently full of its traditionary lore, but know little of the Bible. The Pharisee branch of the Aschkenazim is supposed to excel in Talmudistic learning. The Sephardim, as a race, are healthy-looking, and many of them are handsome. The Aschkenazim look dwarfed, sickly, bilious, and are often ophthalmic. Of the two the Aschkenazim are the more corrupt. As an illustration of the ingratitude of one of the Aschkenazim, it is related by a Jew that Sir Moses Montefiore brought with him, in wooden barrels, dollars in specie, and resolved, with his usual kindness of disposition, to give with his own hand a dollar to every poor person. It took many hours before his task was done, and the miserable exhibition of poverty concluded. It so happened that the noble distributor, forgetful of himself, gave away the sum which he required to pay his travelling expenses home. He was obliged to borrow money. A man was soon found who expressed his readiness to oblige him—for a consideration—and supplied him with the necessary sum, the amount of which was considerable, in specie. And

yet this man, the previous day, seemed to be the neediest of the needy, and had received a silver dollar from the hand of his benefactor.

Although Sir Moses performed other acts of charity among the Jews of Jerusalem, they excommunicated him, as they allege, for entering the Mosque of Omar, which is constructed upon the site of the Temple.

They are a fickle people, who soon forget an act of kindness. Their character is the same now as it was when they bore palm-branches in their hands, and shouted, "Hosanna to the Son of David! Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord," and who, shortly after, were ready to crucify Him whose praises they sang.

Each of the communities at Jerusalem has its two or three presidents, who are appointed, not by the Jews of the community over which they preside, but by the Jews of the country, whence the alms of the community are principally derived. Therefore the president can rule as he pleases, being in no way responsible to those whom he governs. There is no guarantee for his good conduct. If a Jew complains of any act of the president, the latter retaliates at the next distribution of money by giving him less than his rightful share. As the funds from abroad arrive

irregularly, the president usually contrives to hold the members of his society in his power by advancing money to them at interest when the treasury becomes empty. When a distribution occurs they are obliged to deduct their loan with the interest, which almost, if not quite, absorbs their share, and they soon have recourse again to their president. This functionary can declare the treasury empty whenever he pleases, whether it be so or not. The presidents' families are the aristocracy of Jewish society in Jerusalem ; their wives wear the best of silk gowns, and strings of gold coins about their heads and around their necks, and carry in their hands *massabèh* of fine amber. These families are feared, courted, and flattered by the humble and pliant Jewish democracy. Occasionally, a poor Jew, driven to desperation by some act of fraud or despotism on the part of the president, covertly complains to his consul, who, of course, will not interfere. Then the unfortunate Israelite pronounces that sentence which often falls from his lips under misfortune—"Would to God we had died in the land of Egypt, when we sat by the flesh-pots !"

The greater part of the funds collected for the Jews in Austria is sent to the Austrian consul at Jerusalem for distribution. When the consul receives a remittance of this kind, the Jews are at

once notified of the fact, and the sum, whatever it is, is divided among them *pro rata*. The amount of each one is not paid to the rabbis or presidents, but directly to the individual. The largest number of foreign Jews in Jerusalem are under the protection of the Austrian consul.

Although there is community of faith among the Sephardim, they are of two races: the Spanish-Portuguese and the Mugrabie, who are from the Turkish provinces about the north of Africa,—Tunis, Morocco, and Algiers. As a race, the Mugrabie are, physically, the finest of the Jews in Palestine. They are of a Moorish ancestry, well-formed, dreamy-eyed, ignorant, and indolent. From much sitting and little thinking, as they advance in years, they incline to portliness. Their women are remarkably handsome, and as remarkably simple in their understanding. Their knowledge is confined to eating, drinking, sleeping, and odds and ends of the Talmud, which, by dint of much repetition, they have gathered from their rabbi. They are not unlike the handsome sleepy Dudu, as described by Lord Byron. The Mugrabie, together with the Spanish-Portuguese, as Turkish subjects, are called Riyahs.

There is another small community of Jews in Jerusalem, who belong neither to the Sephardim nor

the Aschkenazim. They are called Karaites or Jerusalemites. They accept only the five books of Moses, and reject the Talmud *in toto*. They claim to have inhabited Jerusalem since the destruction of the second Temple.

I paid a visit to their president, whom I found to be more intelligent than the Jewish presidents usually are. He was a tall spare man, of an olive complexion, who (something unusual here) sat on a chair while he talked to us. The apartment into which I was ushered was uncommonly clean. The divans were covered with immaculate linen, and the floor shone with the brightest polish. The president informed me that they had but five families in their community—in all thirty-five souls. They did not intermarry with the other Jews, nor eat with them. They had their own butcher, and their own burial-ground in the Valley of Jehoshaphat, a little to the south of the common cemetery of the Jews. They usually had from fifty to sixty pilgrims a-year. They received 10,000 piastres annually, in alms from their coreligionists in Russia. They were a working people—his brother, for instance, kept a shop in the bazaar. They had no books, except that book, said the president, compared with which all other books are trash.

He took me down two flights of stairs into their subterranean synagogue, which I found to be much cleaner than the other synagogues in Jerusalem. It was well carpeted, and lighted by pendent lamps, which, together with a small opening in the roof, produced a "dim religious light." He showed me their Thora, which was bound in a book. The other Thoras which I had seen were rolls of manuscript; he turned to the fly-leaf of the Thora, on which was a piece of writing, and translated the Hebrew as follows:

"I, Moses, son of the blessed Menachem Dalbures, have written this book, which is called 'Maknisch,' and given it to the honoured rabbi Mordecai, the son of the blessed Isaac, as a worthy present, in the month Siwan, in the eighty-second year of the six thousandth year. May God grant that he meditate on the book, he, and his children, and his children's children, to the end of all generations. Amen."

The walls of this handsome little synagogue bore several inscriptions in Hebrew, from the Pentateuch, concerning the duty of man toward his God. At one end of the apartment was the usual gallery for the women, screened from view by lattice-work. It looked altogether like a great green cage. Here, the poor imprisoned women see the Thora from a distance

and cannot touch it, like their lords. The position of the Jewish woman, like that of her Mohammedan sister, is much inferior to that of the man. A Mr. Margolionth said he met a learned Jewess at Damascus who spoke with fervour in favour of the rabbis.

“But,” said he to her, “you need not stand up and defend the rabbis, for they have dictated a very impolite prayer to be offered by the men. ‘Blessed art Thou, O Lord, King of the universe, that Thou hast not created me a woman.’” To this the Jewess replied, “The rabbis are assuredly right, for we poor women are but like donkeys; and so is every woman in the world, a poor helpless creature, unfit for any thing.”

Fancy one of our Frank women making such an admission! I think I see her fair front mantling with indignation on hearing herself compared to this stupid little animal. I can anticipate her bridling commentary, “Donkeys indeed!” followed by the usual retaliatory phrases wherein the lords of creation are humbled.

The Karaite community is isolated from the others. They are tolerated only by the Sephardim, and despised by the Aschkenazim. They have no more intercourse with any other Jews than have the Samaritans at Nablous. All the Karaites in Jerusalem are Turkish subjects, and consequently subject to Turkish law.

The Karaites are the only Jews in Jerusalem who will not permit children to marry. The female is not eligible until she is sixteen, nor the male until he is twenty. This rule is positive, although of recent date, with the Karaites. With the other communities no such rule exists. The mental and physical inferiority of the Jews at Jerusalem is owing, in a great measure, to early marriages. Dr. Tobler says: "Before the children have reached the years of puberty, or their physical frames are at all developed, they are united in wedlock. Before they have reached their full maturity their vigour is already exhausted. The mothers bring forth in sorrow, and almost at the expense of their lives, miserable little creatures, two-thirds of whom die after a few days or weeks. I have seldom met with a family blessed with many children; on the contrary, these early marriages are often without children. If the rabbis of Jerusalem had the least desire that the Jewish population should increase in numbers and vigour, they would take steps to prevent this crying evil; they would, as a matter of course, devise some prudent measures, and put a moderate restraint on these early marriages. The madness of the Jews in worshipping the golden calf was nothing to their folly in this matter; their early marriages do them far more harm than the London mission—which

rarely even catches a diseased sheep that has wandered from the fold—or even a hundred London missions; they become the victims of this sensual, ignorant, and corrupt system, and death ensues in a hundred forms. The merest trifle calls forth the anger of the priesthood and the thunder of excommunication, but not a single voice is raised against this fearful evil.”

“One day,” said my host’s elder son, relates Dr. Frankl, “there came to our house a pious Jew, from Poland, on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. He was poor, and had several children; among others, a strikingly beautiful daughter of sixteen, with whom my father was very much taken, and he resolved to give her to me as my wife. I was then twelve and a half years old, and began to weep bitterly when my father informed me of his intention. This, however, did not dissuade him from his purpose; he paid the pious Pole the dowry for my bride, and we were married. After four years our marriage proved fruitful, and I love my wife as much as if I had chosen her myself at a later period in life. Still I am inclined to think that my father was wrong; but he is the wiser of the two, and may the blessing of God rest on his old age. My younger brother was twelve years of age when my father made him marry a girl of ten.”

CHAPTER XXVI.

Wailing-place of the Jews—The Wailers—"O Lord, how long"
—Meeting on Common Ground—Legend of the Hand.

THE wailing-place of the Jews outside the old Temple wall, in the south side of the city, is a spot of interest to every traveller. Every Friday afternoon the children of Israel gather about this remnant of old wall, to lament their sins and pray for the restoration of the Temple and the coming of the Messiah. The wall, to which they have access, has a stretch of perhaps one hundred and fifty feet. On Fridays, about three or four in the afternoon, every available spot along the foot of this wall is occupied by weeping Jews. Those who cannot find a place to lean against stand immediately behind others. In this way they are sometimes two, three, or four rows deep. Those who are less demonstrative in their lamentations seat themselves in groups on the esplanade in front of the wall. The greater part of these are women, who often sit in little circles around a Talmud-learned Jew, who reads to them—for a consideration, twenty paras each, one penny—portions from the Jewish chroni-

cles. I stood near him one day, and observed that he read about three pages of Hebraic character, in the Spanish Jews' dialect. He sat cross-legged fashion, and swayed his body to and fro, which is always an accompaniment to Jewish reading. The women imitated him in this movement, and as the most interesting passages were read, gave vent to pious ejaculations. The Jew pronounced his words in the usual disagreeable, nasal manner. Notwithstanding this, these words brought tears to the eyes of the listeners. I was curious to know what he had been reading; and when a pause occurred, I requested my interpreter to ask him. The only reply he would vouchsafe was, that they were prayers.

Those who arrive early, particularly the women, commence at one end of the wall and kiss and touch every stone within reach from one end of the wall to the other, in the area. As they perform this pilgrimage, they, here and there, almost hide their heads in the fissures, and remain for some time in this position, sobbing in the most affecting manner. Here, there is no distinction; Sephardim and Aschkenazim mingle freely, and weep together over the ruins of the temple. Here, Jews of all ages and every clime meet on common ground. Here may be seen the pale Peruschim, with his furred cap and dangling

front-locks; the Moorish Mugrabie, in whose handsome lineaments are still seen the signs of a fine ancestry; the Orientalised Spanish-Portuguese, in turban and flowing robe; and the filthy Pole, in high black hat and sombre robe. Here, by common consent, there is a truce to the bitter dissensions which mar the lives of these contentious men. Here, in the morning of life, stands the young maiden beside her on whom the sun is setting; the strong man in the prime of his manhood, near him who stands on the brink of the grave, joining in one common lamentation, whose burden is, "O Lord, how long!" "Wilt Thou be angry with us for ever?"

When they have gathered in goodly numbers along these ancient stones, which have been made smooth with their tears and kisses, one of the Aschkenazim rabbis takes the lead in a kind of chanting service. All stand with their faces to the wall, moving their bodies backward and forward, and turning their faces from side to side. The Aschkenazim, with their long front-locks cut according to the law, swinging from one side to the other, and their grimacing faces, present rather a ludicrous appearance. Now and then they stop the back-and-forward movement, and rise on their toes; and thus poised give a tremulous shake and utter a kind of nasal amen.

The ceremony becomes more exciting as it progresses. The jerking movement becomes quicker and stronger; the tones of the chanters grow shriller and more nasal as they are prolonged in a continuous wail. At last the rabbi of the Aschkenazim seems to cease from exhaustion. Then the ceremony is over, and the wailers begin to disperse.

Near the entrance to the area of the wailing-place are gathered the Jewish lepers, and the lame and blind, to receive alms from the wailers. Almost every Jew gives something, if it be only a para.

The Turks certainly take a shameful advantage of the Jews in compelling them to pay 30,000 piastres for the privilege of weeping over the remains of this ancient wall, the area about which could be used for nothing else.

The Arabs or Jews have a legend that the first weeper at the wailing-place of the Temple wall was the Wandering Jew, in remorse for his treatment of Jesus on His march to Golgotha.

Speaking of Jewish legends or traditions, there is an interesting one related by the Jews called

THE HAND.

“Towards sunset three maidens sat on a terrace shaded by three mulberry-trees covered with red blos-

soms. The first bore the same name as Abishag, the beautiful Shunamite. Her cheeks were like a 'piece of pomegranate within her locks.' The second was called Sultana. Her eyes were blue, and might be called dove's eyes, like those of the Shunamite; 'her hair was as a flock of goats that appear from Mount Gilead.' The third was called Miriam. Her lips were like 'a thread of scarlet;' and all three were fair to look upon.

"These three maidens sat on the terrace engaged in gay conversation, such as maidens delight in, and bound flowers among the gold ornaments on their temples and among their hair, which fell down in numerous tresses over their necks, even to their waists.

"At the same time three young scholars sat in the Jeschiba of a pious rabbi at the foot of Mount Zion, deeply pondering on some difficult question of Talmudistic lore, and striving to find the solution. But one of them only seemed to be thus engaged: his cheeks were pale and sunk with watching through successive nights, and both his friends had seriously warned him to avoid all intercourse with the spirit-world. But he wished to have the mastery over spirits, and studied the cabala. His friends were too deeply engaged in their Talmudistic researches

to observe that he was thinking only of Abishag, whom he loved with an all-absorbing passion, which was not returned. As he dreamed of her charms he felt himself so near to her, that in the delirium of passion he resolved to force her to love him. On this the three maidens on the terrace witnessed a singular occurrence. The sun was setting, and as they twined their arms round one another and gazed on his dying rays they sung the lovely passage of the sublime song—‘I am the rose of Sharon and the lily of the valley.’ Then they were encircled with a gleam of bright light, from which a small white hand descended and seized the hand of Abishag, and a feeble voice pronounced the words of the marriage-ceremony—‘Hare at mekudeschet li.’ Then the pale delicate hand rose like a white dove and disappeared.

“The maidens had stopped short in their song, and looked and listened in silence to all that had happened. But it was singular that none of them were surprised at the wonderful phenomenon, or at the sound of the feeble voice, and they resumed their song: ‘My beloved is white and ruddy; the chiefest among ten thousand. His head is as the most fine gold, his locks are bushy and black as a raven; his lips, like lilies, dropping sweet-smelling myrrh.’

“Soon after this event Abishag was promised in

marriage to a young man by her parents. On this a youth appeared to her with hollow cheeks, and threatened to accuse her before the besdin, as she had already married him on the evening when he put down his hand and pronounced the words of the marriage-ceremony.

“Abishag was very much shocked, and went and told the head rabbi of Jerusalem what had befallen her. The head rabbi with his besdin recognised the validity of the marriage with the hand, but postponed the ceremony for a whole year.

“The maiden’s parents refused to submit to this decision, and erected a marriage-canopy, and led their daughter Abishag, accompanied with the sound of cymbals and of drums, to the expectant bridegroom. But the small white hand again descended, and a feeble voice said, ‘If I may not have thee to wife, at least favour me with a kiss.’

“The bystanders said, ‘You may have twelve if you like.’

“They heard the sound of the kiss which the invisible one bestowed on the young bride. It was the kiss of death—she sank on the floor, and her lips were silent for ever.”

CHAPTER XXVII.

Tradition of Abdullah and Lulu.

SOME of the manners and customs of Arab Christians in the neighbourhood of Jerusalem are well illustrated in the following tradition, which I give as nearly in the style it was told me as I can. I relate it as affording some insight to the life of these people, but do not for a moment attempt the justification of the chief character in her criminal act, which my informant seems to have done. On the contrary, I cannot but regard the part which Lulu plays in the drama as very reprehensible.

Once there lived a youth in Bethlehem called Abdullah. None of his companions were more swift of foot, nor more comely to look upon, than he. The fairest maiden of the village was Lulu. Her hair was like a flock of goats, and her cheeks were like the roses of Sharon. Her koheled eyes were the eyes of a gazelle, and her teeth were strings of pearls.

Her breasts were golden pomegranates, and she was tall like the cedar of Lebanon.

Often Abdullah, reclining under a fig-tree on the terraced hillside below the village, beheld the beautiful Lulu carrying water from the well to water her father's garden. The maiden appeared never to see the youth; but she marked him well. Abdullah's heart was pierced with love. He purchased a large handkerchief, in which he enveloped twenty piastres, and sent it by a friend to the father of Lulu. Two days afterwards, accompanied by the sheikh of his quarter, his kindred and friends, and the priests of the country, he went to the house of Lulu, and presented to her father a bottle of *araki* and dried figs. They ate, sang, and drank together. Then the priests arose and took the handkerchief, with what it contained, pronounced a prayer over it, and placed it in the hands of the passive Lulu. Afterwards, each one went to his own house. But Abdullah, before separating from the priests, gave them money for the prayers they had said.

Abdullah sent many figs and olives to the market in Jerusalem, which were sold, and the money given to Lulu's father, that he might buy the wedding-garments of his daughter. When she was arrayed in her scarlet robe, and crowned with her

cafa, Abdullah came again with the priests, who were present at the Acadezzunar, and presented to the father of Lulu one of the best sheep, and departed as before. The sheep was slain, and they all repaired to Lulu's abode to eat of it. After they had sung, eaten, drunk, and danced, Abdullah approached his future father-in-law, and paid him in coin the price of Lulu, and then dropped something into the hands of the priests. The sum that Abdullah paid to the father was 3000 piastres, for Lulu was beautiful, and admired by all the young men of the village.

As is the custom here, Abdullah presented a garment of the value of one hundred piastres to the paternal uncle of Lulu, and one of the same value to her brother. He conveyed a similar amount to the father of Lulu, with which to defray the expense of having the lovely face of his daughter rendered more beautiful with beauty-spots marked upon it the eve of the wedding-day. This in the language of the country is called Nacasse snoge. He also sent on Christmas a kid, to which was attached a five-franc piece, by one of the females of his family to the house of his future father-in-law, the present being accompanied with songs of mirth. At the invitation of Lulu's father, the family of Abdullah came and partook of the meat. Again, the day following, Ab-

dullah sent to the object of his affections a package of sweetmeats. The first day of Lent, he procured a handkerchief, which he attached to a wax candle, and sent to his beloved.

Abdullah afterwards paid the customary visits to the uncles of Lulu, and gave the necessary presents for their consent to the marriage. Then followed the seven-days' fête, to which were invited all the friends of the future husband ; a large fire was built, around which they gathered, eating, drinking, singing, and dancing.

At length the auspicious day arrives, and Abdullah appears in his most beautiful garments, mounted on a caparisoned horse. Women follow him singing and clapping their hands. Some carry on a pole the garments, ornaments, and jewelry belonging to Lulu. Young people precede them firing off guns. Arriving at a spacious place, a target is set up ; and the successful marksman approaches Abdullah, caracoling on his charger, and receives from him a present in coin. They afterwards return in joyous spirits to the village, where a repast has been prepared for them, and carpets spread around. Here they sit, eat, and drink, while the women who carried the pole dance in their midst. Having made more presents, and kissed the hand of his future father-in-

law, Abdullah takes the beautiful Lulu, with great demonstrations of joy, to the church, attended by kindred and friends. Here they are received by the priest, who, standing at the altar, says to the future husband, "May thy beginning and thy end be happy! May the Lord vouchsafe to hear my prayer! Tell me, O my brother in the faith, wilt thou take this woman to be thy wife, according to the canons of the true Church, the divine laws, and the precepts of the gospel? Now mark well that the Christian marriage is indissoluble unto death." Abdullah pronounces a joyous yes. The priest resumes, "May God be thy witness, with His angels and prophets, and all the Christians here assembled!" The same question is put to Lulu, who makes an affirmative sign with apparent reluctance. Abdullah takes his wife to his house, accompanied by the wedding guests, including the priests, where a repast of rice and meat is prepared. Towards evening, an elevated seat is erected for the new husband in one of the gardens, and a bonfire kindled. Abdullah seats himself like a conqueror upon a throne, and receives the compliments and kind wishes of his friends, many of whom make him presents of money, tobacco, or coffee, on account of the wedding outlay he has incurred. After, his godfather conducts him to his bride, and the three

partake of a slight repast together, when the god-mother leaves the newly-made husband and wife together.

The newly-wedded pair lived apparently in their little abode like bulbuls in a nest. Abdullah drove the camel with the products of their garden to the Jerusalem market, and often returned with a handsome present for his beautiful bride; or, lying upon his back under a fig-tree, watched with affection his mate watering the garden from the goat-skin.

Lulu was the envy of the females of the village. She wore a dark-blue robe, and a string of golden coins adorned her head, bracelets of silver encircled her rounded arms, and her ézar was of the whitest. She carried her goat-skin of water from the well on the side of the hill with the other women; she cultivated the garden and performed the duties of her new household as well as any other. But she was always silent. Her heart was not in what she did. Lulu, the queen, was unhappy.

* * * *

Shortly after her betrothal, and months before her marriage, a warrior came from the country beyond the Jordan. He was a Bedawee, who had nothing but his horse, and spear, and gun. Before entering the village he stopped before the well to

slake the thirst of himself and steed, for he had come from the burning plain of the Dead Sea. The beautiful Lulu was there in all her charms. He craved a drink. She gave it with her henna-stained beautiful hands, with all the grace with which Rebecca performed the same act to the eldest servant of Abraham. The bronzed Bedawee drank the water and her charms at once. Few were the words he said, but these few sank deep into the heart of Lulu.

A few days afterwards, as she made the journey to Jerusalem across the plain of Rephaim, two of the Bedawin from the country about Petra, seeing how beautiful she was, accosted her. She pronounced the usual salutation—"Marhaba"—and attempted to pass on. One of these dark men, who was a sheikh, told her to go with him to the south country, and she should be the queen of all the tribe. She indignantly rejected his proposal. They attempt to place her on one of the horses by force. But lo! a horseman comes who rides on the wings of the wind. The gallant steed does not touch the ground. The rider holds aloft a shining spear. He who flies to the rescue is Mahmoud, the Bedawee, from beyond the Jordan. He has followed Lulu from the village.

The sheikh girds himself for the joust, strikes his short stirrups into the flanks of his horse, and charges.

to meet the advancing Mahmoud. The space between them grows less and less. Their spears flash in the sunlight, and their eyes are red with fire. On, on they come; the horse of the rescuer white with foam! On, on they come, with weapons more tightly grasped, as they rise in their stirrups to strike! Thud! there is a dull sound and a woman's scream. The sheikh lies unhorsed, with the spear of Mahmoud driven through his shoulder — his companion has taken flight. Lulu lies almost fainting on the ground. The sheikh begs for his life, and Mahmoud, placing his foot upon the shoulder of the wounded man, extracts the spear, and allows him to depart.

The conquering Bedawee reassures the frightened maid with soothing words. Quickly she asked—

“Art thou not pierced?”

“Yes,” he sighingly replied.

“Where? where?” in hurried tones the maiden asked.

“Here! here!” cried the Bedawee, as he placed his hand upon his heart, and added, “by you alone.”

Then full well the maiden knew a lover's arms were around her thrown, and with downcast eyes and blushing front she tore herself from his embrace.

Fain would she have left him then, but a pang of anguish looked out of the face of the Bedawee as she strove to leave him. It was cruel thus to quit her brave deliverer, thought she; and the twain walked on together toward El Khuds. The handsome Bedawee held the maiden by his honeyed words. He talked of his wild adventurous life, and his desert home beyond the Jordan; and gradually he came to the subject nearest to his heart, and talked of love. Alas! the maiden listened too well to the soft words of the bronzed Bedawee. As they reached the gray walls of Jerusalem, they separated, but to meet again beneath the fig-trees on the terraced hillside of Bethlehem. The lover would not leave her until she promised this—

“Three moons shall come and go, and when the fourth appears, I shall seek thee, mistress of my heart, beneath the fig-tree of thy garden.”

These were his parting words as he dashed down the Valley of Hinnom, on his gallant steed, toward the desert plains beyond the Jordan.

As Lulu watched the fast-receding horseman, a new-born love crept into her heart. The maid was much perplexed. Abdullah's image waned, while that of Mahmoud grew bright and brighter in her soul. She yearned to follow the Bedawee, who sped toward

the far-off plains. Yet a sense of duty partially ruined its sway, and the maiden strove to banish from her mind the youthful warrior of the desert. In vain. The gallant Bedawee, the hero, her deliverer, always filled her mind.

She prayed her father not to wed her to Abdullah. "He hath a garden and a camel. It must be so," answered her stern sire. She betook her to the priest: "Holy father," cried the forlorn maiden, "wed me not to Abdullah!" "The first duty of a daughter is obedience to her father," replied the holy man.

The wedding-day came on apace. The sounds of mirth fell on the heart of Lulu like clods upon a coffin. The dance about the crackling bonfire to her was like the dance of death. Bedecked with golden ornaments and robed in scarlet, she stood before the altar, her cheeks as pale as lilies. More passive than a looker-on stood unhappy Lulu while the binding words were said. Amidst the general joy some noted the ézar whiteness of her face—among others, the jubilant Abdullah; but they thought it was excess of joy that chased the roses from her cheeks. The sacrifice was finished, the victim led away by one she could not love.

* * * * *

Three moons came and went, and the crescent which marked the hour of the rendezvous stole up in the quiet azure sky, attended by a little cloud with silver lined.

Unhappy Lulu, uneasy, lay beside her lord upon the nuptial couch. Through a window of the chamber a moonbeam stole athwart the floor to where she lay, like a monitor, to tell of him who filled her heart. She shut her eyes, but she saw it still. She turned her back to the silver light, and saw it plainer than before. Suddenly the restless Lulu bent an inquiring gaze upon Abdullah. His eyes seemed closed in sleep. The unhappy Lulu could not stay. She furtively arose, and crept out into the night, and stole along under the hiding shadows of the walls down to that fatal tree whose dense branches touched the ground. Before she reached the spot, a figure glided from out the dark foliage, and stood in the light of the horned moon. Joy filled the heart of Lulu. It was Mahmoud. She rushed into his opened arms, and hid her face upon his breast, and wept as if her heart would break.

The tones of the handsome Bedawee fell like music on the ear of the enraptured Lulu. In converse sweet an hour flew by on the wings of love, and the warrior wooed, and still the happy Lulu

listened. And then the guilty couple glided beneath the dark sheltering branches of the tree.

As they disappeared under the sombre foliage, the little cloud veiled the face of the chaste moon, and a star fell from heaven.

Meantime several figures had stolen along a neighbouring terrace, and stood in the shadow of a tree, whence they watched; and when the frail Lulu and her lover reappeared, the concealed figures rushed out of the shadow of the tree, and leapt down upon the terrace where stood the wooing pair. As the moonlight fell upon the foremost of the advancing forms, Lulu recognised Abdullah, and uttered a piercing scream, which echoed far down the valley, and swooned upon the ground. Pursued by Abdullah's armed friends, the Bedawee vaulted into his saddle, and darted down the valley out of sight.

Abdullah gently raised his faithless wife, chafed her hands and called her name, and brought her back to life. Sorrowful he was, but stern, and mindful of his duty, in this the darkest hour of his unchequered life.

"Thou knowest by the law I am thy executioner!" said he, as he looked in the beautiful face of his faithless bride.

Gently she said, "I know, and I am ready."

Abdullah, troubled in his soul, walked to and fro in the light of the quiet moon. His impatient friends spurred the wavering husband into action.

“What!” said they, “canst thou hesitate, when the honour of thy mother and thy sisters is at stake?”

Stung by these words, resolute, Abdullah turned to the frail and lovely woman :

“Thine hour hath come. Prepare for death!”

Lulu stood like a queen before her executioner, and said, “I am innocent of the crime which you impute to me, my lord. But with all my soul I love Mahmoud ; and if I merit death for this, then strike at once, Abdullah.”

Again the husband walked to and fro to calm his agitated soul. He knew her truthful nature. After all, thought he, she may be innocent.

Other villagers approached ; among the rest, the kindred of Lulu and Abdullah, accompanied by several monks ; for the news had spread through the village like overflowing waters.

“If thou remainest thus irresolute, Abdullah,” cried the father of the victim, “then with mine own hand I’ll strike the blow.”

The mother of Abdullah to her son, indignant, said : “Thou art no son of mine if thou dost not take away this stain from me and mine !”

To protect her from the threatening crowd, the holy men around her gathered. As she stood in the midst of these dark-robed men, she appeared like a pearl (as she was called) in a sombre setting. Her hands were crossed upon her breast, her eyes were turned to heaven, whilst the words came murmuring from her lips—"Mahmoud! my soul! my life! I'll meet thee in that other world, where loving is not sinning."

The kindred of wife and husband threw aside the holy men, who pleaded in vain for Lulu's life, and the executioner and the victim stood face to face—he, holding in his hand the bloody yataghan; she, with hands still crossed upon her breast.

She still murmured the name of Mahmoud—it was the refrain of her life's poem. As this hated name fell upon Abdullah's ear, he was nerved for his bloody task. Lulu's wondrous eyes crossed his in pity as he approached. It was as if she had stabbed him with that look. The instrument of death is held aloft, and for a moment glitters in the silver sheen, and the blow is struck!

And as the stroke is given, again the little cloud veils the face of the crescent witness in the sky.

The thrust was pointed and driven by a jealous hand, and struck unto the hilt. A copious stream of

blood followed the retiring blade. Like the distant murmuring of a brook, from her lips fell once again the old refrain—the word Mahmoud. And then she slept the sleep that knows no waking.

Lulu's kindred steeped their hands in the blood which flowed from the mortal wound, and held them, thus dyed, aloft, and cried :

“Behold! the stain upon our name is washed away!”

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Excursion to Jordan and the Dead Sea—The Bedawin Guards—
A Gallop—Wilderness of Judea—The Descent—Brook where
Elijah was fed by the Ravens—Ancient Jericho—Fountain
healed by Elisha—Arab Dancer—The Jordan—A Swim—Pil-
grims in the Stream—Latin Tradition—Modern Jericho and
its Inhabitants—Under the Tents—Riding down the Plain—
My Suggestion to the Ladies—The Dead Sea—Duc de Luyne's
Ship—Conduct of the Sheikh Mahmoud—A Bath in the Sea—
Experiments—Mahmoud "doing me honour"—Apple of Sodom
—Legend of Moses—Sham Bravery—Mar Saba,

I HAD the pleasure of making this excursion in com-
pany with an agreeable American family. Having
heard much of the excessive heat of the plain about
the Dead Sea, I threw over my head a large white
cloth, or ézar, which hung down over my back and
shoulders, and capped this with an India helmet. My
black shoes I exchanged for yellow ones. I had seen
one traveller who had blistered his feet by wearing
black polished boots down on the burning plain. Thus
I was prepared for an encounter with the sun in

his stronghold. My companions had made similar preparations; and early in the morning we rode from the Jaffa Gate, passed around the walls, and descended the Valley of Jehoshaphat at St. Stephen's Gate, went by the Garden of Gethsemane, and wound around the shoulder of Mount Olivet by the Bethany Road—the one over which, it is believed, Jesus so often walked on His way to and from the house of Lazarus. In half an hour we were in Bethany, where, of course, the guides pointed out the house of Mary and Martha and the Tomb of Lazarus. In my rides about Jerusalem I had several times visited this village, and was quite familiar with the place; an account of which I have given in a previous chapter. At the supposed Tomb of Lazarus we were met by the usual crowd of importunate Arabs, holding out lighted tapers to us to make the descent into the tomb. The head of the family, whom I shall call the governor, scattered backshish among them with a liberal hand as we were leaving, when pretty much the whole village turned out and gave chase; and we did not get clear of them without some trouble. Our guard finally drove them off.

This guard to which I have just referred accompanies all travellers to the Jordan and Dead Sea for

protection against the Bedawin. The consuls have an open contract with Mahmoud, the sheikh of all the tribes west of the Jordan to Jerusalem, by which he agrees to conduct travellers to the Jordan, Dead Sea, and back to Jerusalem, at seventy piastres each, if the party numbers three or over, and one hundred piastres each for a party of two or one. By this contract Mahmoud guarantees personal safety, and pledges himself to restore two-fold the value of any article stolen. And for several years the sheikh has faithfully kept his contract. He appears to have perfect control over his people; therefore all that is really necessary is, that one or two of the sheikh's men should accompany tourists to show that the backshish has been paid. The guard, then, is usually composed of two tattered-looking Bedawin, mounted on sorry chargers, and bearing, one an old flint-lock-musket, and the other a long spear. These worthies conduct themselves as if they were accoutred in royal trappings, and their weapons were of the most destructive character.

From Bethany the descent begins, and the dreary prospect of sand-hills and the white plain opens up before us. The descent is rapid, being a fall of 3500 to 4000 feet from Mount Olivet to Jericho; a distance

of about fifteen miles. For nearly a mile from the village we crept down the steep side of a rocky hill into a narrow valley, where we came upon an old Saracenic fountain, near which were seated a group of Arabs who were having a "fantazia"—the music of the tom-tom, the nasal chanting, and the clapping of hands.

For about an hour the road down this valley was excellent. We took advantage of it, and pushed into a brisk trot. The governor lagged behind. The ladies—of whom there were three, the two daughters of the governor and a young English governess—urged their horses into a canter, and from a canter into a gallop. When we pulled up, we were obliged to wait some time for the governor. When he came up, a gentle reprimand to his daughters followed, for what he termed their recklessness.

We were soon in the veritable Wilderness of Judea, traversing chalky hills without a speck of verdure about them; and at length reached some ruins on a high ridge. This is about midway between Jerusalem and Jericho, and is the common lunching-ground. We saw the evidences of recent occupation in the orange-peel, cheese-rind, and chicken-bones which were strewn about in the shade

of the ruined walls. As we had started early, we did not alight here, and only remained long enough to look at some of the stones in the ruins, and refresh ourselves with a glass of water from an adjoining well.

The region becomes wilder after leaving this resting spot. The road passes over shelving rock, in places which seem almost like a pavement—the remnant, as some believe, of an early civilisation. Not a house or hut of any kind is to be seen, or any living thing. I never before beheld such a picture of desolation.

Downward, still downward we go, until we come to the brink of a remarkable glen, very deep and very narrow. Looking over the edge of the precipice, we saw a little stream, fringed with oleanders; and our ears were greeted with the sound of the falling water as it coursed onward toward the plains. The sides of the precipice were honeycombed with cells, once inhabited by hermits, and now the abode of eagles. It was a query with us how these ancient recluses reached the perilous perches before us; we thought some of them must have been let down by ropes.

We skirted the brow of this glen, El-Kelt, for a short distance, and then turned more to the right, when at length we reached the side of the last hill

which overlooks the plain. From this height the sea appeared quite blue, and the Jordan, from the fringe of trees along its borders, almost black. The plain which lay between us and the river was green with verdure, and closely dotted with bushy trees. Behind, in the background, rose the lofty Moab mountains, even-topped like a great wall, extending north and south as far as the eye could reach.

We made a little detour to the north, and crossed the "brook Cherith that is before Jordan," where Elijah was fed by the ravens while the people of Palestine hungered. The little valley through which the brook runs is called El-Kelt, and is thought to be the Valley of Achor, in which Achan was stoned for theft by the Israelites. Further on, we reached the ruins of ancient Jericho, of which nothing is left but some old foundations and the beautiful spring of the Sultan, which flows in a copious stream from a mound into a pebbly reservoir, whence it winds in snake-like undulations through the plain, its banks clothed with verdure. This was the fountain healed by Elisha; and near stood Jericho, one of the most noted of ancient cities, whose eventful history is narrated in the Bible down to the time when it was given by the enamoured Antony to Cleopatra, with

its palm-groves and balsam-gardens. From the possession of the Egyptian queen it passed into the hands of that cruel despot Herod the Great, who, it appears, enlarged and beautified it to the last degree.

After bathing our hands and temples in the cool water of the fountain, we resumed our route in a southerly direction; and at one o'clock reached modern Jericho, and sought shelter, a little way from the village, under a little grove of fig-trees. Here mats were spread, and a bountiful lunch, well flanked with ale and wine, laid before us by the courier. Whilst we disposed of our repast with an appetite which a long ride gives, a professional Arab dancer performed before us one of the characteristic dances of the East; the most singular feature of which is the quivering of the muscles of the body and limbs. The governor was quite humorous during our lunch, and indulged in an unusual number of bad puns, and the ladies were as full of life and spirit as when they started.

Within a stone's-throw were a number of tents, belonging to Coptic pilgrims, who had come from Jerusalem to bathe in the Jordan. There were also other tents in the neighbourhood, over which the

English flag was flying. One of the English gentlemen occupying them came down in a palanquin, borne by two mules, from Jerusalem, where he had fallen from the walls and broken one of his legs. The mules were in shafts, one in front and the other behind the palanquin. The mule behind does the hard work, as he cannot pick his steps, and is shoved and jolted about in a cruel manner in making the turns. It was a curious conveyance, and excited some curiosity among the natives. The injured gentleman said it was a very rough way of riding; but he could not leave the Holy Land without seeing the Jordan, and was willing to suffer something for the privilege.

We mounted again, and after an hour and a half's pleasant riding through a park-like plain, we reached the banks of the Jordan, where we found some French tourists and Armenian pilgrims. It was not as wide as I was led to expect, but swifter. The stream winds here and there in a tortuous manner; and its banks are bordered with overhanging trees of tamarisk, oleander, and willow.

The ladies remained in a little grove near by, and the governor and myself doffed our clothes and plunged into the stream where tradition fixes as the

place of the baptism of our Lord. I swam up the back-water formed by the bend here under the shady trees, until I arrived at a projecting point of land where the current sweeps by in all its force. From here I struck out into the middle of the current, and was borne down with velocity to a point a little below where I had started. As I approached the shore, I was saluted with a taib from one of our Arab attendants. The governor also took a short swim in the back-water. On account of the number of people present, the ladies were obliged to content themselves with bathing their feet in the stream. We prevailed on the pilgrims, after some trouble, to refrain from bathing until the ladies had taken their foot-bath. The pilgrims evidently considered us over-nice, as they themselves plunge in indiscriminately—men and women together. It was only after a sharp altercation that they consented not to take off their clothes while the ladies were wading in the stream. When the latter had retired, it was curious to see the fervour with which they dashed in, and soused themselves in the water and muttered prayers. No levity—not a smile to be seen. The ridiculous popping up and down and plunging about in the water was made more so by the grave faces of the bathers. The pilgrimage

was complete. They had visited the holy places of Jerusalem, received the holy fire in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and bathed in the Jordan, and now evidently felt themselves among the chosen.

We drank some of the water of the muddy stream, and found it pleasant to the taste. With that comfortable feeling that one enjoys after an ablution, I loitered under the oleanders, looking at the turbid water as it swept on beneath, and thought of the sacred scene which passed here many hundred years ago, when the man of the wilderness baptised his humble Teacher, and who "bare record that this was the Son of God."

The scene of a Latin tradition is fixed near here. In the fifth century the Abbé Zoisme went out of his convent to keep Lent in the plains about the Jordan, singing, "The Saviour is my light and my safety; what have I to fear?" which was the custom of that day. He perceived in the distance a phantom having a human face. He followed it; but as he approached the phantom fled. Still the abbé pursued, when the phantom reached the banks of the Jordan, and cried out, "Abbé Zoisme, for the love of Christ, advance no farther, for I am a woman, and naked; throw me your mantle, then I shall ask your blessing."

She afterwards cast herself at his feet. The woman was a certain Egyptian Mary, who had been pushed from the threshold of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre by an invisible hand, on account of her crimes, and who, in expiation, had wandered forty-seven years in the desert. She came the following year to receive the Holy Communion at the Jordan, and she died the same day. One year afterwards, when the pious monk returned to the desert, he found her body, and these words written on the sand, "Abbé Zoisme, bury here the body of the sinner Mary, and in returning dust to dust pray for her."

Towards evening we turned our faces towards Jericho. Some welcome clouds came between us and the sun, and we enjoyed a fine canter over the plains, and arrived at our camp quite fresh. The tents had been pitched and all arrangements made while we were at the Jordan, near modern Jericho, which consists of forty or fifty mud-huts, roofed with brushwood, and enclosed by a brushwood fence. These hovels contained about two hundred of the filthiest and most miserable Arabs I had seen, with attenuated bodies and frizzled hair. They seemed to have been dried up in this burning plain.

At dusk candles were lighted, and we gathered

around our little table, and cosily dined. For a time there was a lively movement of knives and forks, accompanied with all manner of sallies and exclamations from the feminine members of the group, the governor taking advantage of any pause that occurred to fire off one of his peculiarly bad puns. We all felt quite at home. It seemed as if we had been living for an indefinite period in this way. Dinner finished, we sat outside on our camp-stools near the entrance of the tent, when thirty or forty inhabitants of the village appeared before us with torches, and danced, accompanying themselves with the inevitable nasal notes and the clapping of hands. The air, if such discord can be called an air, was a little like the "Fi-Yi" burlesque song of the Shakers, as sung by the negro minstrels in America, but not nearly as musical. The singers stood in a row, while a man performed a sort of pantomime in front of them, brandishing a sword, and going through all manner of antics. The governor said the discord was splitting his ears; so we commanded them to cease, which they did with much reluctance. We sat here some time in the moonlight, talking of our homes and our friends; and then my companions retired to rest. I walked up and down for an hour or so, smoking a

cigar, and looking at the dark figures of Arabs and pilgrims grouped around the camp-fires, which were studies in a new *genre*, and then followed the example of my friends, and sought my couch, where I fell asleep amidst the jargon of muleteers and the braying of donkeys.

After breakfast the next morning our encampment was broken up, and we rode down the hot plain of sand towards the Dead Sea. I had thrown off my coat and waistcoat, and wore my ézar and helmet. The others were under cover of umbrellas—the visage of the governor peering out from under his the colour of a boiled lobster. In accordance with my suggestion, the American ladies threw off their mantles, and appeared in their garibaldis, as they called them—a sort of linen jacket, very comfortable on the sandy plains. I also endeavoured to persuade the English lady to throw aside a woollen mantle which she wore; whereat the ladies indulged in a general titter, which set me to thinking. A glimmering conclusion at length crept into my mind that perhaps the young lady did not wear a presentable garment underneath the one which I counselled her to doff. As I rode on I made a mental reflection that the clothing of woman is one of those mysteries

which man as yet has failed to comprehend. I did not renew my suggestion to the fair Briton.

As we approached the sea we began to feel a slight humid breeze, which was very refreshing after having passed through the furnace-heat of the plain. In two hours from Jericho we reached its north-western shore, and dismounted, but did not bathe in its waters.

I made a subsequent excursion to the Dead Sea, a brief account of which I here insert. On this occasion, a ship belonging to the Duc de Luynes was aground on the beach. This vessel was manufactured at Toulon, of iron, in sections of about four feet in length, for navigating in the Dead Sea; in short, a portable vessel. It was conveyed on the backs of camels from Jaffa to Jerusalem, and thence to the place where I saw it. The Duc, with a party of three or four scientific gentlemen, had been making explorations for three or four weeks in the sea; but had returned to Jerusalem two or three days before I left. He gave me, before I started, an order to see the ship, to the sheikh Mahmoud, in whose charge it had been left. The ship was two-masted, and thirty-eight feet in length, and about six in breadth—the largest ever launched in the Dead Sea.

Three of the Duc's sailors, who had come down with us, were engaged in shoving her off into deep water. When they had accomplished this, they got into a small boat, and towed the ship out into the sea, where she sank before our eyes; and nothing was to be seen afterwards but the tops of her masts.

When the sailors returned to shore, they informed me that in getting the ship off the beach, she was so much injured that she went down in spite of all their efforts when they towed her out to sea. They were instructed to tell this story. The facts were really as follows: the Duc left his ship in charge of the sheikh Mahmoud to prevent her from being in any way disturbed, who promised to remain aboard day and night, receiving therefor 25 francs a-day, until the Duc should want his ship again. The Duc had not left his ship more than three days, when part of her tackling was offered for sale in the streets of Jerusalem—stolen, of course, through the connivance of the sheikh Mahmoud, who had given the Duc every assurance that his vessel and every thing belonging to her would be safer under his (the sheikh's) care than under his own. When the Duc saw articles of his ship hawked about the streets of Jerusalem, he was so much enraged, that he immediately sent off sailors

with an order to sink the craft and every thing aboard of her. This order was carried into effect, in the way I have described. The sheikh with some of his people were there picking up some of the *débris* which were washed ashore after the sinking of the ship. The Arab chieftain informed me, with the air of a martyr, that he had exposed himself to the burning sun, and passed sleepless nights in guarding the craft, for which he did not receive one para. He did it all out of friendship to the Duc, and to encourage science.

The sheikh said he would wait until I had taken my plunge in the sea, and do me the honour to escort me in person back to Jerusalem. We selected a spot some distance from the mouth of the Jordan, where the water was likely to be more buoyant. The dragoon endeavoured to dissuade us from going into the water, saying that it would produce a painful smarting sensation and a greasy sticky feeling on the skin, which would be very annoying; but two of us, at least, were not to be deprived of our bath, and we were soon stripped and wading into the water. I had heard a good deal of the buoyancy of the Dead Sea, and was determined to satisfy myself on this point by personal experience. I therefore braced

myself and marched resolutely and slowly into the sea until the water reached my shoulders; my feet rested no longer on the ground, and I could not maintain my vertical position; my legs flew up to the surface like corks, where I lay as horizontally as a board in ordinary water. I tried this several times with the same result. I next tried swimming; and here the difficulty was in keeping my legs sufficiently down in the water to strike out. My legs *would* remain on the surface; so that in striking out I produced such a splashing that I got a drop or two of the spray in one of my eyes, which pained me so much, that I soon gave up this experiment, and paddled about with my hands only. I also rolled over on my back, folded my arms, and floated about, with my body, from head to foot, well up above the surface of the water. I then raised arms and legs as high as I could out of the water, while on my back, and my body still remained near the surface. I shut my eyes tightly, and held my nose, and tried diving, but could only get a little below the surface, when I came bounding to the top like a life-preserver. In trying to dive, the water got into my ears, and pained me almost as much as when my eyes caught the spray.

I found too that in walking, if I did not brace

myself firmly and make an effort to keep my feet on the ground, my legs would find their way to the surface when the water reached my waist. The bottom was gravel and hard sand, and the water nearly transparent. I remained nearly three quarters of an hour in the sea, and felt invigorated and refreshed as I came out of it. The smarting sensation that some travellers have spoken of was nothing more than a gentle prickling, which was not disagreeable. By rubbing myself off quickly before the skin dried, the greasiness, also referred to by travellers, was scarcely felt. The chief care in bathing in the Dead Sea should be in keeping the water out of the nose, eyes, and ears; this done, the bath is one of the most pleasant that one can take. I have frequently bathed in the Atlantic and the Mediterranean, and in medicinal springs; but never found any thing so refreshing as the Dead Sea.

The time *may* come, when railroads are constructed and the country is cultivated about Palestine, that the Dead Sea will become as well known as a watering-place, on account of the excellency of its baths, as Brighton, Dieppe, or Newport; when a mammoth hotel will be reflected in the blue water of the sea, and rows of bath-houses will line its margin,

and fashionable ladies and cosmopolitan dandies will lave in its invigorating waves.

There is a remarkable calmness which hangs over the sea. No habitation is seen about its shores, nor any sail upon its bosom. No fish live in its waters. The only sign of life is an occasional bird winging its flight high above the water toward the mountains of Moab, on the other side. The only sound is the laving of the pebbly shore made by the advancing waves, which do not dash upon the beach, but steal up quite gently. A few willows and oleanders droop about the shore, as if in sorrow for the sins of Sodom and Gomorrah. Its only companion is the sun, who never fails to appear at his appointed hour, for rain here is almost unknown.

Incrustations of salt line the shore, with here and there bits of asphaltum and drift-wood. The pebbles feel as if they had been dipped in an oily substance. A kind of bituminous stone with a black shining surface is found here, and made into crosses and rosaries and sold to the pilgrims in Jerusalem. This stone takes fire. Pieces of sulphur are also found here, together with nitre, which indicate the volcanic character of the country.

The Dead Sea is 1300 feet below the level of the

Mediterranean, and 4000 below the Holy City; which is not more than 18 or 20 miles distant, and the Mediterranean about 50. Its breadth is 9 miles, and its length 50. Thus, it lies in a cauldron surrounded by limestone cliffs, exposed to the rays of an almost burning sun. The evaporation which takes place, considering these circumstances, must be something incredible. Its peculiar buoyancy is caused by the heavy solution of salts that it contains, which produce great specific gravity. It is more buoyant in summer than in winter, when the rains weaken the solution of salts. The density of its water is believed to be greater than that of any other natural water in the world. The salt on its shores sometimes accumulates in layers to the thickness of two or three inches, and is conveyed away on asses by the neighbouring Arabs, for their flocks. Many believe the pieces of bitumen which are found in the sea to have been thrown up from its bottom by volcanic action.

As a further illustration of the character of Mahmoud, I narrate the following incident of my second excursion: In accordance with his expressed desire, I accepted his services as an escort back to Jerusalem by way of Neby Musa (the Tomb of Moses—an Arabic tradition). He wished, as he said, “to do me

honour." We went on with the party, with whom I had come down, as far as Neby Musa, when we separated, they going to Mar Saba, and I direct to Jerusalem. Before we parted, the dragoman put up a lunch for me, and gave it to Mahmoud to carry. This worthy, as a good Mohammedan, said he could not pass Neby Musa without going into the mosque by which it is enclosed, and offering up a prayer to Allah and the Prophet. Judging from the length of time he was absent, his prayer must have been long. At length he reappeared, and we rode off in the burning heat over the chalky mountains. As I had taken an early and light breakfast, about one o'clock I felt hungry, and told Mahmoud I would eat the lunch the dragoman had prepared for me. We dismounted, and with a salaam he handed me out of his handkerchief a roll of bread and a roast pigeon. He looked upon this provision with such a hungry eye, that out of compassion I divided the small bird and the roll in halves and shared with him. He received his portion with another salaam, devoured it, and looked as if he could have disposed of my share with the same relish. After my arrival at Jerusalem, I asked the dragoman, who had also returned, why he had made such a slender provision for Mahmoud and myself.

“Why,” said he, “I put up two pigeons and two rolls of bread. He must have ate his own portion and half of yours which you were so good as to give him. He ate a hearty breakfast before we started, and he also ate a lunch in Neby Musa while you thought he was praying.”

To return to my first excursion, and my fellow-travellers whom I left on the shores of the Dead Sea. The ladies washed their hands in the water, and gathered pebbles of different colours along the shore as souvenirs of the place; and the youngest wondered if there were any houses down in the bottom of the sea which remained from the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah, and added that she would like to go down in a diving-bell to see. The governor drew off his boots and gratified himself with a little wade about the shore, while the young lady just referred to called out to him to know if he felt any chimneys or steeples.

When we remounted, we endeavoured to wade our horses into the lake; but they snorted, and drew back with affright. We then resumed our journey, turning our faces in the direction of the sandy limestone mountains in the west. We suffered very much from the heat after leaving the sea, as we crossed the plain. Near the foot of the mountain we came upon

a few dwarfed scorched-up trees, one or two of which bore a fruit which looked like Lilliputian oranges. This was the famous Apple of Sodom of which ancient writers speak—beautiful to look upon, but death to eat. I tasted one of them, and found it very bitter. It is called Lot's Lemon by the Arabs, who say that he cursed this fruit because of its growing in the plain where lived the wicked inhabitants of Sodom; and that before the curse was pronounced it was a luscious fruit.

We made the ascent of the mountains, which seemed as hot and white as limekilns; and as we passed along, caught sight of the tall minaret which rises from the mosque of Neby Musa, some distance to our right. The Arabs have a legend connected with this Tomb of Moses: "When the period fixed for Moses' death arrived, it happened that he and Joshua, while walking in the fields, came to a place where a man was digging a grave. The prophet, whom the legend describes as having been of an inquisitive disposition, immediately asked: 'Whose grave are you digging?' 'Come down to me and I will tell you.' Moses descended, and the grave immediately closed over him. It was the angel of death, who, as he was not allowed to approach the prophet

in a fearful form, enticed him into the grave, and carried off his soul without his knowing it. Joshua returned to the camp, and told the people what had happened. But they did not believe him, and ran to the grave with cries of sorrow, and opened it. It contained nothing but the prophet's heart; and the people, being convinced that his spirit remained in the midst of them, ceased to weep and to lament."

As we were ascending one of the ravines, we were the witnesses of a piece of sham-bravery. Some distance off, at the head of the ravine, the figure of an Arab was defined against the side of the limestone-hill. At once the two warriors who were our guards leaned forward in their saddles and scanned the supposed enemy under their hands. The one slung his old flintlock, which he wore behind, in front, and examined the priming; the other caught up his spear and gave it a shake, to assure himself of its strength. Then both struck their shovel-stirrups into the flanks of their sorry chargers and dashed forward, and rode around the imaginary enemy in a wide circuit, by way of a reconnaissance, and then swooped down on him like a hawk upon his prey; but suddenly, as they approached within two or three yards of him, they reined-up their jaded steeds and held parley.

He who had been the cause of such warlike demonstrations turned out to be an Arab boy on his way to the Dead Sea with a donkey, to get salt for the convent of Mar Saba.

When the seedy cavaliers galloped off to meet the enemy, I told the ladies not to be alarmed, as it was a trick often resorted to by the escort to obtain backshish. It might be called the life-preserving dodge. They persuade a gullible tourist that they have thus risked their own lives to save his. And the grateful tourist rewards such exhibition of prowess with a liberal backshish.

In the present case, at least, the sham-heroes were disappointed in their expectations of a reward, if they entertained any. The rascals knew as well as I did that the figure ahead was some inoffensive fellah.

As we resumed our journey, these worthies, our guards, fell into their places, like warriors who had earned a reputation at the cannon's mouth.

In the afternoon we came in sight of Mar Saba, and the deep glen on one side of which it is situated. We skirted the cliff which overlooks this abyss, on a road which is partly hewn into the mountain's side and partly built up like a terrace—the work of the monks of Mar Saba. The perpendicular sides of the

deep glen were covered with holes cut into the rock. These rocky chambers were in ancient times inhabited by recluses, who were here completely shut out from the world.

The convent of Mar Saba is built upon the side of a deep precipice, upon different ledges of rock. A portion of the edifice is hewn into the solid rock. It is irregular in form, and seems to have been constructed at different periods, and extends from the bottom of the chasm up to the top of the cliff. It is protected by immense walls and buttresses, and looks as impregnable as Gibraltar. Only male visitors are allowed to enter here, and they must be provided with an order from the vicar at Jerusalem—the Fire-Bishop whose acquaintance we have made. A basket is let down from a loophole overhead; the order is dropped into it, the basket drawn up, and if the permit is found to be correct, a massive iron door is opened and held ajar while the visitors enter. Inside, the monks show the tomb of St. Saba, their church, and seven chapels, and the skulls of many martyrs who were murdered within these walls. The founder of the convent was Mar, or Saint Saba, a priest of the fifth century, who was abbot of all the anchorites in Palestine.

We encamped near the convent, and the next day returned to Jerusalem. My quarters on Mount Zion felt deliciously cool, after the burning plains about the Dead Sea.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Tattooing—In vogue amongst Ladies—Origin of the Practice—
Prickly Jack—His Certificates—Those of the rival Tattooer.

TATTOOING seems to be in vogue amongst English travellers at Jerusalem since the Prince of Wales visited the place. The king *en herbe* had the Jerusalem Cross picked in India ink on his arm; and most of his admiring countrymen who came after him have done likewise. Tattooing is not confined to men—ladies also are marked in this way. I recollect one young lady was distressed in mind because she was devoted to parties of pleasure where she must appear in a sleeveless *décolleté* costume; and she did not know where to have the mark put so that it would not be visible to the public eye, and yet in such a place that she could conveniently show it to a friend. After much perturbation, she concluded to be marked on the shoulder. Her papa—who, as the young lady observed, was so ridiculous—suggested that she should have the tattooing done on the sole of her foot.

Some of the ladies have the mark picked on the

arm, like the sterner sex. The most popular one is the Jerusalem Cross, consisting of five crosses, as follows :

$$\begin{array}{c} + | + \\ \hline + | + \end{array}$$

One young English nobleman, who had the tattoo mania, showed me the names of all the countries he had visited picked on his arm, beginning at the elbow.

“Ye shall not make any cuttings in your flesh for the dead, nor print any marks upon you ; I am the Lord.” The pilgrims appear to attach but little importance to this command, for they rarely ever leave the Holy City without being tattooed. Indeed, the custom prevails all over the East. A Moham-medan legend attributes the introduction of tattooing to King David, who, after his treachery to Uriah, seized with remorse, had his accusation picked upon his arms and legs with a sharp iron stylus, that his crime might ever be recalled to him. According to the same account, after this royal example, the pilgrims to Mecca and Jerusalem tattooed themselves in divers ways. Many of the peasant-women in Palestine, as well as Egypt, are punctured on the forehead and chin with the blue ink, to enhance their attractions.

The pilgrims, in addition to the Jerusalem Cross on the arm, usually have the Star of Bethlehem on the hand,—consisting of a star, its rays, and three little dots representing the Holy Trinity. During the pilgrim season, the tattooers do a thriving business.

At the hotel it is amusing to observe how the ladies occasionally manœuvre to get their fathers' or husbands' consent to be tattooed. When the subject is first broached, the reply most frequently is, "Pooh, nonsense." Then follows the "Why, Mrs. So-and-So, and Lady So-and-So, and the Prince of Wales were tattooed." By the time paterfamilias has a day or two of this, he usually gives in, and not only allows his fair teasers to follow the illustrious example of England's future king, but like as not goes through the same operation himself.

One of the best-known tattooers is a certain Kharrabet, an Armenian, often jocularly called Prickly Jack, who haunts the hotels for victims, and presents his certificates to all who will read them. Some of them are humorous. A man of the sea writes:

"This is to certify that Prickly Jack pricked me to my heart's content, and would strongly advise others not to undergo the same torture. He is no

doubt a dab at the art. That he dabs deep I can vouch for. (A gentleman has just suggested that the word 'dig' should be substituted for 'dab,' which substitution is hereby accepted).

“ Given under my arm at the British Navy Hotel, Jerusalem, this 4th day (should be the first) of April, A.D. 1862.”

Another testifies that :

“ This old fellow picked my arm until it was 'deeply, darkly, beautifully blue,' thereby giving me a deep and everlasting impression of Jerusalem.”

A Yankee imitation follows :

“ I guess and calculate, stranger, you will find very few slicker blokes at tattooing than Kharabet.”

The word blokes, however, unmasks the Briton—the word is unknown in America.

A rival tattooer, one Lowan, also thrusts his certificates into the hands of tourists. Turning them over, we come to one in a delicate hand, and signed with a lady's name :

“ Faîtes-vous appliquer la torture, vous en serez très-content *quand* l'opération sera finie.”

The fellow's winning card, however, is the following :

“ This is to certify that Francis Lowan engraved the Cross of Jerusalem on the arms of His Royal

Highness the Prince of Wales, Lieutenant-Colonel Keppel, and Honourable R. Meade. The result proved satisfactory, and the operation can be recommended."

Here endeth a chapter on one of the follies of the Jerusalem Howadjis.

CHAPTER XXX.

Proselyting by the Protestants—Arabs as Christians—Customs or Laws of Arabs in neighbouring Villages—Inheritance—Death of the Master of the House—In regard to Homicide.

ONE of the missionaries related to me an incident showing the insincerity of Arabs in matters of religion. A village, a few hours from Jerusalem, composed of converts to the Greek Church, sent a deputation to this missionary of the English Church, consisting of eighty men, all heads of families, who expressed a wish to become members of his Church. The missionary had two long interviews with them, during which they appeared to exhibit a sincere desire to be instructed in the truths of the Bible, as taught by the Established Church of England, and to reject what the missionary considered the objectionable features of the Greek Church.

They also called on the Pasha and requested their names to be stricken from the roll of the Greek Church and placed upon that of the English Church,

which was done. The names of all riyahs or subjects of the Ottoman Empire are thus enrolled.

Every thing seemed to go on swimmingly. The conversion appeared to be in every way satisfactory, and was the cause of great rejoicing amongst some of the more sanguine of the English missionaries. A few of the more elated thought the days of the Apostles were come again, when villages and towns were to be converted *en masse*.

Suddenly the visits of the natives to the missionary ceased ; and after several days of investigation, the facts were found to be substantially as follows :

The natives of this village, who were all Greek Christians under the protection of the Greek convent at Jerusalem, requested the authorities of this establishment to erect for them in their village a church and school, and to provide for the same priests and teachers. This the people of the convent refused to do, when the natives threatened to abandon the faith of the Greeks, and go over in a body to the English Church. As the threat had already been made several times, the Greek monks paid but little attention to it ; but as soon as they ascertained the steps that had been taken by the natives toward carrying out the threat, they at once made overtures to their straying sheep, and acceded to their demands. Whereupon the na-

tives assured their spiritual fathers—the Greek monks—in the most energetic manner, that they never had any idea of separating themselves from the Greek Church. Thus the monks were coerced, and the church and school now stand in the village as monuments of the transaction.

Some of the customs or laws by which the Arabs in the neighbouring villages are governed are interesting.

When a man dies, his sons inherit his property; but if he have no sons, his sons-in-law. Neither the wife nor daughters of the deceased have any claim thereto. For in the absence of sons or sons-in-law, the possessions of the deceased pass to the nearest of kin by blood or marriage. If the defunct should have no kindred, his heritage passes to his tribe, though he should have a wife and daughters. The widow returns to her family; if without family, to her nearest kindred; if without kindred, to her own tribe. They can oblige her to take a husband, if any one offers himself. If she refuses absolutely, they compel her by force. As a last resort, the husband of their selection is sent into her house. Her cries are of no avail; she is irrevocably from this time his wife. In Christian villages, however, personal violence is never resorted to. This is confined to

the Mussulman villages. If the widow have money, and be opposed to matrimony, she has the right to purchase herself for 1000 piastres, more or less, according to her age.

When a man dies, all the women of his house—his wife, daughters, and kindred—tear their garments from top to bottom. Afterwards they blacken their visage with chimney-soot or charcoal. They uncover their heads and allow the hair to fall dishevelled over their shoulders. When the kindred and friends have all assembled, the corpse is carried to the tomb. The men march at the head of the procession behind the remains, and the women follow. The latter twirl a cloth above their heads in sign of lamentation, and occasionally utter sounds not unlike an Indian war-whoop in North America. They chant a kind of irregular verse, the sense of which is usually as follows :

“I passed before his house as usual. I bedewed the ground with my tears, and said, O house, where are thy former inhabitants? It answered, They are gone, and their journey will be long.

“O thou whom death hath stretched under this covering, thy cake is already risen, the day is far advanced, and thy children shall go supperless to bed.

“This husband was not born to be happy, for he has become the husband of the tomb.

“O lion of the tribe, O camel of thy household, we shall never see thee more.”

The day after the funeral, the kindred and friends of the deceased meet at his house to condole with the afflicted family and relatives, who prepare meat and drink for them as they arrive. These repasts continue for about fifteen days, and involve great expense to the family of the deceased.

With regard to homicide: When one man kills another, he quits his country at once, accompanied by all his kindred and friends, and takes refuge in a neighbouring village, where he selects several of the most influential of its inhabitants, and sends them to the family of the murdered man to obtain a truce. If the truce is established, the family of the murderer take a sheep, some rice, butter, and the wood necessary to cook these provisions, and repair to the house of the murdered man, make a fire, prepare the dinner, and the two families eat it, together with some others who act as mediators. After dinner the date and length of the truce is fixed upon the responsibility of the principal sheikhs of the village.

If, during the time which has been fixed for the

truce, some one of the aggrieved family should kill the murderer or any of his family, the sheikhs who have pledged their word for the maintenance of the peace have the right to kill four persons of the family or tribe so offending.

In case the sheikhs who have undertaken the management of the affair on their honour are not powerful enough to restrain the family of the dead from acts of violence toward the kindred and friends of the murderer, they appeal to the sheikhs of neighbouring villages to aid them, which the latter are bound to do according to the laws of the country, although they may be at enmity with those who make the demand.

If the family of the murderer do not flee with the murderer, it is subjected to what is called the law of death; according to which, at the expiration of nine days after the deed of blood, all the members of the family of the murderer repair to the house of the murdered, and make presents of ninety piastres, a sheep, rice, butter, and the wood necessary to make a fire. The provision is cooked, and they make a repast together, and the united families pass the night together. The family of guests, as they depart in the morning, leave the sum of ninety piastres in the house. Peace is now esta-

blished between them, and the homicide alone is pursued.

The truce fixed through the intervention of the neighbouring sheikhs, the homicide sets about procuring the price of the blood, which he collects from his kindred and friends far and near. Each member of his own tribe contributes his quota.

The price of blood is thus paid: The homicide purchases five sheep, a certain quantity of rice, butter, and wood, and a piece of silk stuff for garments. The kindred and friends unite, and detach the turban from the head of the culprit, and tie it around his neck like a rope, and thus lead him before the injured family and implore his pardon. The silk is presented, and the provisions cooked, and all partake.

The repast finished, the sheikh of the village demands of the family of the murdered man the price of his blood. The answer is 20,000 piastres. On receiving this response, the sheikh makes twenty knots in an unrolled turban, which has been attached to a pole.

This ceremony finished, the sheikh turns to the family of the homicide, who hold themselves apart, and indicates with his finger each knot, which is the sign of 1000 piastres.

If the parties concerned be of the Latin Church, the sheikh says to the aggrieved :

“For the sake and the honour of the Latin Convent, what is the lowest price you will take?”

The sheikh of the family of the killed man will answer, for instance :

“We will deduct 2000 piastres.”

The sheikh then unties two of the knots of the turban, and returns to the offended family, and renews his efforts to bring down the price of blood. He addresses them in the most pathetic manner, and begs them, for the sake of every thing which they hold dear, to take off something. As the amount is reduced, so also are the knots of the turban. This appeal is made again and again, until the knots are reduced to six or seven.

The amount being paid, is shared amongst all the murdered man's tribe—that is, amongst all males, though they be infants; but females have no part therein.

Then the family of the homicide address the other as follows :

“Behold, we have paid the price of blood according to the number of knots on the turban. Now let us see him who pledges his honour to maintain peace between the two families.”

The sheikh, who has been the master of ceremonies throughout, presents one of the most respectable men of the village, saying,

“Here is he who makes himself responsible.”

The guarantor steps forward, and says,

“I take the responsibility;” for which he receives a present of 500 piastres.

CHAPTER XXXI.

The Russian Buildings, or New Jerusalem—The Chapel—Drunken Pilgrim—A Russian Wedding.

THE Russians were the last to acquire property in or about Jerusalem. They have now the finest modern building in Palestine, on an elevated site to the west of Jerusalem, famed as the camping-ground of the troops of Sennacherib, and the head-quarters of Titus, and, at a later day, as the place from which the Crusaders made their attack upon the Holy City, when under Saracenic rule. It was also here that the Roman general Titus deployed his legions before the Jewish soldiers on the walls, in the hope of awing them into submission.

The cluster of Russian buildings is the first object which meets the eye in approaching Jerusalem by the Jaffa road. Seen under a Syrian sun, they are of such a glaring white that it is painful for the eye to rest upon them. At the close of day the buildings appear to better advantage.

The name of this new construction is New Jeru-

saalem ; but it is better known as the Russian Buildings. The whole is enclosed by a wall about ten feet high. The most conspicuous edifice is the church in the centre of the grounds, of white marble, crowned with seven domes surmounted with as many golden gilt crosses. Near it is a large square building, of bluish-white stone, for the priests of the Russian Mission, together with apartments for distinguished Russian pilgrims and tourists. In the interior there is a gorgeously-appointed chapel, and a handsome little flower-garden, cultivated by the monks. Two long low buildings of the same stone, in different parts of the enclosure, are the habitations of the rank-and-file of the pilgrims—one for males, and the other for females. Towards the north stands the consular establishment, surmounted with an observatory, from which rises the flagstaff, with its protecting flag unfurled. Connected with this building are the spacious apartments of the consul and his assistants. On the highest ground of the enclosure is situated a large and well-constructed hospital, containing wards, as I understand, only for Russians. The rooms are spacious and the halls of great width, with excellent ventilation. The hospital contains apartments for the family of the attending physician. There is also a pharmacy here. The whole building seems to be

kept clean ; and the patients appear to receive every attention.

In the centre of the grounds there is a large cistern, which contains such a quantity of water that it is never empty. From constant exposure to the air, the water remains pure. Rows of trees and bushes have already been planted in the open space of the interior of the area.

The Hospice of New Jerusalem, I am informed, will contain as many as 8000 pilgrims. It has already accommodated at one time 5000.

I saw a wedding in the beautiful chapel just referred to. As I entered, I observed one of the Russian pilgrims, quite drunk, standing at the door, his body see-sawing back and forward. It was evidently as much as he could do to keep on his legs ; and yet he was trying to perform his devotions, with that ludicrous gravity which can only be seen on the face of a drunken man. As I passed him he was making the sign of the Cross, and trying to bow, as the custom is, when he almost fell forward, but miraculously caught himself, and resumed his see-sawing position. After several nudging admonitions from a woman, who was doubtless his wife, this pilgrim reluctantly interrupted his devotions, and retired with his better-half.

Such is the importance that these pilgrims attach to the performance of their religious rites, that they will not neglect them though they be drunk.

On the occasion of the nuptials the chapel was brilliantly lighted with chandeliers. The bridegroom first entered with his friends, and stood on one side of the chapel. Afterwards the bride appeared on the other side, accompanied by her friends, who, according to the Russian custom, were married ladies.

Soon after, the gorgeously-gilt folding-doors of the Holy of Holies were thrown open, and the archemandrite appeared before the altar, from which brilliant lights encircled his form like an aureola. He was crowned with a tiara rich with jems and jewels, and habited in a sky-blue satin robe, bordered with broad bands of gold. He advanced into the body of the chapel to the bridegroom, and took him by the hand through the cape of his robe, so that their hands did not come in contact, and led him in the direction of the bride. Here the archemandrite took her hand in the same way with his other hand, and thus led them forward together, he walking backwards, to a richly-embroidered desk in the centre of the chapel. Here he placed their hands one in the other, taking care not to bring his own in contact with them. He then gave them each a lighted taper, encircled with

a spiral band of gold, and they kissed the hand which extended the taper to them. Then followed reading from a prayer-book on the desk, during which the archemandrite turned his back to the couple, who, for five or ten minutes, were thus left to their own reflections. This was followed by music from the choir, who were stationed near the Holy of Holies. At length the archemandrite turned to the two who wished to be made into one, and received from each a ring, and, holding one in each hand, his arms crossed, he turned and marched into the sanctuary. Music again. In a short time the archemandrite reappeared with the rings, the arms crossed as before, and placed a ring in the outstretched hand of each of the matrimonial candidates, and then changed them from the hand of one to the hand of the other several times, very much as a magician would perform a *hocus-pocus*.

Then massive golden-gilt crowns were held over the heads of the bride and bridegroom by two persons from behind. After more reading, the couple were led around the chapel in a circle by the archemandrite, they bearing their gilded tapers in their hands, and with the crowns still suspended over their heads.

After this, the basso-profundo of the choir came from behind the screen, to where the archemandrite

and two of his priests stood with the bride and bridegroom, and sang an interminable and monotonous solo. This finished, more reading. Singing again. Finally, the last link in the matrimonial chain is completed, and they are pronounced one. Then their friends came forward and felicitated them on this their first opening chapter of a rose-coloured married life.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Church of England on Mount Zion—Its Interior and Congregation—Object of the establishment of a Bishopric in Jerusalem—English and Prussian Copartnership—Instructions of the Archbishop of Canterbury—Bishop Alexander and his Attempts at Proselyting—English and American Missionaries—Their Work—Reasons for their want of Success—"Dead and Idolatrous Churches"—German Lutheran Element in the Mission—Bishop Gobat—Efforts at converting the Jews—Aids thereto—Hospital—Library—House of Industry—Jewess' Institution—The Agricultural Scheme—Boys' School—Inquirers' Home—Bible Depôt—Street Preacher—Scripture Readers—Lack of Success—A barren Field—Cost of a Convert—Suggestions.

THE Protestant temple stands upon Mount Zion, on the site of the palace of Herod the Great, as it is believed. It is built of a yellowish-gray stone, in Gothic style, and cost, together with the ground and adjoining premises, 14,000*l*. It is a handsome edifice, situate upon one of the best sites in the Holy City. Great difficulty was experienced in obtaining the necessary firman from the Porte for its erection. The permission was finally obtained, with this modi-

fication, that it was to be a chapel attached to the British Consulate, and not a public church. This stipulation was stoutly insisted on by the Porte, and was finally accepted by the English. This was an instance of the gratitude of the Turks toward their allies, who had so often helped them in many a strait with both blood and treasure.

The English Consul lived in the house, which was constructed alongside the church, for many years, to comply with the provisions of the firman; and then it was taken possession of by the rector, for whom it was intended.

On first entering the church at the hour of service, one would take it for a Calvinistic temple, or a Puritan "meeting-house" of New England. The pews are of dark stout oak, and the walls white and bare. Inserted in the wall of the chancel are two tablets of highly-polished black marble, on which are inscribed the Ten Commandments in Hebrew. The symbol of Christ's suffering—the Cross—is nowhere to be seen in the church. Nothing but the hard uncompromising law stands forth in golden characters from the black tablets. The appearance of the bishop, rector, and curate in the chancel, partakes of the severe character of every thing around. In their sermons, the love of Christ is seldom referred to, but

the wrath of God is their constant theme. Over the door, in a small gallery, is an indifferent organ, which produces any thing but tuneful sounds. The music of the Franciscans or Russians is much superior.

The congregation usually numbers about fifty, half of which are Jews. It may be that the Anglican Church here, in its desire to meet the Jews half way, to draw them within its fold, has adopted this Puritan style. The Jews, as is well known, eschew art, decoration, or melody in their synagogues, and hold to the dry forms of the law. The Cross of Christ is, of course, particularly objectionable to them. If this hypothesis be correct, the question arises how far this elasticity—this desire to conciliate the Israelite, will carry the Anglicans? In the end, the Anglicans may become Jews, instead of the Jews becoming Anglicans.

From the peculiar circumstances under which the Anglican bishopric was established, it is difficult to say with what precise object it was done—whether for the conversion of Jews or Gentiles, or to bring the Anglican Church into closer relations with the orthodox Greek Church, as well as the other Churches of the East. There are those who affirm, according to their different opinions, that it was established for one or another, or the whole, of these objects.

The bishopric was created conjointly by the King of Prussia and the heads of the English Church, with the understanding that they were to appoint the bishops therefor alternately, the expense of their support being equally divided between them. The King of Prussia ceded the appointment of the first bishop to the authorities of the Anglican Church, who called to the work a converted Jew—Bishop Alexander. At his death, the right of appointment reverting to his Majesty of Prussia, he sent the present incumbent, Bishop Gobat.

The object of the Prussian king, according to his own instructions and the statements of his subordinates, in founding the bishopric was, “to effect a union between the Church of England and the evangelical confessions of Germany over the tomb of their common Lord at Jerusalem.”

The pro-Israelite party in England—the London Society for promoting Christianity amongst the Jews—claim that the Anglican bishop was sent as an apostle to the Jews only. The other, and most reasonable, party say that he was sent to bring the Church of England *en rapport* with the Churches of the East, to convert unbelieving Orientals as well as Jews, but that no attempt at proselyting was to be made. After the consecration of the first bishop, the

Archbishop of Canterbury wrote to the bishops and prelates of the Apostolic Churches of the East: "To prevent any misunderstanding in regard to this our purpose, we think it right to make known to you that we have charged the said bishop our brother not to intermeddle in any way with the jurisdiction of the prelates, or other ecclesiastical dignitaries, bearing rule in the Churches of the East, but to show them due reverence and honour, and to be ready on all occasions, and by all the means in his power, to promote a mutual interchange of respect, courtesy, and kindness." Bishop Alexander, at first, seems to have adhered to his instructions, and refrained from any effort at proselyting. His want of success with the Jews led him to turn his attention to unbelieving natives, but he was as unsuccessful with them as with the Israelites. Thus, not being able to make any converts in his own Church, he endeavoured to take the converts of the Churches of the East; in short, to proselyte, or rather to try, for he met with no success. In this respect Bishop Gobat has followed in the footsteps of his predecessor, and with as little success.

This course of the English missionaries is strangely at variance with their avowed intentions when they first came to Jerusalem. Like the Ame-

rican missionaries, who were also here at that time, they professed to come “not to draw off members of the Oriental Churches to Protestantism, but to awaken them to a knowledge and belief of the Gospel truth in the purity and simplicity of its original scriptural form;” which, by the way, was one of the most impracticable schemes, as set forth by themselves, that was ever broached. How they could make them believe as they (the Protestants) did, without taking from them their ancient faith, passes the comprehension of any thinking man. It was in this way these missionaries, both English and American, introduced themselves to their Christian brethren of the East; and when they thought the time was ripe, began to *try* to steal the converts of these confiding men. Jesuits could not have managed it more adroitly.

The object of their errand was cool. They came to teach their Oriental brethren Christianity, but were not willing to be taught any thing themselves. They told the Orthodox Greeks, for instance, who can trace the chain which binds them to the Victim on Calvary link by link,—for they have an unbroken line of bishops, of which the first was one of the witnesses of the Crucifixion,—they told these Christians that they had mistaken the road to heaven. They said to

them substantially: "Now *we* know the path. Listen to us, and we will point out the way of salvation to you. We are wiser in our generation than you, and we have pity on you. You must leave the road you have followed hitherto, and take ours." As a learned writer on the Holy City observes, it is a mistake to suppose "that the Orientals are prepared to acknowledge the preëminent excellency of our institutions. They are quite as jealous of our remedies as we are of their contagion; as indisposed to submit to us as we are forward to proclaim our own superiority; as apt to charge us with innovations in doctrine as we to object to their corruptions of practice. Neither are the chief pastors of those churches sunk in such a depth of ignorance as we are wont to imagine; and he should be a skilful controversialist, well exercised in Scripture, and no tyro in patristical theology, who has to defend the Anglican formularies against the objections of a bishop of the Orthodox Church of the East."

For a while the English and American missionaries rowed in the same boat. They agreed to be known simply as Protestants, which was certainly a great concession for English Churchmen to make. The American missionaries were Presbyterians or Congregationalists, who delighted in the aggressive and sectarian name of Protestants. Their different

teachings produced such confusion in the minds of their few Jewish and Gentile neophytes, that at length they were obliged to separate by mutual agreement, the English remaining in possession of the field in Palestine, and the Americans removing to Syria. The effect of their combined efforts was curious. The Englishman, for instance, told the wondering Gentile that he must study his Prayer-book. The American told him that he had no use for such a book; he must take the Bible and nothing else, except, perhaps, Watts's version of the Psalms. The process was certainly a pursuit of knowledge under difficulties, which would have bewildered a wiser head than that of the poor Oriental.

The subsequent efforts of the English missionaries, after their separation from the Americans, towards christianising the Arabs and proselyting those who were connected with the churches of the East, was an absolute failure. This result may be accounted for in two ways. The services of the Anglican Church here are conducted in such a manner as to appear, particularly to the Oriental eye, severe and sombre. This is probably one cause of the want of success. The other is, doubtless, because the members of the mission do not seem to possess that adaptability of character by which access to the inner life of the

people is secured. In this respect the Latins and Greeks are in remarkable contrast to them. They, particularly the Latins, are on the most familiar footing with the natives—have identified themselves with their little pleasures and troubles, their every-day life. In the ills and misfortunes to which every family is subject, these monks, besides giving material aid, offer sympathy and advice. In this fashion they win the way to their hearts, and they are soon brought into the Church, where the attractive and imposing ritual holds them when they are once within the pale.

These, however, are the churches which Bishop Gobat designates as “dead and idolatrous.” To this charge—at least the first part of it—respond the Greeks and Latins: “Look at the results,—we have 2500 converts in Jerusalem,” say the former; “And we have 1500,” say the latter. Certainly there can be no better evidence of life than this; and the term “dead” really applies more properly to the church on Mount Zion, as far as missionary operations go, than to any other.

Even if the members of the Church Mission possessed the ingratiating character of their Latin brethren to a sufficient degree to induce the natives to connect themselves with the Anglican Church as it exists in Jerusalem, it is questionable if they could

be prevailed on to remain in it, on account of what appears to them its forbidding aspect—its want of life and general attraction.

The attempt at proselyting is the more special office of the members of the Church-Missionary Society,—of course under the direction of the bishop. As this movement is in direct opposition to the instructions of the Archbishop of Canterbury to the predecessor of the present bishop, some endeavour to palliate or defend it is urged, by alleging that the change of attitude on the part of the missionaries was compulsory, through the persecutions to which they were subjected by the members of the churches of the East. The persecution here referred to amounted to this: the Protestant missionaries got to intermeddling in the religious matters of the Christian Orientals in their hunt after proselytes, when the latter naturally objected, and put a stop to the proceeding. This is the gist of the matter.

If the Bishop of Jerusalem was consecrated for the purpose of bringing about an *entente cordiale* between the Church of England and those of the Orient, with perhaps an ulterior view of establishing inter-communion with the Orthodox Greek Church, this end would have been much better attained by acting alone, and not in conjunction with his Prussian

Majesty. The effect of this copartnership has been to introduce into the mission a German Lutheran element, which has become the ruling power. Through this influence the Anglican Church at Jerusalem is fast losing its identity—its distinctive characteristics as a Church of England. The head of the see, although born in Switzerland, in his tastes, habits, and prejudices, is essentially a German, and he has consequently surrounded himself principally with those who are congenial to him, namely Germans. It can scarcely be expected that these men, with their Teutonic prejudices and predilections, would understand the polity and doctrine of the Church of England. The bishop, like most of the Germans of the positive evangelical school, is somewhat intolerant to those who do not look toward heaven through the same spectacles as himself, and is, consequently, one of the most unlikely agents to establish a fraternal feeling between the Church of England and those of the East.

We have glanced at the proselytism of native Christians, and the evangelisation (as the bishop calls it) of unbelieving natives. Let us now turn to the work amongst the Jews, and consider the aids to conversion which are employed.

First in importance is the hospital, exclusively for

Jews, under the direction of an excellent physician—Dr. Chaplin, an Englishman. The Jews, from their manner of life and ignorance of the laws of health, are often seriously ill, when they are at once transferred to this orderly, clean, and comfortable establishment, and treated with the utmost care. Those who are ill, and do not wish to enter the hospital, either because they are not seriously sick, or for any other reason, are attended at their houses by Dr. Chaplin free of charge. Medicines are also furnished gratis.

Naturally, the Jews feel grateful for such service, which is all rendered in the name of Christianity, and become attached to the good Samaritans—the physician and the missionaries—for their good offices. Their gratitude sometimes leads them to become converts.

When the Jew is converted, a transformation takes place in his appearance. The filthy gown, slatternly shoes, and furred caps, are thrown aside, and the dangling frontlocks are shorn. From a thorough scouring, his complexion assumes a different hue. He is seen in clean linen, and a good plain suit of European clothes. He has a more civilised air, and partly loses his excessive Jewish humility, which made him cringe and bow before every

passer-by. He walks erect, and, in short, recovers his lost manhood.

This hospital, with its dispensary, was established over twenty years ago, under the direction of the late Dr. Macgowan, and has been the means of doing much good for suffering Jewish humanity. It contains wards for males and females, and is managed by a resident convert and a matron. The food of the patients is prepared according to their peculiar views by fellow Jews. Thus, the most bigoted Jew may enter without fear of offence to his religious tenets.

The late Dr. Macgowan bequeathed to the mission, for the use of its members and the public, the most valuable library in Jerusalem. The philanthropic testator inserted as a provisional clause in his will, that the library should not be opened for use until a catalogue of the books should have been taken, with a view to preventing the books from becoming scattered or lost, as in all probability would have been the case without such provision. This condition was a very simple one, and in any other community than that of Jerusalem would gladly have been complied with. Not so here. It is now about six years since the bequest came into the hands of the mission; but so far no catalogue has been made.

Meanwhile these valuable books are locked up, and inaccessible to all but the chaplain of the church, who keeps the key of the library. The volumes are covered with dust and filth, and going to ruin. I am unable to say who the person is, through whose apathy the wishes of the liberal legator are being thus defeated; but when he awakes from his Rip-Van-Winkle sleep to make a catalogue, he will probably find the tomes crumbled into dust.

Another Jewish institution is the House of Industry, founded by the late Miss Cook of Cheltenham, who has made donations for the benefit of the Jews amounting in the aggregate to 60,000*l*. The House of Industry “has for its object the training of converts from Judaism to habits of industry. The trades of shoemaking and turnery are taught in workshops built on the premises; the whole being under the direction of the superintendent, of whose family the young men are considered members. Various articles in olive and other woods are manufactured and kept on sale.”

There is also the Jewess' Institution, consisting of three departments: “1. The Industrial School, where Jewish women are taught the use of the needle, and paid in proportion to their work. 2. The Girls' Boarding and Day School, for the education of

daughters of Hebrew parents, converts, or others.

3. The Bazaar, for the sale of work done by the Jewesses, and also of various articles for use or ornament, which have been contributed by friends of the establishment towards defraying its expenses." These are the objects of these two institutions as stated in circulars which are sent about for the purpose of procuring alms toward their maintenance. I was informed by the directress of the Industrial School that during the time she had had charge of the institution, no converts had been made amongst the women employed in sewing. In consequence of lack of room, the number of women thus engaged is limited to thirty-five. When I visited the establishment, I found twenty-five of them seated in Turkish fashion [on the floor against the walls, plying their needles. They were in about equal numbers from the Sephardim and Aschkenazim. Amongst the former, I observed but one Mugrabie, who, by the way, was one of the best sewers present. They work five days in the week, five hours a day, and receive from two to four piastres, according to proficiency, per diem. Several years ago, when the founder of this institution, the late Miss Cooper, had charge of it, there were about 100 women employed. Since her death it seems to have declined.

Some years ago, a farm was purchased in the neighbourhood of Jerusalem, through the former English consul, by private donations from England, for the purpose of giving agricultural employment to all Jews who wished to earn their living by the sweat of the brow. Money was also furnished from the same source, to pay them so much a day for their labour. The agricultural establishment began operations, apparently under favourable auspices, with about 100 labourers. The novelty, however, soon wore off, and the Jews relapsed into idleness—their normal condition. At present there is not a single Jewish labourer on this farm, which I believe is now quite neglected. The mission had no part in this project, but its originator considered it as a valuable auxiliary to that society in converting the Israelites. This scheme was inaugurated with a great flourish, and ended in a complete *fiasco*.

There is a Boys' School for the instruction of the sons of Hebrew parents, who are taught in English and German by members of the mission.

The schools in Jerusalem, and elsewhere in Palestine, do not seem to be in as flourishing a condition as might be desired. The bishop says something to this effect in his last annual letter.

The Inquirers' Home is another institution esta-

blished to draw the Jew within the fold. This is a large dormitory, where the neophytes are instructed in the elementary principles of the new faith, and provided with food and raiment. A Hebrew Catechist resides in the house, who furnishes the inquirers with alimentary and spiritual food. Thus, the mission undertakes the support of every Jew who shows any inclination to change his faith. It is in reality a bid to every wavering Jew. The inquirer remains here until the mission finds employment for him. During their stay they are frequently visited and instructed by the missionaries.

As the traveller ascends Mount Zion, one of the first objects which arrests his eye is the conspicuous sign of the Bible and General Book Dépôt. The chief aim of this establishment "is the circulation of the Holy Scriptures in the Hebrew language, by sale or otherwise, and the gratuitous distribution of tracts and other publications of the Society in languages understood by the Jews." This place is under the charge of the most respectable and intelligent Jewish convert in Jerusalem, who, on every Saturday afternoon, preaches in the street before the dépôt to a motley small crowd of Jews in their own language. He is often interrupted and hooted at, but he continues to harangue in the most energetic

fashion notwithstanding. His audience is usually composed of Jews of the Aschkenazim community.

This manner, however, of presenting the truth does not seem to advance the cause of Christianity; for the bishop writes, "I am not sure that the time has arrived for this kind of preaching here; the noise is generally too great for those present to hear and understand; whilst many Jewish houses which were before open to the missionaries are now shut against them, the consequence probably of preaching in the street."

There are a couple of converts employed by the mission as Scripture-readers who might with propriety be called fishers of Jews. At all times and places they cast their nets at the children of Israel. They lie in wait for them, and follow them about, and lecture them in the most persevering manner. They certainly, to use the bishop's expression, "labour with much zeal and prayer."

These are the principal means which I have named that are employed for converting the Jews, and retaining them after conversion.

Bishop Gobat of course directs the missionary movement amongst the Jews. I have the honour and pleasure of knowing him personally; and I believe he is a conscientious man, who has a sincere

desire to promote Christianity. If he errs as to the best means of carrying out his religious views, I believe it is an error of judgment and not of the heart. He and his missionaries are principally sent and maintained by a society for the purpose of converting the Jews; and certainly they have been untiring in their efforts to accomplish the object of their errand.

Unfortunately their field of operations is a barren one. The Jews of Jerusalem are the most bigoted, and perhaps the most ignorant, in the world. Their presence in the Holy City is an evidence of inaccessibility to Gospel teaching, for they come here to die and be interred in the Valley of Jehoshaphat. None but those who are the most steadfast in their faith would make such a journey with such an object.

The zeal of the missionaries in many cases has doubtless led them to adopt means for the conversion of the Jew which do not meet with the approval of many Christian men. Perhaps without recourse to such means they would not have made even the small number of converts that have been induced with difficulty to renounce Judaism. And this may be their apology.

The mission at Jerusalem for the conversion of

the Jews was established in 1840, and has consequently been twenty-four years in operation. During this time about one hundred and fifty Jews have become members of the congregation on Mount Zion, and from one-third to one-fourth of these were children. This number, however, includes some that have been baptised elsewhere but subsequently settled here, and others that have been imported from other parts of the world to be educated and baptised here; and also those that have relapsed again into Judaism. Admitting that this number were all converted at Jerusalem and remained true to their new faith, this makes at the rate of six converts a-year for the time the mission has been in operation. The expense of maintaining this mission amounts to about 5000*l.* per annum, of which about 3500*l.* is borne by the mammoth society in London. The balance is made up from interest on certain funds. Dividing the 5000*l.* by 6, we ascertain that each convert costs the sum of 833*l.*! This I believe to be a modest estimate.

Considering this fact, the following proposition occurs to the mind of every conscientious man who reflects on the matter: If, with a given sum, ten conversions can be made in one place, while only one can be made in another with the same sum, in

which of the two ways should the money be disbursed? There can be but one answer to such a proposition.

Now it is obvious, from the peculiar circumstances which render the Jew insensible to the influences of the Gospel at Jerusalem, that the Jew any where else would be and is more easily led to renounce Judaism. Efforts in this direction, for instance with intelligent Jews in other parts of the world who have never been approached by Christians, would ultimately augment conversions from the force of example; for when the more ignorant beheld the change of faith in men of judgment and respectability, whom they were accustomed to look up to, they would be induced the more easily to follow in their footsteps.

Besides, it is the duty of every nation to look after the moral welfare of its own people before sending abroad to look after that of another. There are many unconverted Jews in England who are British subjects. Would it not be better to bring these into the Church before endeavouring to convert those of another land? Would it not be more in obedience with that old precept which teaches that charity begins at home?

It is undeniable that the missionaries at Jeru-

saalem amongst the Jews, under God, have done some good; indeed, considering the difficulties in the way, it is surprising that they have accomplished as much as they have. But the question comes back to us, could not much more have been effected with the same money on another field?

The establishment of the Anglican bishopric in Jerusalem, as far as the English are concerned, seems to have been the result of a vague idea of doing good to the Jews and of not knowing how to go about it—a cropping-out of the same religious sentiment which provides flannel-shirts and tracts for negroes in the interior of Africa, and neglects ignorance, poverty, and ungodliness at home.

If the squandering of money to no purpose in trying to convert the Jews were the only objectionable feature about this bishopric, it would be well. Unfortunately it is not. There is a disposition on the part of the bishop and his subordinates, who think they are thereby doing God's service, to intermeddle in the affairs of the Churches of the East, which will some day bear fruit in a difficulty that can only be removed by the Foreign Office.

THE END.

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